

KING EDWARD  
IN HIS TRUE COLOURS



EDWARD LEGGE

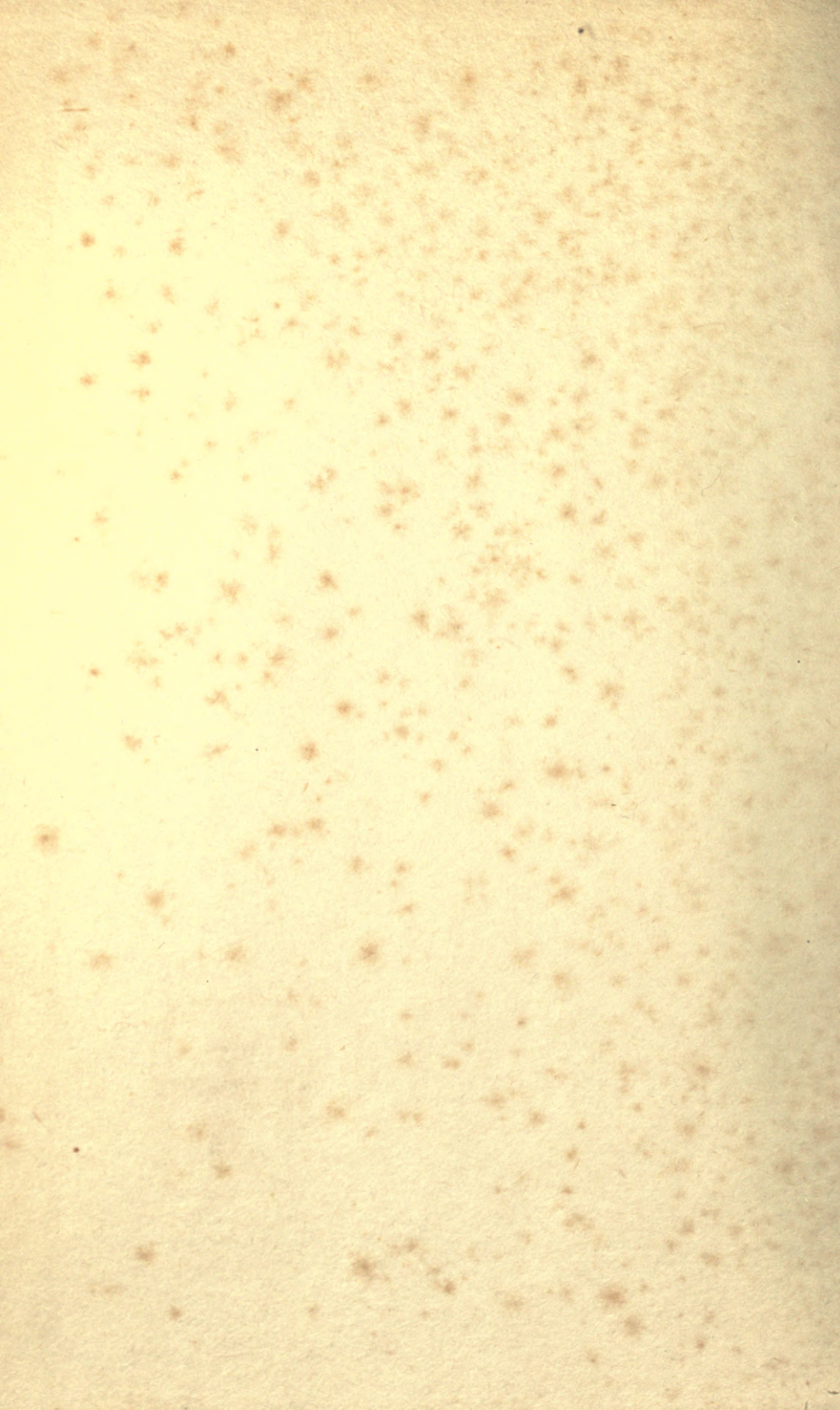


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*Photo.*

*W. & D. Downey.*

*King Edward.*



# KING EDWARD IN HIS TRUE COLOURS

BY  
EDWARD LEGGE

AUTHOR OF "THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE, 1870-1910," "THE COMEDY AND TRAGEDY  
OF THE SECOND EMPIRE," ETC.

WITH APPRECIATIONS OF EDWARD VII

BY COMTE D'HAUSSONVILLE (*de l'Académie française*) and  
ARMINIUS VAMBÉRY (*Professor of Oriental Languages at Budapest University*)

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## PREFACE

I DESIRE to state explicitly that the opinions expressed in this work are my own, excepting those of Comte d'Haussonville, Professor Vambéry, and other authorities cited, and those of some of my personal friends.

Neither King Edward nor Queen Alexandra required, or would have accepted, the aid of Psaphon's birds<sup>1</sup> to increase their popularity.

I have endeavoured to present a faithful portrait of our late Sovereign as he appeared to me through the decades. As nothing is so easy of accomplishment as a cut-and-dried biography, so nothing is more difficult than to piece together the salient points of so composite a character as King Edward's. I have had the invaluable assistance of such accepted authorities as Comte d'Haussonville and Professor Vambéry; and the former Servian Minister, M. Miyatovich, has furnished me with a document showing the King actually engaged in a diplomatic matter of high importance in conjunction with the Ambassadors of Russia and Italy. The King's utterances on that occasion are reported by the then Italian Ambassador, and prove, as nothing else could prove, the great ability and mental strength of this King, who "read no books," and who "showed small capacity for dramatic criticism," (!) when called upon to unravel the strands of a diplomatic tangle—in fact, an impasse.

From the narrative of the "coaching" of the Prince who was destined to sway the destinies of the Empire and to lead Europe into the ways of peace—whether officially, or unofficially, is irrelevant to the issue—it will be seen that Edward VII was steeped in the methods of diplomacy from his early manhood. I need not dwell here upon the methods adopted by the King in his anxiety to master that diplomatic art in which eminent authorities of all nationalities agree that he shone, and in which, beyond all doubt or question, he distinguished himself above all other Sovereigns of modern times.

Edward VII is depicted in adversity (as in 1890-1) and in prosperity. Owing to the ignorance of many commentators, he was for a time engulfed by the outcome of what was known as the "Baccarat Case." Wholly guiltless, he was made the scapegoat. He was the victim of cruel slanders in reference to his imaginary "debts." Years before those events he had been, with his mother, remorselessly lampooned. There was a time when he read in print the threat: "If I am prosecuted I will put the Prince in the box!"

He is silhouetted in Paris, at Cannes, at St. Petersburg, and in the Solent, the smiling centre of the "joyous life." In brief, I have striven to show him as he might have been displayed in a cinematographic picture.

The appearance of my volume three months after the publication of the "Dictionary's" Memoir of King Edward VII is a mere coincidence; the Memoir is only one episode the more.

The gaucheries contained in that biography might have been avoided had the proofs been revised by, say, Lord Burnham, the one man above all others competent for such a task. He would have used the pruning knife with discretion. He would have asked on what foundation many of the assertions rested, and he would have sifted the evidence of the talebearers.

<sup>1</sup> Psaphon, desiring to let the world know his supposed greatness, trained a multitude of birds to pronounce his name. When the birds were letter-perfect they were freed, and flew wherever they listed, exclaiming "Psaphon!" This ingenious person is believed to have been the first of the self-advertisers.

One would have thought that when the ample extracts given by the newspapers had been read, some, at least, of the late King's thousands of friends and millions of admirers would have come forward with remonstrances. Of all these, one arose—Mr. H. Lee-Warner, a fellow-pupil of the Prince of Wales under Charles Kingsley's tutorship. One! As M. Arren, with grim humour wrote in the "Éclair": "As to his rôle of King, complete silence [in the French Press]. It is a close preserve, strewn with traps for wolves. 'Trespassers will be prosecuted.'"

It was M. Arren who wrote in the "Éclair" (June 9): "The 'Dictionary' will teach generations that Edward VII was an esprit médiocre, a statesman of the second class."

On one important point the "Dictionary" considerably offers us the choice of two opinions. On p. 595 we read that "no direct responsibility for the initiation or conclusion of" the entente with France "belonged to him" (King Edward). On the previous page the opposite view is maintained in this passage:

"King Edward came to Paris at an opportune moment in 1903. The French Foreign Minister, M. Delcassé, had for some time been seeking a diplomatic understanding with England which should remove the numerous points of friction between the two countries in Egypt, Morocco, and elsewhere. The King's Ministers were responsive, and his visit to Paris, although it was paid independently of the diplomatic issue, was well calculated to conciliate French public opinion, which was slow in shedding its pro-Boer venom. On the King's arrival the temper of the Parisian populace looked doubtful (May 1), but the King's demeanour had the best effect, and in his reply to an address from the British Chamber of Commerce on his first morning in Paris *he spoke so aptly of the importance of developing good relations between the two countries that there was an immediate renewal of the traditional friendliness which had linked him to the Parisians for nearly half a century.*"

If this be not a contradiction of the biographer's subsequently expressed assertion that "no direct responsibility for the initiation or conclusion of the entente belonged to the King," it is a case of "hedging." In any event, the whole world is against the "Dictionary" on this point, as I have shown by quotations in the chapter dealing with this "belittling" biography.

We may hope that some who read in the papers on the 6th of June the accounts of and the extracts from the Memoir of Edward VII turned their thoughts to the relatives of the late Sovereign. I can imagine some who had perused with pained amazement the tit-bits extracted from the biography asking themselves what effect these revelations might have upon the son and his mother? Were King George and Queen Alexandra transported with delight when they read the candid sentences which had gained the enthusiastic approval of M. Ernest Judet, M. Arren, and Mr. Keir Hardie? When their Majesties "graciously accepted" presentation copies of the "Dictionary of National Biography" did they exclaim: "A charming Memoir, indeed! Written with admirable taste! And so undeniably accurate throughout! The author is already, it appears, a knight. He richly deserves a step for the great service he has rendered the Empire. Let him be informed by letter how highly we appreciate his noble work?"

Did all this happen—or something else?

On "the day after"—the 7th of May, 1910—King George held his first Council at St. James's Palace. Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, the Earl of Crewe, and the Lord Chancellor (so it is recorded) went to the King, "and he entered the Council Chamber, and in a voice broken by emotion spoke as follows:" I will give only one of his sentences,



uttered with tears in his eyes and a sob in his voice: "I have lost not only a Father's love, but the affectionate and intimate relations of a dear friend and adviser."

The "dear *friend* and adviser" of his son.

He was all this—and more.

On the 10th the widowed Queen wrote her "letter to the nation"—wrote it, she said, "from the depth of" her "poor broken heart," thanking "our kind people we love so well for all their touching sympathy in my overwhelming sorrow and unspeakable anguish. Not only have I lost everything in him, my beloved husband, but the nation, too, has suffered an irreparable loss by their best Friend, Father, and Sovereign suddenly called away. May God give us all His Divine help to bear this heaviest of crosses which He has seen fit to lay upon us—His Will be done! Give me a thought in your prayers which will comfort and sustain me in all I have still to go through. . . ."

To read this letter is to recall a stanza in "In Memoriam!"

I sometimes hold it half a sin  
To put in words the grief I feel;  
For words, like Nature, half reveal  
And half conceal the Soul within.

We shall remember until the end those May days two years and five months ago. Impossible for the most callous to forget them. Tears filled the eyes of men and women when the gun-carriage passed.

"We had a King once, second to none." Did we not sincerely mourn the loss of our "best Friend, Father, and Sovereign, suddenly called away?" Did we not all, high and low, rich and poor, echo the words of the "Times": "He was a great King, one of the greatest in history"?

But was he such a King? We all thought he was. Perhaps we deceived ourselves. Perhaps we misconceived his acts and deeds. Perhaps Edward VII was not, despite the "Times," after all, "a great King, one of the greatest in our history." He certainly could not have been what all the world thought he was if the "Dictionary" be right. How can we apply such a term as "great" to a man whose mental powers were so inconsiderable that, as the biographer, his hand upon his heart, emphatically assures us, "he was no reader of books"? Were that true, it would alone justify the "Éclair's" terrible onslaught. Fortunately, Professor Vambéry, C.V.O., a man of European fame, volunteers the statement that he often found the King reading and studying serious books.

Are British school children throughout the Empire to be taught that King Edward was the kind of man which the "Dictionary of National Biography" proclaims him to have been? If so, they will learn some surprising things indeed, *e.g.* :

"The title of 'le Roi Pacificateur' is symbolically just, but is misleading if it be taken to imply any personal control of diplomacy."

"A moderate estimate was set on his political acumen when in informal talk he travelled beyond safe generalities."

"The King's sympathy and grace of manner helped to create a temper favourable to the 'entente cordiale,' but no direct responsibility for its initiation or conclusion belonged to him."

"The King had no conception of any readjustment of the balance of European power."

"His constitutional position and his personal training disqualified him from exerting substantial influence on the foreign policy which his Ministers alone could control. In the intimacies of private intercourse he may have at times advanced a personal opinion on a diplomatic theme which lacked official sanction. But to his unguarded utterances no real weight attached in official circles either at home or abroad. Foreign

statesmen and rulers knew that no subtler aim really underlay his movements than a wish for friendly social intercourse with them, and the enjoyment of life under foreign skies, quite unencumbered by the burden of diplomatic anxieties."

"King Edward cannot be credited with the greatness that comes of statesmanship and makes for the moulding of history. Neither the constitutional checks on his power nor his discursive tastes and training left him much opportunity for influencing political affairs. No originating faculty can be assigned to him. . . . On questions involving large principles he held no very definite views. He did not sustain a conversation with much power or brilliance, but his grace and charm of manner atoned for any deficiency of matter."

King Edward "was no reader of books. He could not concentrate his mind upon them."

King Edward "showed small capacity for dramatic criticism" (!). ("Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas.")

"A man of the world, he lacked the intellectual equipment of a thinker, and showed on occasion an unwillingness to exert his mental powers."

King Edward committed "a breach of etiquette" by remaining at Biarritz instead of coming to London when Mr. Asquith was forming his Administration.

Well may an eminent French critic's sarcastic comment on these "niggings" be "*Pauvre sire!*"<sup>1</sup>

Those who could, and should, have protested seemed to have adopted the despairing words of the Abbé Portal; "*Il n'y a qu'à se taire et à courber la tête. Que Notre Seigneur ait pitié de nous!*"

Britons are made of tougher fibre. We do not remain silent, we do not bow the head, when we read that one of our Kings was such a "slacker," such a "*Pauvre sire,*" that he could not read books because he was a mental degenerate. We get up and say it is a lie.

Should the biographer desire to attempt to rebut the testimony which I have given in detail, he will doubtless find in friendly columns sufficient space to reaffirm the complete accuracy of the Memoir, and so enable M. Judet to again hold up our Edward the Seventh, of glorious memory, to odium and contempt and the ridicule that kills, and Mr. Keir Hardie to throw more mud at the father of King George.

The bulk of the Memoir is unexceptionable. The Gradgrinds of the present generation will pore over it with the ecstasy which takes possession of them when they contemplate pages of facts which smaller intelligences are tempted to skip. Others, after reading it as a whole, will, perhaps, recall this stanza from William Cory's beautiful poem, "*Ionica,*" contrasting Ulysses and Ajax:

The world may like, for all I care,  
The gentler voice, the cooler head,  
That bows a rival to despair,  
And cheaply compliments the dead.

But even if Edward VII were proved on oath to have been "un esprit médiocre," "une grande incapacité méconnue," "a statesman of the second class,"<sup>2</sup> "a man who was "no reader of books" because "he could not concentrate his mind upon them," "a man who lacked the intelligent equipment of a thinker," a Prince who for years was not allowed to be initiated into State secrets because his mother feared that he would divulge them over "country-house dinner-tables"<sup>3</sup>; even if all these were sworn to on the Holy Book; even then, the millions who owe

<sup>1</sup> "A poor creature!" (*Dictionnaire International Français-Anglais*. Par H. Hamilton et E. Lægros.) The critic referred to is M. Gérard Harry, in a recent number of "*La Grande Revue*." A fair rendering of "*Pauvre sire!*" would also be "Poor chap!" "Poor fellow!" or "Poor devil!"

<sup>2</sup> M. Judet in "*L'Éclair*," June 7, 1912.

<sup>3</sup> "Dictionary of National Biography."



fealty to the British Crown and who have enshrined King Edward in their loyal hearts would say with the friend of the glorious Dead : "*The legends woven by the Peoples round their Sovereigns ought not to be destroyed.*"<sup>1</sup>

The splendid tributes to Edward VII by men of such eminence as M. Poincaré, Comte d'Haussonville, and Professor Vambéry will be read with gratitude throughout the Empire and with admiration all over the world. The writer of a notable article, entitled "The New Renaissance in France,"<sup>2</sup> remarked : "A Ministry of All the Talents has assembled under M. Poincaré, the ablest and most respected Premier that France has had since M. Waldeck-Rousseau" ; and English politicians will echo that opinion. Comte d'Haussonville is one of the most prominent and honoured members of the Académie Française, and writes with an authority and a knowledge which none will venture to dispute. He is a double member of the Institut by the Académie Française and the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques. During the siege of Paris he was an officer of the Mobiles, and in 1871 he was decorated for his services. Since then he has not changed his rank in the Légion d'Honneur. A cross gained in the war satisfies him without desiring any other rewards. But he is among those members of the Institut who have the greatest rights to the medal of 1870.<sup>3</sup>

The venerable Arminius Vambéry, Professor of Oriental Languages at the University of Budapest, is illustrious in the world of learning. He had a dear and revered friend in King Edward, who championed him in his earlier years as he now champions the dead Sovereign. King Edward was "no reader of books," says the "Dictionary." Vambéry replies : "This is decidedly the grossest possible calumny" ; and he gives us a faithful, lifelike, "intimate" portrait of the Monarch such as this world-famous Hungarian scholar alone is able to paint from his knowledge of the King since 1864. If there be any gratitude in the British people, now is the time for them to express it to Arminius Vambéry, decorated on his seventieth birthday with the C.V.O., as a mark of the King's appreciation for "having always proved so good and constant a friend of England."

It is only by attentively perusing M. Poincaré's, Comte d'Haussonville's, and Professor Vambéry's appreciations of Edward VII, and by studying the splendid universal tributes to his powers recorded by the "Times," that the reader can form a just conception of his Majesty both as Prince and as King. The Professor, who knows all the languages, refers to the King's marvellous knowledge of French. Others have noted this gift—among them, Madame Steinheil ! This extraordinary woman writes in her very curious "Memoirs" :

I met King Edward, then Prince of Wales, several times. He asked me, one day, quite unexpectedly what I thought of his French. "Your Highness," I replied, "speaks our language unusually well." "For one who is not French?" "For one who is not always in France. But perhaps your Highness speaks it too grammatically." "I see," said the Prince cheerfully, "my French is too perfect to be—perfect."

This little story could not have been better told by Sir Charles Dilke, whose valuable diaries (choice pages !) aided the Editor of the "Dictionary of National Biography" in preparing his Memoir of Edward VII—a point which provoked the sarcasm of the "Daily Telegraph." Why? Personally, I should rate the dead statesman's intelligence considerably above that of some of the "Dictionary's" living informers, who have not shown any particular desire to publicly substantiate their evidence. Perhaps they are "considering their position."

A writer in a weekly journal of high standing<sup>4</sup> credited Alfonso XII with the mot : "Being King is a dangerous profession, but it is devilish

<sup>1</sup> The Empress Eugénie.

<sup>3</sup> "Le Figaro," August 4, 1912.

<sup>2</sup> "Edinburgh Review" (July 1912).

<sup>4</sup> The "Spectator," Dec. 30, 1911.

well paid." Many dangers have to be faced by those whom the German Emperor ranks among the Lord's Anointed: the danger of the dagger, the danger of the pistol, and the danger of the bomb; also (and this is ever present) the danger of the poisoned pen. I have recalled the vile lampoons of the "Tomahawk" and the scurrilities of the "Annuals" in the lifetime of Queen Victoria; and I have noted the "injuries" showered upon the Prince of Wales in 1890-1 over the Baccarat Case and his imaginary "debts." Coming to 1911, we remember what many will consider the greatest atrocities of all: the monstrous accusation published by the person styling himself "Prince John de Guelph" and the crime of the man Mylius. These are examples of the poisoned tongue and the poisoned pen.

King Edward was spared the pain of seeing the so-called "Prince John de Guelph's" book,<sup>1</sup> setting forth his claim to be the eldest son of his Majesty by a first marriage with "a lady of Queen Victoria's Court." But the story got into some of the Paris papers in 1911, notably the "Temps," which is read by politicians and diplomats all over Europe. I contradicted it in the "Temps" on indisputable written information, and was honoured with King George's gracious thanks, conveyed to me in a letter from Lord Knollys.

Even Queen Mary has been the victim of the poisoned pen. In December 1891 a widely circulated Radical weekly paper published a cruel attack upon her, to which I replied in an article, also widely circulated. The young lady was just then engaged to the eldest son of King Edward and Queen Alexandra, and less than a month after the poisoned pen's outrage—on January 14, 1892—Prince Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence and Avondale, died. Not only charming Princess May, but her family en bloc was insulted. "If Teck," it was despicably said, "went to visit the most insignificant princeling of pure blood, he would not be asked to sit down." This was almost complimentary in comparison with the bulk of the article.

While those who outraged Queen Victoria and her eldest son in the "Tomahawk" and the "Annuals" went unpunished, Mylius, for his shocking and lying libel on King George, was mildly sentenced, in 1911, to a year's imprisonment, and was released before the expiration of his term.

But, at the very time these prefatory pages are being written—September 1912—there is in circulation, certainly in London, and probably elsewhere, an abominable leaflet, addressed to the "Protestants of England," and containing these words: "Printed and published from the originals by the Protestant Reform League, Belfast. No Popery at home and no Home Rule in Ireland. Three hundred thousand determined men say so." A copy of this infamous production was received at a well-known club in St. James's Street, and handed to me. It was sent anonymously from the Continent, and it may be assumed that copies were addressed to other London clubs. The statements printed are couched in such foul and blasphemous language as to preclude their mention here.

"Being King" is, indeed, "a dangerous profession," and not all will agree with Alfonso XII's alleged opinion that "it is devilish well paid."

I have indicated only some of the contents of this volume, which I send forth in the belief, and with the fervent hope, that it will be a permanent reminder of all we owe to Edward the Seventh. May his memory be gratefully cherished by the Peoples of the British Empire! For, to repeat the noble lament of the "Times": "We have lost a great King, one of the greatest in history." *R.I.P.*

E. L.

<sup>1</sup> Published at New York after the King's death, and not, I believe, sold openly in London.



# KING EDWARD IN HIS TRUE COLOURS

## CHAPTER I

### THE "COACHING" OF EDWARD VII

KING EDWARD arrived in London from his last sojourn at Marienbad on the 4th of September, 1909, and was received at Victoria Station by Mr. Asquith (Prime Minister), Sir Edward Grey (Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs), and Mr. (now Lord) Gladstone (the then Home Secretary). His Majesty was in vigorous health. There is no doubt upon this point, for had not Dr. Ott, who had known the King for ten years, just said: "His Majesty looks, and is, as well as a sound man of fifty-eight"? Yet he had but eight months and two days to live! People went about saying that "worry" hastened his death. Of course, "people" may have been wrong, as they often are. But is it very wide of the mark to say that political affairs at home had seriously "worried" him? Had he not been vexed, early in June 1908, by the attempt of the Labour Party to prevent his (and the Queen's) visit to the Emperor and Empress of Russia at Reval? Had he not been greatly perturbed by the attitude of the Government towards the House of Lords? Bodily

and mentally the King had been "upset." Those around him—the men who knew his inmost thought—saw it; the country guessed it. There were some—not a few—who rejoiced at it, because it had "put another nail in the King's coffin!" The cruelty, the wickedness, the inhumanity, the criminality of it!

The poet is born, not made. The diplomatist is made, not born. King Edward was not born a diplomatist, but he made himself one by diligence, study, innate tact and ability, and the "coaching" of others. His first tutor, his first "coach" in the wily ways of diplomacy, was an Emperor, Louis Napoleon by name, described by some historians—Kinglake among others—and by many amiable publicists as a contemptible person; labelled in indelible ink for all time, by not a few, "Perjurer" and "Murderer"; a blend of Nero, Commodus and Heliogabalus. To others he was "Badinguet," "Boustrapa," "The Man of December" (meaning the planner of the *coup d'état* of December 2, 1851), "A chattering parroquet" (Changarnier), "The Man of Destiny," "The Man of Sedan" (Gambetta), "Napoleon le Petit" (Victor Hugo), and (how richly humorous!) "The Lodger of the Tuileries" (Rochefort). In reality, as the Comtesse Edmond de Pourtalès, Madame de Arcos, Mrs. Vaughan, and Mrs. Ronalds will tell you, he was a charming man; astute, not too exigent; a fatalist, brave to rashness, somewhat indolent, of high scientific and literary attainments, a patriot, a beneficent ruler, forced into a war which he knew, and said, would end in disaster. From the age of fourteen our Prince of Wales and the Emperor were fast friends, and, as I have said, although very few can know it, Napoleon



III "coached" Queen Victoria's eldest son in diplomacy. I note this unrecorded fact for the sole purpose of dispelling the illusion that simultaneously with his accession Edward VII discovered that he had within him the makings of a diplomatist, an ambassador, a world-pacifactor. Why, he had been a student of diplomacy from his early manhood, he mastered all its sinuosities, but received his "call" only when he came to the Throne. From that moment he began to practice the *carrière*—how successfully, how triumphantly, we all know.

Until then, the outside world (Comte d'Haussonville agrees) had not the faintest idea of the sterling stuff Edward the Man was made of. Gaston Jollivet (one of the ablest Paris writers) was so inconceivably *maladroit* as to describe him as "un Prince fainéant." But there were equally purblind people in our own country. To these myopes the Heir-Apparent was a Prince Hal, a gay "high-lifer," a theatre-haunter, a frequenter of the coulisses, a baccarat player, a gourmet, a sportsman (but that was rightly counted a virtue), an admirer of pretty women, a rigid stickler for etiquette, an idle prince with an adorable and beautiful wife and charming daughters and sons. Nothing more, except that he was overwhelmed with debts. There was a "Tranby Croft baccarat scandal," and there was a "Prince of Wales's Debts scandal." And there had been a "Mordaunt Case," and he had gone to the opera with the Tsar and Tsaritsa and a fine regiment of princes on a Sunday night, and the heavens had not fallen! "He will never be King. His mother will outlive him."

So the decades passed—the 'sixties, the 'seventies,

the 'eighties, and the 'nineties. Came Nineteen Hundred and One, and with it a King, "second to none," as Virgil said of Æneas, putting the words into the mouth of Ilioneus.

Between 1855 and 1870 the Emperor Napoleon and his affectionate young friend had several opportunities of meeting. Some are recorded; others—and perhaps the larger number—are not. Between 1855, when the Prince was under fourteen, and 1863, when he married, being then under twenty-two by eight months, there could not have been many meetings; and seven years later came the war and the end of the superb Second Empire. In that interval the Prince had a certain number of conversations with the Emperor; one was in 1865, when the Prince and Princess were in Paris for a very short time on their return from their long tour in the East; another was at Compiègne; but it was not until 1872, when Paris had almost ceased to be Paris, that the Prince made frequent journeys to the French capital, and, as they used to say, "was always there." Between 1863 and July 1870, who shall tell us of the extent of the correspondence which passed between them? The number of those living who could answer this question is very small: there are five, perhaps six. Many of Queen Victoria's letters were published within eight years of her death. It is hardly likely that any of King Edward's letters to Napoleon III will see the light (if ever) until some years after the death of the Empress. Between March 1871, when the Emperor came from Wilhelmshöhe to England, and his death on the 9th of January 1873, the Prince of Wales saw the deposed sovereign occasionally. We may assume that they corresponded





Photo]

[W. & D. Downey.

KING EDWARD AT THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN.  
(From the painting by Winterhalter.)





fairly frequently, for it must have been a relief to the Emperor to "liberate his soul" to those who were his true friends, a category in which the Prince stood at the top.

From September 1870 until January 1873 all the diplomatists in Europe were feverishly active, anxious to know what would happen. Was there really a Bonapartist plot to re-establish the Empire? There most certainly was, and we may be certain sure that the Imperial Exile kept his attached friend at Marlborough House well informed, both by letter and through such trusted emissaries as "Borthwick," of the steps which were being taken to restore the dynasty. As compared with the Emperor's terrible scrawl the Prince of Wales's writing (which was what people call "elegant") was as legible as print.

Accustomed as he was to all kinds of "hands," he must often, like everybody else, have found the Emperor's caligraphy akin to a Chinese puzzle. As seen even through a magnifying glass it required to be looked at more than once to divine the meaning. To ordinary persons it was illegible, absolutely undecipherable. I have seen it, of course. There was no attempt to form letters. The pen seemed to have been drawn as rapidly as possible over the paper in the hope that here and there a word might be readable, and so give a clue to the writer's meaning. The signature, "Napoléon," began with a not very badly formed "N," followed by a line, more or less wavy. Sometimes the signature consisted only of "N," and if "Chislehurst" was printed at the top you could not fail to discern that the missive was from the Emperor. When he was confined in the fortress of Ham, where he remained

for six years until his escape, he sent the manuscript of his books to his foster-sister, Madame Cornu, who, I believe, copied it for the printers—a charitable act, which would have been highly commended by Lord Lyttelton, Dean Stanley, and Cardinal Bonaparte, all notoriously bad penmen.

If the Prince of Wales did not fume over the Emperor's hieroglyphics it must have been because the letters of Napoleon III could not fail to have contained matter of the highest import, intended for the young man's guidance—"idées Napoléoniennes," perhaps; expressed very clearly, provided you could grasp their meaning. (The Emperor was so conscious of the illegibility of his writing that the speeches which he delivered to his Parliament were always printed, so that he might not flounder over them.)

The abilities of the Empress have been so little recognised outside the circle of her friends (and she still boasts troops of them all over Europe) that doubtless many people will be incredulous when they are told that she was, and is to this day, at over eighty-six, a petticoated Talleyrand, capable of expressing, in her finely legible and flowing hand, her views on the politics and diplomacy of the period in a manner which would do credit to many a talented secretary of embassy or legation. I put this on record as a "thing seen," and provable. The week after King Edward's death I had the gratification of reading one of the Imperial lady's letters, written at Cap Martin. I wish I could have printed it, for it would have shown the Empress's capacity for estimating the effect likely to be produced, and which actually was produced, throughout Europe by the fatality of the 6th of May,



1910. There were no interlineations, no erasures, no blots, no smears, no smudges. It was written on the morning of May 7, two days after her eighty-fourth birthday. She once said: "I cannot die, and God will give me a hundred years." These words I recalled when, on the 9th of January, 1912, I saw her *de très près*, kneeling by the hour at the tombs at Farnborough; and I remembered what Dr. Conneau told her d'Ennery, the author, had said to Auber, then eighty-seven: "N'ayez plus peur: il y a longtemps que vous avez dépassé l'âge où l'on meurt!"

Did not the Empress also take a hand in the diplomatic education of the Prince of Wales? I am satisfied that she did; not only from 1863 to 1870, but more especially from 1870 to 1872, and to a still greater extent from 1873 to 1901. In many respects she was as good as an intelligence bureau until April 1910. Her letter of May 7 showed that she had had no idea that the King was in a serious condition. He was at the Opera less than ten days before his death, and none noticed that there was anything the matter with him. When the Empress read the telegram, which was taken to her by M. Pietri very shortly after King Edward's death a quarter of an hour before midnight, she experienced a shock almost as great as that which overwhelmed her when the sobbing old Duc de Bassano told her she was childless.

A beautiful affection linked these two great characters in a friendship which death terminated so tragically. How difficult was the part which, first as Prince, then as King, Edward VII had to play from September 1870 until May 1910! And how delicately and tactfully

he played it! Is it to be, can it be, imagined that a Republican France regarded without "emotion" the generous protection accorded to the imperial exiles by Queen Victoria and the Prince and Princess of Wales? After all these years we need not blink the fact that the majority of French people hated their former sovereign and his consort, and turned the Prince Imperial into ridicule whenever his name was mentioned. In their blind rage the French attributed their disasters wholly to the Emperor and the Empress; and for long after the death of the former her Majesty dared not set foot in Paris. (Nearly a quarter of a century elapsed before the Empress was permitted to have a permanent domicile in France—at Cap Martin, on the Italian frontier.) Only the archives of the Foreign Offices of both countries, and the private letters of Queen Victoria and her heir-apparent, could tell us what despatches passed between the French and English Governments concerning the almost obtrusive friendship of our sovereign and her son for the exiles at Chislehurst, and later—the solitary survivor—at Farnborough Hill. Gladstone, Disraeli and Lord Salisbury, during their premierships, must have had some occasional moments of unpleasantness, and perhaps the Queen and the Prince were now and again irritated by the pin-pricks of the Quai d'Orsay.

Let me recall an episode made public only in 1912 by M. Arthur Meyer, editor of the Orleanist "*Gaulois*," in his entertaining volume "*Ce que je peux dire*,"<sup>1</sup> for it illustrates what is said above.

A few months after the marriage of the Duke of

<sup>1</sup> "Forty Years of Parisian Society." Eveleigh Nash. 1912.



Edinburgh and the Grand Duchess Marie at St. Petersburg—an event which I was privileged to witness—the bride's father and mother came to England. In honour of the Tsar, Alexander II, there was a review of the troops at Woolwich, which I also saw. As the Emperor rode up and down the lines he caught sight of the Cadets, one of whom he particularly noticed—I think because his Majesty's attention was called to the youth. When the Emperor rejoined the staff, he spoke to an aide-de-camp, who galloped off to the position taken up by the Cadets, and presently returned with the Prince Imperial, who had entered the Royal Military Academy some time before his father's death. The Tsar asked the Prince, Napoleon IV, to remain by his side, and he did so during the "march past." Alexander II remembered that he had been the guest, at the Tuileries, of Napoleon III, "but," says M. Meyer, "he had forgotten that the French Emperor was dead, and that the Prince Imperial had become the heir to the Throne, and consequently the principal adversary of the Republic!"

The little scene on Woolwich Common had not passed unobserved by the Duc de Bisaccia, then French Ambassador; it was something which "his eyes had seen." What was he to do? Report the incident to his Government? That would have been to magnify its importance. Could he ignore it? Could he refrain from keeping it back from President Thiers, who, as the Ambassador knew, was haunted by the spectre of the Empire?

That evening the Duc and the Duchesse de Bisaccia dined with the Duchess of Manchester, their personal friend. Among the guests was Lord Derby, Secretary

of State for Foreign Affairs. The Duke was very courteous, but very reserved, to Lord Derby, and during the dinner he displayed a coldness quite foreign to his wonted geniality. Immediately after dinner Lord Derby approached him and said: "Look here, my dear Duke, there is neither an ambassador nor a foreign minister here; all are guests—I will venture to say all friends. Why have you taken up this attitude? Something has happened. What is it?"

The Duke hesitated a moment, then narrated the incident at Woolwich, and the embarrassment which it had caused him. He did not conceal from our Foreign Secretary that he felt he should be compelled to resign a post which was so delicate, and even difficult to fulfil.

"You are right," said Lord Derby. "But give me until to-morrow to think it over."

The next day, at noon, the Tsar called at the French Embassy. The Duchess having retired, his Majesty congratulated the Republic upon having made such an admirable choice of an Ambassador, recalled the occasions when he had met the Duc de Bisaccia, and said he should not have forgiven himself had he left London without visiting the Ambassador. Finally, he expressed his regret that he had been compelled to call at Albert Gate so early in the day, and remarked that he proposed to pay a visit to the Empress Eugénie at Chislehurst.

"But, à ce propos, my dear Ambassador," said the Tsar, "I must consult you. I was received at the Tuileries by the Empress. I owe her a visit of courtesy, and it is one which I ought to pay her. But, if you think that such a step would give umbrage



to your Government, and cause you personal annoyance, I will not go to Chislehurst."

The Duc de Bisaccia bowed respectfully. The incident was closed. It could not have had a more gallant ending. "Did the Empress hear of it?" asks M. Meyer. "I do not know. But what I do know is that she sent to the Duc de Bisaccia Marie Antoinette's '*Livre d'Heures*' as a souvenir of the Prince Imperial."

I may complete M. Meyer's remarkable story by saying that the Tsar did visit the Empress at Chislehurst, and had a long conversation with her. The episode at Woolwich and the little talk at Albert Gate are not devoid of piquancy. What Queen Victoria thought of her Russian daughter-in-law's father humbling himself to the Ambassador of a Republic may be surmised. The Prince of Wales—not then thirty-three—possibly laughed it off as a huge joke.

An interview which King Edward had with the Empress Eugénie in Paris, in February 1907, on the eve of his Majesty's departure from the French capital, and only a few hours before the Empress left for Cap Martin, had its striking features, hitherto unrecorded.

It is material to remember that it is only by the amiability of the Government of the Republic that the Empress is permitted to visit the country in which she formerly held a sovereign position, and to reside at Cap Martin, where she owns a beautiful house known as Villa Cynos. Prince Victor Napoleon Bonaparte, as titular head of the Imperialist party, is prohibited from setting foot in France; so is the

Duc d'Orléans, the Royalist Pretender. The Government of the Republic plainly regards the Empress Eugénie as inoffensive; still, it remembers that the Prince Imperial in his will nominated Prince Victor as his successor, and, also in his will, besought his mother to support Victor's claim to the Napoleonic inheritance.

The Prince Imperial's will, dated Chislehurst, February 26, 1879, the day before his departure for the Cape, contained this codicil—

“I need not recommend my mother to neglect nothing in order to maintain the memory of my great uncle (Napoleon I) and of my father. I beg her to remember that, as long as there are Bonapartes, the Imperial cause will have its representatives. The duties of our House towards the country do not terminate with my life. At my death the task of continuing the work of Napoleon I and Napoleon III will devolve upon the eldest son of Prince Napoleon, and I hope that my beloved mother, in seconding him to the utmost of her power, will give to those of us who may not be living this last supreme token of affection.”

There are no two meanings to this. It is perfectly explicit. It means that Prince Victor, in the character of Pretender to the throne of France, is to enforce what he considers his “rights” on every occasion, and that the Empress Eugénie is to support him by every means in her power. Has she done this, is she doing it, and will she continue to do it? The Prince Imperial died in 1879. Has Prince Victor been planning the return of the Bonapartists to power ever since he assumed an independent position in 1884?



And has the Empress been "seconding with all her power" the efforts (if any) of Prince Victor to secure a Bonapartist restoration in France? Presumably both Prince Victor and the Empress have done their utmost to carry out the intentions and last wishes of the Prince Imperial. If not, they would have betrayed their charge; and that they are not likely to have done. If they have disregarded the earnest prayer of the Prince Imperial they have neglected to perform a solemn duty. If, on the contrary, as I prefer to believe, they have endeavoured, and continue to endeavour, to fulfil the sacred obligations imposed upon them by the Prince's will, they must be regarded as enemies, against whose proceedings the Republic must always be on its guard.

Such is the situation in 1912; such it was on Friday, February 8, 1907, when the "Duke and Duchess of Lancaster" visited the Empress Eugénie at the Hôtel Continental, a stone's throw from the Tuileries. Had not King Edward been travelling under the strictest incognito, the interview with the Empress, or rather with the "Comtesse de Pierrefonds," would not, and could not, have taken place. Even as it was, the "Duke of Lancaster's" visit to the Imperial lady was not paid until the actual eve of his departure from Paris. We see the delicate position in which the King was placed. The Empress might have left Paris for Cap Martin prior to the arrival of the "Duke and Duchess of Lancaster" in the French capital. She departed for the South, however, only on the day following that on which the august couple concluded their visit to Paris.

Strange as it may appear to the uninitiated, we may

be certain that even so apparently slight a matter as this visit of the "Duke and Duchess of Lancaster" to the Empress was not paid without some few pour-parlers, for etiquette is etiquette, the Protocol is the Protocol, even under a Republic, and the very greatest care had to be taken that nobody would be froissé by the incident. Probably no similar set of circumstances has ever been recorded. Here we have the widowed consort of the dethroned Emperor staying at a Paris hotel in the immediate vicinity of the Tuileries. That lady is naturally, if tacitly, hostile to the Government of the Republic, which she cannot fail to regard as an usurping Government. The most cordial and complete understanding, strengthened by the visit of M. Fallières to London in 1908, and King Edward's interview with M. Clemenceau in Paris in April 1909, happily exists between that Government and the British Government; and it is highly desirable, in the interests of European peace, that the friendly relations between the two nations, solidified by the memorial fêtes at Nice and Cannes in April 1912, should continue.

The King of England is staying in Paris in the strictest incognito. He desires to pay a visit to the dethroned Empress, but before doing so he must have the most explicit assurances that such an act on his part would not give the slightest annoyance to the Government of the Republic. We may fairly assume that the official, or semi-official, conversations which took place on the subject were distinguished by smiling good nature—perhaps even some badinage—on both sides. Happily, Republicanism in France is so strong and Bonapartism and Orleanism are, comparatively, so weak, while France is so determined to "keep in"



with England, and King Edward was so bent upon maintaining the "understanding," that his good-natured visit to the "Comtesse de Pierrefonds" must have been "arranged" without even the raising of a solitary French eyebrow. For all that, in order to prevent the slightest laceration of any one's susceptibilities, the "call" was postponed until the last moment. As for the Parisians, only those who regularly read the trivialities of the "carnet mondain" knew that the visit to fallen greatness had been paid.

The Empress has lived to see many strange things, but none stranger than the evolution of the little English boy who was made so much of at the Tuileries in 1855. That in the ordinary course of nature and events he would one day reign was obvious, but no one—unless it were the Empress herself—would have had the daring to predict that within a very few years of his accession he would develop into the unofficial Arbiter of Europe. Nor is this all; for the Empress had seen the hard rider through the forest-paths at Compiègne, the ardent friend of the Bonapartes in prosperity and in exile, unite the new Republic of France and the old, old Monarchy of Great Britain in bonds of amity which bid fair to be indissoluble.

And there have been other, perhaps even greater, surprises for her. She has read how in the Palace wherein she was a guest, for the last time, no longer ago than December 1907, two successive Presidents of the Third Republic were entertained by King Edward and Queen Alexandra with the magnificence ordinarily reserved for the wearers of crowns. The Empress may possibly remember, some eight years prior to the fall of the Empire, the arrest of a young

doctor, the future Mayor of Montmartre, for his seditious writings (his father had been exiled eleven years previously). The sedition-monger of the early 'sixties became President of the Council, the intimate friend of our late masterful King; and his name is Clemenceau. The Republic's generous treatment of the Empress, the commendably judicious attitude of the Bonapartist Pretender, the "masterly inactivity" of those pledged to support him—it is not difficult to understand how, and by whose wise instrumentality, these happy results were brought about.

Among the numerous foreign diplomatists who stood well with the Prince of Wales was one who was particularly fitted for the agreeable task of "coaching" the future sovereign. This was Chevalier Nigra, who was in London as the representative of Italy. Nigra, who died only two or three years ago, had his time of glory in Paris, and, in conjunction with Prince Richard Metternich, was reputed to have "bamboozled" the Emperor, especially during the last months of the Empire. He was regarded very favourably by the Empress, who would have "recommended" him to our Prince. In his talks with this astute minister, whose rapid rise in the "career" was mainly due to Cavour, the Prince learnt at first hand precisely why Austria and Italy did not go to the succour of France in 1870. Since the death of Edward VII we have had the "true truth" from my honoured friend M. Emile Ollivier. Nigra (Metternich standing by his side) "bundled" the Empress and Mme. Lebreton-Bourbaki into the fiacre on the 4th of September. He could have given the Prince details of the "flight from the Tuileries" which would have thrown all the



other narratives into the shade, for he "saw with his eyes" what those who have recorded the event were only told by this one and that one. Of the few eye-witnesses of the scene only the Empress survives to "tell the tale," and she will never tell it. Yet she gave a very curious version of it to Lord Ronald Sutherland-Gower more than thirty years ago. And there is still living, at Vienna, Princesse (Pauline) de Metternich, who heard the story from her husband, the Ambassador. Both Nigra and Metternich were desperate wooers of the lady whom the autocrat at Berlin sometimes refers to as "Madame Eugénie."

Although the King was well versed in the cuisine of diplomacy, the publication in Paris, in April 1907, of the "papers" of Monsignor Montagnini, the former Nuncio's Secretary, probably added somewhat to his knowledge. The Monsignor had done nothing which was not in strict accordance with diplomatic usages, and even duties; yet the printing of the documents in his charge brought him considerable trouble. Edward VII knew better than most men that ambassadors are not merely functionaries in gold-laced uniforms, appointed for the purpose of giving *éclat* to official ceremonies. That is only the external side of their mission. Behind the luxuries by which they are surrounded they look on, observing. Their essential duty is that of informing their Governments.

The Ambassador must know how to look, how to question, how to listen. It is necessary that he be receptive, insinuating; that he should make friends, inspire confidence; employ all means, all devices to inform himself. In these days he must eschew Talleyrand's advice—"Surtout, messieurs, point de zèle."

He is a high reporter; he must be also, to some extent, a psychologist. The Government to which he is accredited in the game of diplomacy is an adversary of the Government of which the Ambassador is the representative. Who are the men who apparently lead him? What occult influences guide those men? How is it possible to act upon them? What are their weaknesses?

The Ambassador (and we can imagine King Edward speaking) puts all these questions, and he must find, for his Government, answers to them. It is for him to discover the sensible psychological point of the country in the midst of which he lives, and to determine what to do at the right moment. Naturally, one cannot engage in such inquiries without entering into the private life of men. It is, indeed, that private life which is the object of his inquiry. The official personages are like the copies of a speech which an orator has written and corrected before delivering. Private men are, on the contrary, men according to nature; just as the speech, before being toned down, is, more often than not, the cry of the heart. To be thoroughly understood one must call things by their proper names. Things which a diplomatist is allowed to hear in a drawing-room, by a delicate allusion, he must write crudely in his correspondence with his Ministers: there must be no artifices of the pen. Were one to publish the diplomatic correspondence which leaves Paris, Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg, London daily, the scandal would be tremendous. For that correspondence tells everything, like the secret memoirs of the eighteenth century. Any member of the St. James's Club will tell you that nothing is



sacred to an Ambassador when he is a man of intelligence and conscience. We have in history an example of the misfortunes which may result from the divulging of those confidences which are exchanged between embassy and chancellery.

The Abbé Georgel, the secretary of Cardinal de Rohan, tells the story in his "*Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire de la fin du dix-huitième siècle.*" In a dispatch to the Duc d'Aiguillon the Cardinal, who at the time represented Louis XV at Vienna, wrote: "I have seen Marie Thérèse cry over the misfortunes of Poland; but this Princess appears to me to have tears at her command. With one hand she holds a handkerchief to wipe away her tears, with the other she grasps a weapon of negotiation in order to be the third power in the co-partnership" (*i. e.* of Poland). The sketch was certainly not complimentary. Nobody but the Minister ought to have seen it; but the Duc d'Aiguillon imprudently showed it to Mme. du Barry, and she talked about it. This brought about the legitimate discontent of the Dauphine, Marie Antoinette, with the Ambassador, who had impertinently expressed his opinion of the Empress Marie Thérèse, the result being the disgrace of Cardinal de Rohan. Thus one of the saddest events of the eighteenth century was caused by the divulging of one of those documents in which diplomacy failed to guard against outspokenness.

The seizure of Monsignor Montagnini's papers had no such important results. Their principal interest lay in the knowledge which they gave us of the methods employed by diplomatists to inform themselves and to inform their governments. We were

made to enter the kitchen; and it was found that the odours inhaled there are particularly disagreeable for those who, regardless of all correctness, have introduced us there. Such, at least, must have been the opinion of M. Clemenceau, who, like the Emperor, whom he had reason to dislike—perhaps to detest—had more than one opportunity of “coaching” King Edward under agreeable conditions—cigars and whisky and seltzer.

For every reason, then, King Edward was interested in, and probably not a little amazed by, the “revelations” contained in the Montagnini documents; and probably his Majesty found time to dip into Signor R. de Cesare’s lively books, treating of Rome, Pope Pius IX, Cardinal Antonelli (who never took holy orders!), and Rome society as it was between 1849 and 1870. As a writer Cesare, the well-known author and Deputy, is even more scarifying than Charles Greville or Count Vasili.

Cesare’s notes on the visit of the Prince to Rome in 1859 are very entertaining. The Prince, travelling as Baron Renfrew, stayed at the Hôtel Isole Britanniche, in the Piazza del Popolo, near the Hôtel de Russie, as we know it to-day; and shortly after his arrival paid a visit to Pope Pius IX, accompanied by the then Mr. Odo Russell (later Lord Ampthill, our Ambassador at Berlin), Colonel Bruce (the Prince’s tutor—for H.R.H. was only eighteen at the time), Lady Bruce, and Captain Grey. The Prince remained in Rome three months, went everywhere, and saw everybody and everything. Pius IX made “quite a fuss” over the handsome young “heretic,” who left the Vatican duly “blessed.”



He greatly enjoyed the Carnival, at which the use of masks was permitted for the first time for ten years. The Prince had a balcony, for the use of himself and his friends, on the Corso, and threw flowers, confetti, and "precious gifts" (the nature of which we must guess at) to the beautiful charmeuses who passed slowly along in their carriages. There was something very much like a "tiff" between the Prince and Colonel Bruce, owing to the gallant officer's refusal to allow his pupil to take part in the fun of the last night of the Carnival, when people went about carrying small lighted candles. The Prince, however, telegraphed to Queen Victoria for permission to participate in the "moccoletti," and Her Majesty, much to Colonel Bruce's surprise, gave her assent.

As might have been expected, the Prince "did" all the theatres. Prince Torlonia gave him his box at the Apollo, and there the future King attended the first performance of the "Ballo in Maschera," and made Verdi's acquaintance. During his stay in Rome the Prince visited the University and went into the Anatomical Hall, from which Lady Bruce fled precipitously, and, after a long search, was discovered in a room some distance from the hall. Later she became a resident in the Eternal City and a fervent partisan of the Pope. Before the Prince left Rome, Victor Emmanuel sent him the collar of the Annunziata, which was taken to H.R.H. by the eminent Minister, poet and painter, Massimo d'Azeglio.

Cesare's account of Pius IX is not over flattering; it may even be somewhat exaggerated. Cesare asserts that the Pope "indulged in frivolous pastimes" with young monsignori of noble birth, and "liked to hear

all the gossip of other men's lives, whilst he hid his own doings, having as clown a Monsignor de Medici, who could not speak anything but his native Neapolitan." And again: "In audiences the Pope was very amiable with the ladies, liking to dazzle them with his witticisms in conversation. For his own person he had the care of an aristocrat: he took a bath and shaved daily, changed his fine linen every day, 'cured' his splendid hair, had a new white silk cap every twenty-four hours, paid special attention to his soft, white hands, and was fond of perfumes and Eau de Cologne."

"Albert Edward began to consider diplomatic realities when he was nineteen," says M. Jacques Bardoux; but we in London have seen that he had been tutored in them from an early age, and, *inter alia*, by an Emperor. "Lord Renfrew" was in Italy when he began for the first time to enact the part of an Ambassador, "in which, later, he was to excel. He ceased, for the time, to be a pupil, and changed the University gown for a diplomatic uniform. He studied his gestures. He would not attend the Holy Week services at St. Peter's. 'At Rome,' he said, 'a Protestant especially should show his attachment to his own Church.'" He had an interview with the Pope, Pius IX; throughout the conversation he followed minutely the advice of his preceptors, and left the Vatican without having made the slightest mistake. He could already be congratulated upon his diplomacy, his tact, and his finesse. And his twenty years had not yet sounded!

Whom had the King that was to be to thank for these little arts and ways? One was the Duke of Newcastle, a veteran in politics, who never left his



side during the Italian visit. Professional diplomatists drew up his programme and revised his speeches. But whoever his advisers may have been (and we know most of them), we must recognise the undeniable aptitude revealed by the actor who, before his twentieth birthday, made his *début* on the diplomatic stage. The method of his education, despite what has been said by Tom, Dick and Harry to the contrary, admirably suited the temperament of the Heir-Apparent, endowed with a lively intelligence and a well-balanced and sure judgment—that of one, says his French critic, who was “a born diplomatist.” His education indisputably prepared him for the rôle of all Constitutional sovereigns in a democratic age. “They negotiate from within as well as from without. At home they act as arbitrators between parties and the classes; abroad they serve as standard-bearers and ambassadors. They can exercise influence over events in proportion as they possess that art of dealing with men and discussing questions which constitutes diplomacy.” Of these was Albert Edward.

What was thought of the young heir to the throne when he was in Rome we know from Prince Massimo d’Azeglio: “He was the joy of our group, although he was the youngest of us. He enjoyed every moment.” How sure he felt of himself, what aplomb he possessed, may be realised by his remark to the Pope, which, of its kind, is unique: “Your Holiness reigns over a magnificent city, which can pass from the unrestrained and innocent amusement of the ‘Mardi Gras’ to the penitence of Ash Wednesday. But we, the men of the North, cannot interrupt our pleasures so rapidly!”

Until his last illness the King's appetite was the envy of young diplomatists. "He was made of rock" ("Il était bâti à chaux et à sable"). It was physically impossible for him to remain unoccupied. "None of the Presidents of the Republic—even those of peasant origin—could have maintained such activity long. The Coburg blood is more vigorous."

The Prince Consort was a diplomatist only when he was in the bosom of his family, and when he had a pen in his hand. His health, his timidity, and the inflexible Constitution limited his field of action; and if his son was (as the present Tsar said of him) "a great diplomatist," it was because he did not remain cloistered in a coterie or in a country. At the age of twenty he had not around him such valuable friends as those who guided and formed the Prince Consort and Queen Victoria. He never had a Baron Stockmar, not even a Leopold, not even a Lord Melbourne.

From his accession King Edward undertook, of his own volition, by his visits to foreign Courts, to fulfil the double mission of consolidating the political supremacy of England and the maintenance of the peace of the world. Reigning sovereigns may be divided into travellers and stay-at-homes, and as a rule the former are more successful than the latter. Travelling sovereigns who found getting about the world beneficial were King Leopold and King Edward; the latter's brother-in-law, that mild-mannered, jovial and witty King of the Hellenes, is a notable example of "Rois voyageurs"; and the Kings of Bulgaria and Spain go frequently "on tour." Of the German Emperor it has been said, with not a little humour, that he travels in the characters of a demi-dieu, an



oracle, a Paladin, and a Titan. Edward VII was not of his nephew's type. As the guest of various countries he went about with discretion, with bonhomie; careful not to arouse prejudices or to attempt to change the habits of peoples; smiling, amusing and amused; distributing hand-shakes and bons mots, but never losing sight of English interests. Sovereigns on political tourneys observed that King Edward's manner was gracious, conquering and elegant; and some of them have followed in his wake, not without a measure of success. The closer the imitation the greater will be their triumphs. "*Experientia docet.*"

King Edward's announced intention, on succeeding to his mother's throne, to pay a personal visit to the sovereigns of Europe struck many as a brand-new idea. It was, however, a revival of a sixteenth-century custom, as was pointed out by one of his French admirers (M. Denis Guibert) in 1908. Charles V, Henry VIII, François I, Philippe II, and Henri IV were all of the travelling school, and all were successful. Ferdinand of Austria, Louis XIII, Louis XIV, the last Stuarts and the last Bourbons were home-keeping sovereigns, and there was no end to their disappointments.

If there is one period in modern diplomatic history which Edward VII had studied more closely than another, it is that dating from 1870 to 1871. Then a New Germany came into being. There ensued a sequence of events of almost unparalleled import to Europe. For the greater part of forty-two years the shadow of war has been ever present, and never since 1875 was it more apparent than in the autumn of 1911. That less than five years after the cataclysm of 1870 France

was again threatened by New Germany was demonstrated at the time, and has been proved since. Unless diplomatists have lied, the minatory finger of the Emperor Alexander II was heeded by Germany ; but the greater fact remains indisputable, that war was averted by the lavish use of that "printer's ink" at which Bismarck scoffed when he was not employing it for his own purposes. That Vulcan of the Press, Blowitz, forged the "Times" thunderbolt, and all was well.

The Prince of Wales—not yet thirty-four—rejoiced whole-heartedly at this happy dénouement. There were many who could, and doubtless did, reveal to him the "dessous des cartes" days—perhaps weeks—before the "Times" made its magnificent exposé of the intention to "bleed France white" for the second time in five years, while her wounds were still open, and while she was toiling desperately to create a new army. "The Englishwoman" at Berlin kept her eyes and her ears open, and plied the budding diplomatist in Pall Mall with letters which may possibly see the light of day during the life of many of us, in refutation of the "Dictionary's" deductions. This elder sister of Edward VII, daughter of Queen Victoria and the very German Prince Albert, wife of the Crown Prince Frederick, mother of the Emperor William II, was of so little account to the Bismarckian horde that they dubbed her "die Engländerin." Charming! And this daughter of England was brutally treated until the soul had taken its flight from her martyred body. What could not Count Seckendorff have told us of the tragic life of this heroic aunt of King George V, the "Pussette" of her parents? Those who knew



"Seckendorff" intimately, knew a great deal. While "even the fish talk in Paris," said Blowitz sardonically, "in Berlin the parrots are dumb." Count Seckendorff was not a mute.

With his passion for unravelling mysteries, social and diplomatic alike, King Edward must have been both interested and amused by the imbroglio which arose early in 1908 out of the death of the Turkish Ambassador. In February our Foreign Office sanctioned the publication through Reuter's Agency of a statement to the effect that "personal issues" had entered into the matter of the succession to the Turkish Embassy in London. That was very vague, and there was no apparent reason why the Foreign Office should have permitted such a statement to be published, the whole question being, as it were, *sub judice*. The Porte submitted to our Government the name of his Excellency Reched Bey, its representative at Rome, as the personage the Sultan's Government desired to send to London to replace the deeply-regretted Etienne Musurus Pasha. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred the personage nominated to an Embassy or a Legation is accepted by the Government to which he is accredited; but this was the hundredth case, and H.B.M. Liberal Government found Reched Bey unacceptable. Why? "Personal issues" were involved. The "personal issues" resolved themselves into one issue, and one only. Our Government considered that Reched Bey was not of sufficient distinction in the world of diplomacy to justify the Porte in nominating him to the London Embassy. This being so, the "gaffe" of the Foreign Office in allowing the statement as to "personal issues" to be circulated was surprising,

for any one reading that statement would have imagined that there was some blot on Reched Bey's fair fame ; which was not the case. All that could be laid to his charge was that he was not " sufficiently distinguished " to fill the post of the Sultan's Ambassador in London ! This must have gratified the King of Italy and his Government. Reched Bey was good enough for Italy, but " unacceptable " to England !



## CHAPTER II

### THE ENTOURAGE

IF ever monarch had a discreet entourage, King Edward was the man. Of the most notable survivors of the *vieille garde* in 1912, one is the particular friend of the late Duke of Fife, Lord Farquhar, Master of King Edward's Household, and now an Extra Lord-in-Waiting. In 1892 he was created first Baronet of Castle Rising: six years later he was raised to the peerage. Who does not recall the "Mr. Horace" of the old days? A masterful man, with all-round abilities second to none—not always too conciliatory to everybody, but devoted to "the Prince" long before he succeeded his Royal mother, and to "Fife."

General the Right Hon. Sir Dighton Macnaghten Probyn, now Comptroller of Queen Alexandra's household, is in his eightieth year. He won the Victoria Cross as far back as 1857, so I need not emphasise the fact that his long career is both glorious and distinguished. He served on the N.W. Frontier and in the Indian Mutiny, as well as in China and Umbeyla, accompanied the late King to India in 1875-6, and was "the Prince's" Comptroller and Treasurer. To King Edward, during the reign, he was Keeper of the Privy Purse. He is laden with honours: P.C., G.C.B. (Civ.), G.C.V.O., K.C.S.I., C.B. (Mil.), I.S.O., and, as has been said, V.C. A splendid record! The

handwriting of this octogenarian hero would shame many a man of half his years. Writing to a friend from Marlborough House on June 21, 1912, he said: "I read an article in the 'Daily Mail' [devoted to a refutation of what was considered an unfair estimate of King Edward's political and diplomatic talents] of June 7 with great interest, feeling sure that it would meet with the entire approval of all who had the honour and privilege of knowing our late dear King." There spoke the valorous soldier and trusty, lifelong friend of Edward VII. He enjoyed the affection of the King, retains the prized regard of Queen Alexandra, and has troops of friends; for all alike are proud to know "Sir Dighton," the brother of that perfect type of English womanhood, Miss Lætitia Probyn, whose fragrant memory I cherish. She had many accomplishments, many gifts. The death of King Edward's sister, Princess Alice, at Darmstadt, in 1879, on the anniversary of her beloved father's decease, evoked from Miss Probyn's sympathetic pen an article and a poem (both written on my behalf) which greatly touched Queen Victoria and her children. The verses (unsigned, at her request) were founded on Dante's line, "Half-way upon Life's journey."

Miss Probyn's death, and the manner of it, cast a gloom over London. I cannot forget the shock which I experienced when they brought me a letter containing the sad news. I was in a room overlooking the Tuileries gardens, listening to the voices of the children, and watching their gambols, and I had tossed the letter in question on one side, with other unopened correspondence, meaning to read all on my return from the Bois. Something impelled me to



take up Lady Violet Greville's letter and open it. I read: "Poor Lætitia Probyn is dead. She was drowned at Hendaye, when bathing with Lady Sebright."

Lord Suffield, at eighty-two, is as alert and genial as ever. Edward VII as Prince and as King had no more attached friend than this A.D.C. of his Majesty, long a Lord-in-Waiting, and until the end of the reign Acting Master of the Robes. Of Lord Knollys, who is four years the junior of the gallant Colonel of "Probyn's Horse," what can I say that has not been said before by many a pen, my own included? The imposing figure of "Sir William" was also familiar to me. I could write a chapter on the Peer-Secretary dating from the year of the "Edinburgh" wedding. Private Secretary from 1870 until the King's death—is not that a record? The names of the family are writ large and honourably in the history of the English Court. Miss Charlotte Knollys is Queen Alexandra's oldest, most devoted, and most cherished English woman-friend.

The Duke of Fife shared the "secrets of the Court" with Lord Knollys. He, also, was no gossip, even to those who were most in his confidence; and not one man or woman was ever heard to say, "It must be true—I heard it from 'Fife.'" Only eight years the junior of his Royal father-in-law, he had heard and seen everything of abiding interest connected with the political and social history of our times; and his knowledge died with him at Assuan. The Duke inherited much of his celebrated mother's humour and conversational power, added to a certain aloofness which disappeared when he was among his intimate friends

at Marlborough House, Sandringham, Mar Lodge, and "at home" in London. It was at Mar Lodge, Braemar, that he first came under the eyes of Queen Victoria, who took a great liking to him for his genuineness and independence of character. It is hardly too much to say that he was idolised by the children of King Edward and Queen Alexandra from their earliest years. They regarded him as a kind of uncle, prodigal of gifts and, what was more, ever ready for a game. That he should have married the elder of them was a foregone conclusion long before the engagement was formally announced.

The Duke's mother—Lady Agnes Hay, daughter of the seventeenth Earl of Erroll, and granddaughter of King William IV, by Mrs. Jordan—was *très grande dame*, witty and charming; and to be of her salon was a privilege much sought after and valued. Her *esprit* was proverbial, and many are the *bons mots* attributed to her. She greatly favoured some of the authors, and fewer of the journalists, of her day. She was something of a blue-stocking, minus any of the defects of a *précieuse*, such, for example, as Harriet Lady Ashburton, with whom Carlyle was *personâ grata*. To be known as one of Lady Fife's circle was a passport to many of what were then accounted the "best" houses.

Lord Coventry, born in 1838, is a year younger than Lord Knollys. He was of the Royal entourage, inasmuch as he was twice Captain of the Gentlemen-at-Arms, an intimate friend of King Edward, and rode by the side of the Prince when, in 1867, H.R.H. made his first appearance in the Worcestershire hunting-field as the guest of the Duc d'Aumale at Wood



Norton—an event which I had the good fortune to witness.

In the selection of his friends Edward VII, as Prince, and more particularly as King, displayed great acumen. In his earlier years he had many bitter disappointments, and passed through the purging fires of experience. Later, and during the reign, Lord Farquhar, Lord Esher, and Sir Ernest Cassel were shining examples of the King's intuition in his choice of intimate friends. They proposed to take the finances in hand. To this suggestion the King agreed, and the administration of the Civil List and of the Royal Household was confided to this triumvirate. They established an amortisation scheme, took out life assurance policies, and by some good investments realised considerable profits. After a few years of this energetic treatment, their efforts were crowned with success, and in 1907 they were able to inform the King that everybody had been paid, and that the Civil List was consequently intact.

Were I asked to name the quality which distinguished Edward VII as Prince and as King, I should answer his capacity for gathering around him men (and women) from whom he could learn something. Sport, the theatre, the sciences, the arts, commerce, books, newspapers—about all these he delighted to hear. But the great object of his life was to perfect himself in all pertaining to the art of governing. He became a master of this art by slow degrees. How did he acquire the knowledge which made him, as the Editor of the "Hamburger Nachrichten" declared in 1908, "the First Diplomatist in Europe"? He acquired it, not by studying books, but by studying men. He tapped

every available source of information. He could say, with Montaigne, "*Je prends mon bien où je le trouve.*"

He not only took advantage of opportunities which arose naturally, but he made them. To attempt to enumerate a tithe of those from whom he extracted "*son bien*" would be futile—impossible. Names which occur to me at the moment, without reference to books or papers, are these: The Emperor of Austria, Victor Emmanuel II, Emperor William I, Emperor Frederick, Pius IX, Lord Odo Russell, Count Seckendorff (who always knew "what Bismarck was doing"), Alexander II, Alexander III, Nicholas II, the Sultan, the Duke of Cambridge, Sir Harry Keppel, the Rothschilds, the Barings, the Sassoons, Baron de Hirsch, Prince Hohenlohe (very talkative, as Queen Victoria knew), Lord Wolseley, Lord Goschen, Lord Roberts, Lord Kitchener, Sir George Chesney (author of "*The Battle of Dorking*"), Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Sir Evelyn Wood, Sir John McNeill, Sir Redvers Buller, Sir Thomas Baker, Mr. Henry Calfcraft, Sir Archibald Allison, General Crealock, Lord Esher, the late Musurus Pacha and his father, Sir Jacob Wilson, Sir William Howard Russell, Mr. Delane (the "*Times*"), Lord Burnham ("*Daily Telegraph*"), Lord Glenesk ("*Morning Post*"), Lord Northcliffe ("*Daily Mail*"), Sir Ernest Cassel, Sir George Lewis, Sir Henry White, Sir "Alec" Stephen, and how many more! Prime Ministers, War Ministers, Colonial Ministers, "First Lords," "Chancellors," "Speakers," Home Secretaries, Foreign and Colonial Secretaries, Ambassadors, and Ministers, the pick of all the professions, the cream of the classes, Archbishops,



Cardinals, Bishops, Deans ; in brief, the world's "Intelligence Department."

Remember his personal surroundings. Did not Lord Knollys, and Sir Dighton Probyn, and Lord Suffield know where to find the expert capable at a moment's notice of strengthening the weakest link in the chain of knowledge ?

Was there ever an Ambassador, a Minister, or a *Chargé d'Affaires* in London with whom Edward VII as Prince and as King was not in the closest touch ? These emissaries may, or may not, have execrated the Government of the day ; they had always a smile on their lips for the Master of Marlborough House or the King at the Palace. Certainly some of them attained to more intimate friendship with his Majesty than others, as their predecessors had done with "his Royal Highness." But commoner folk have also their likes and dislikes, and may not taunt a king with his little partialities.

In the later years of Edward VII the diplomatists honoured by the intimate friendship of the King and Queen Alexandra were Count Albert Mensdorff-Pouilly-Dietrichstein (Austria-Hungary), the Marquis de Soveral (Portuguese Minister until the overthrow of the dynasty), and Count Benckendorff (Russia). Etienne Musurus Pacha was another favourite of their Majesties, who deplored his unexpected death at the end of 1907. His father had represented the Ottoman Empire here for thirty-five years to the complete satisfaction of Queen Victoria and successive Conservative Governments. To the Gladstonians he was merely the visible symbol of the existence of a despotic sovereign who should have been swept

away "bag and baggage"—so "Mr. G." declared. Between Count Mensdorff and Queen Victoria there was a link of relationship. The Marquis de Soveral represented a reigning family highly regarded by King Edward. Count Benckendorff's appointment to the Russian Embassy was warmly welcomed by Queen Alexandra's sister, the widowed consort of Alexander III, mother of Nicholas II. The four foreign personages in question came to be treated by the late sovereign and his consort more as intimate friends than as diplomatists. They were made free of the "home" in London and in the country.

Every lineament of Count Benckendorff's face bears the ineradicable stamp of the diplomatist. Near Chesham Place you often encounter his well-set-up figure, and can imagine the manifold difficulties which he has had to cope with since, and before, his Imperial master resolutely cut the Gordian knot by sending the first Duma to the right-about. King Edward, with that perfect consideration for others which was his Majesty's characteristic, very plainly showed Society its duty, and Count and Countess Benckendorff had the felicity of "meeting the King" on very many occasions. The sovereign, moreover, graced a dinner given by the Russian Ambassador and Ambassadress in 1906; and their Excellencies were of the party assembled by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon for the races of that year—another emphatic mark of Royal favour. English Society was then, as a rule, anti-Russ; the result of taking for fact all the ridiculous "flim-flams" telegraphed from Russia at great expense, and published here and on the Continent without any questioning of their accuracy. It was



almost as bad as in the old days when "the Great Macdermott's" inane drivel, "The Russians shall not have Constantinople," was yelled at the music-halls and applauded in many salons. "The Benckendorffs" have been happily spared that kind of outrage; but they did not precisely bask in the social sunshine until Edward VII let the titled and untitled crowd see unmistakably that rudeness to the representative of a friendly power could not be tolerated. Then people were immediately upon their best behaviour, and much was made of "the dear Benckendorffs." Everybody woke up to the fact that the Tsar is Queen Alexandra's nephew, the son of "Princess Dagmar" that was, and Dowager Empress that is. Strange that they should ever have forgotten it!

I have already shown that Edward VII, as Prince and as King, had none but admiring friends among the ambassadors and ministers accredited to our Court. One of these was the Italian Ambassador, Count Tornielli, who died in harness in Paris in 1908. Many of his London friends, King Edward included, must have heard him tell this delightful story: "It was the evening of the day when Europe was convulsed by the telegram announcing that the young Kaiser had 'dropped the pilot.' There was a reception of diplomatists at Lord Rosebery's, and I had no sooner arrived than I anxiously hastened to ascertain what impression the event had made upon the assembled guests, all of whom were more or less interested in the Berlin episode. Addressing myself to our amiable host, whom I was surprised to find in the most exuberant spirits, I received a cold douche on the spot. 'Le renvoi de Bismarck!' exclaimed

Lord Rosebery ; 'nobody is giving a thought to it. But Lord —— died to-day, and everybody is asking if his widow is likely to marry again ! Nothing else is talked about !' ”

Among commoners the late Sir William Howard Russell was the most intimate friend of King Edward, to whom the journalist was “ Billy.” As one of the special correspondents of the “ Times ” in 1870-1, he accompanied the army of the Crown Prince of Prussia (the Emperor Frederick of 1888) to Versailles. He reported, and sent to his paper, a long interview with the Crown Prince. Bismarck took exception to some expressions in the article, and sent for Russell. Bismarck lost his temper, and said—

“ I suppose you couldn't resist showing your importance by reporting all that that ‘ dunderhead ’ confided to you.”

Russell replied : “ Your Excellency knows that I always respect confidence. There is much that you have said to me yourself that I have not reported.”

“ Pouf ! ” said Bismarck. “ Anything I say to you you may bawl from the top of St. Paul's.”

Russell : “ I thank your Excellency. I shall use that permission to record your opinion of the Crown Prince.”

When, as Prince, King Edward went to India Russell accompanied him as honorary private secretary to his staff.

In 1895 Russell was recommended by Lord Rosebery (then Prime Minister) for a knighthood, which Queen Victoria readily conferred upon him. Seven years later he received from King Edward the C.V.O. Never were honours more deserved. Speaking of his



investiture, at Buckingham Palace, with the Victorian Order Russell notes in his diary: "When I hopped in the King said, 'Don't kneel,' and as I didn't halt at once he said, 'You must not trouble to kneel, Billy. Stoop!' Dighton [Probyn] handed him the riband, and Edward VII slipped it over my head, and gave me his right hand to shake."<sup>1</sup>

Until his death in 1911 Lord James of Hereford—the "Henry James" of the Law Courts and the House of Commons—was not only a close friend, but a valued adviser, of King Edward. Occasionally the King, when he was still Heir-Apparent, drove from Sandringham to Westacre, sometimes accompanied by our present sovereign and "Fife," for a day's, or two or three days', shooting with Lord (then Sir Henry) James. At Westacre they would meet the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of St. Albans, and Mr. Mackenzie of Kintail; and even then the future George V was accounted about the best with the gun.

Lord Alfred Paget's tall, burly figure was as familiar as that of King Edward when he was Prince of Wales, and you were never astonished when you encountered him in localities and under circumstances which might have repelled a less inveterate Bohemian. To young and middle-aged London he stood in something the same kind of relation as the Prince of Orange stood to the "gratin" of Paris; and had the unfortunate "Citron" lived he would have been almost a perfect replica of Lord Alfred.

They are but few in number who can beat the town with the assiduity of the genial old man who died so unexpectedly in August 1888; either their

<sup>1</sup> "Russell of the 'Times.'"

constitutions will not stand it, or they sow their wild oats soon after they "come to forty year." Lord Alfred, was, it is true, only just past seventy, but he was a man who looked his age—and more.

Although he had a seat in the House of Commons for almost thirty years, representing Lichfield as a Liberal, Lord Alfred Paget's instincts can hardly be said to have been those of a legislator. He gravitated naturally to a life of pleasure, and was more at home in the "coulisses" of the theatre or the dining-room of the restaurant in vogue than anywhere else, except, perhaps, the deck of a yacht. One of the papers depicted him as a well-known figure "in all the haunts of fashion"; his friends, however, knew that "society" was an abomination to the Clerk-Marshall, who rarely, if ever, attended any functions unless in the discharge of his light Court duties. A safer find for him than any drawing-room was the Cavour restaurant, where he was frequently to be seen among a rather promiscuous assemblage of diners, and enjoying the three-shilling repast with the zest of the young fellows who have run up from Aldershot for a few stolen hours and must return by the "dead meat" train in the silent watches of the night.

Some of those to whom a summer holiday further afield than Margate is denied will still have a vivid recollection of the rubicund yachtsman pacing the jetty and the delightfully irregular streets of that resort with that rolling gait—between a lounge and a swagger—which was perhaps his most strongly-marked characteristic. As escort came, nine times out of ten, "Jack" (nobody ever heard him styled "Mr.") Murphy, Lord Alfred's fidus Achates, with



usually Mr. Albert Levy there or thereabout. When in repose, there was a kind of settled melancholy on Lord Alfred's face, leading one to suppose that he was one of those Englishmen who "take their pleasure sadly." This may have been the outcome of his gentle disposition ; for his manner was that of a child rather than of a man who had, perhaps, "heard the chimes at midnight" oftener than most "bloods" of the past or present. He was totally without ambition—a grave fault in the eyes of the work-a-day world, but one certain to be lightly dealt with when our good and evil deeds have to be weighed for sentence. His creed may be said to have been summed up in—

*Si Fortuna juvat, caveto tolli ;  
Si Fortuna tonat, caveto mergi.*

The Prince of Wales was one of Lady Molesworth's greatest favourites, and, on his return from his trips to Paris, he would never fail to report himself at the well-known corner house in Eaton Place, and give the old lady, with his usual verve, the latest news. Lady Molesworth (who died in 1888) had kept her eyes and ears open during the Prince's absence, and he could always obtain more interesting and valuable information from the lively old lady in half-an-hour than he could extract from his boon companions in a week. Lady Molesworth never flattered the Prince, but, when her advice was asked, as it often was, gave it frankly, but respectfully, and she not only kept him out of many a scrape, but helped him through one or two troubles into which his good nature and kind heart had brought him. During Lady Molesworth's last long and severe illness the Prince was one of the most frequent callers, and

not a day passed that he did not make himself acquainted with her condition.

Another remarkable woman—the Russian Comtesse Catherine Feodorovna Tiesenhausen—died about the same time as Lady “Moley.” She was nearly eighty-five, and had known the Imperial Court since 1813, when she was appointed a lady-of-honour. She could have written a more scandalising book than Comte Vasili, Lady Cardigan, Princess Caroline Murat, and that charming Saxon Princess combined. The mother of the Dowager Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha (Duchess of Edinburgh) detested her; the Emperor Alexander II and his daughter were very fond of her. In St. Petersburg it was said that “the Tiesenhausen” thought our Duke of Edinburgh not good enough for the Grand Duchess Marie. The Countess was the granddaughter of the celebrated Prince Kutuzoff, and the Duc de Morny described her as “un gamin de Paris dans la peau d’une comtesse Moscovite.” King Edward and Queen Alexandra remembered seeing her at the Edinburgh wedding in 1874.



## CHAPTER III

### A BELITTILING BIOGRAPHY

ROSEATE accounts of the supposed harmonious relations between King Edward and the German Emperor have been frequently published in this country during the last few years. Some of them provoked ironical comment, others incredulous laughter, from those who know the facts.

The memoir of King Edward which appears in the "Dictionary of National Biography" is disfigured by certain misconceptions, more particularly with regard to the German Emperor. We read: "Despite the King's affection for his nephew the German Emperor, short seasons of domestic variances between the two were bound to recur . . . but the King was never long estranged from his nephew."

In reality the personal relations of King and Kaiser lapsed into comparative calm only when they were apart from one another. By means of letters it was always possible, by the form of the correspondence, to re-establish a passable *modus vivendi*. But even this passable harmony was repeatedly interrupted by the carrying backwards and forwards of messages through which King Edward was invariably a passive sufferer; the restlessness, the eccentricity, and the unaccountability of the nephew being a constant source of irritation to the long-suffering uncle.

One instance of this amounted to a downright out-

rage. The Emperor was desirous of paying one of his thirteen visits to England, and mooted his wish through a personage who was equally acceptable to both sovereigns. The King (then Prince of Wales) received the emissary, to whom he said, in effect : " You may tell my nephew we shall be very pleased to see him, although my mother in her state of health is, of course, unable to entertain him adequately. I will, however, do all I can to make his stay here agreeable. One condition, however, I should like to make : it is that he should not bring with him Admiral Herr . . . . . who, I have heard from a reliable source, has spoken of me in derogatory terms." What was the Prince of Wales's disgust when he saw, among the very large suite which the Emperor brought with him, that very man !

Another cause of friction was the everlasting tittle-tattle which went on in connection with the various visits of the Emperor to this country. The unpleasant features of all this gossip promptly came to the knowledge of the Prince ; they comprised criticisms of the hospitality of the Queen, and, later, of the King, couched in incredibly rude and offensive terms. On one occasion the Emperor arrived with a suite so numerous that Windsor Castle (the expenditure at which, for economical reasons, the King had been obliged to curtail) was unequal to the demands upon its lodging capacity, and, consequently, some of the Imperial retinue were sent to Frogmore. In letters sent by some of them to Germany complaints were made that the hospitality extended to them was not " good enough " ; and this gossip did not fail to reach the King's ears.



All these commérages, indiscreetly repeated, spluttered out in the German gossip-papers, intensely annoyed King Edward, whose vexation was the greater as the complaints were chimerical. The uncle's conception of the essence of good breeding was continually flouted by the exuberant loquacity of the nephew; and, do what he would, he generally managed, quite unintentionally, to wound the younger man's boundless vanity by his disinclination to pander to it by consenting to be made a stalking-horse at parades, naval inspections, and even "side shows."

An occurrence which exasperated the King was the esclandre connected with Count Albert Edward Gleichen's stay at Berlin as H.B.M. Military Attaché (1903-6). In the course of his official duties the Count had occasion to send to our Government certain reports which got into the newspapers; these the Emperor characterised as ungentlemanlike, unfair and unjustifiable, and he insisted upon the Count's recall. The King, through a confidential channel, endeavoured to smooth the matter over, fearing a public scandal. His Majesty expressed the readiness of our Government to meet the Kaiser's wishes with regard to Count Gleichen's removal from Berlin, but asked that a little time should be given to allow the trouble to be forgotten. Even this concession was refused by the Emperor, who insisted upon the Count's immediate recall. In these circumstances our Government was compelled to give way, and Count Gleichen was transferred to Washington.

An incident—although not of so flagrant a nature—illustrates the constant irritation to which the Prince of Wales, and even his mother, were exposed at the

Emperor's hands. One of the habits of William II which caused much trouble in the diplomatic world, not only here but at foreign Courts, was that of sending personages on confidential missions to the sovereigns of various countries on all manner of pretexts. In one of the later years of Queen Victoria's reign General von L—— was on his way to the Isle of Wight on such a mission to her Majesty. A German gentleman, of high position, was at the same time proceeding to Osborne, in his private capacity, to see the Queen. He met the General on the steamer, and casually asked him what dress he intended to wear at the Royal dinner that evening. "Uniform, *of course*," said the General. The gentleman ventured to suggest that the Queen had a decided, and well-known, objection to her guests appearing in uniform at her dinner-table when she was in comparative retirement at Osborne; and he asked the General if it was imperative that he should be so dressed. "Decidedly," replied General von L——; "the Emperor's orders were that I should wear uniform." Queen Victoria was visibly displeased at this disregard of her well-known wishes in this matter, and, turning smilingly to a gentleman after dinner, expressed herself sotto voce to this effect: "I wonder if his Majesty's envoy thinks we are *impressed* by uniforms?"

The King suffered from another cause of irritation. The Emperor used to chatter with scant reticence before people concerning those personages chosen by King Edward for his personal friends—Sir Edward Cassel among others. It did not add to the King's good humour when the Emperor, in direct contradiction of the expressions he had employed, went out



of his way to confer high distinctions upon those personages to whom he had sarcastically referred. It was the Emperor's continual obtrusiveness and effusiveness which jarred upon the nerves of a man, the strong points of whose stock-in-trade were reticence, reserve, and fine tact in weighing every word he uttered.

The Emperor would frequently appear on board the "Hohenzollern" in the vicinage of British war vessels and practically ask to be saluted by them, although there was no admiral of the fleet in command; and he would do things, perhaps in play, which aroused the antipathy of Englishmen to him. In other matters he was not seldom mischievously aggressive in raising specious and gratuitous objections to diplomatic appointments made by our Government. How could he have endeared himself to, and evoked the "affection" of Edward VII, either as Prince or as Sovereign? No one can understand the Emperor's temperament and mental bent who has not read Professor Quidde's "*Caligula*,"<sup>1</sup> a study of the insanity of Cæsarean power, suggesting a parallel between the successor of Tiberius and William II. It would be untrue to say that he has "lived down" this trenchant satire from the pen, steeped in gall, of the Munich Juvenal.

When the Empress Frederick was nearing her end she expressed a wish to see the eminent English doctor, Sir James Reid, later one of King Edward's physicians-in-ordinary. The Emperor, hearing of this, caused his mother to be informed that if she persisted in her intention he would place himself in

<sup>1</sup> "*Caligula*. Eine Studie über römischen Cäsarenwahnsinn." By L. Quidde. Leipzig: Wilhelm Friedrich.

front of her room and bar the English doctor's entrance.

The last time the King met the Emperor at Homburg some one asked one of "William's" sisters how the twain had got on together. "Oh! Uncle Edward was as suave, and courteous, and correct as he always is, and my brother is as awkward and as impossible as ever." They got on as well as they could, but both were glad when the time came for the King's departure.

A Court dignitary at Berlin, questioned as to the personal relations between King Edward and his nephew, replied by quoting a very well-known popular saying (I have frequently heard it uttered), meaning, as we should euphemistically put it, "They cannot bear the sight of one another." The literal rendering of the phrase might shock the English reader; yet the original is cited by personages who hold at least as high a position at Berlin as that occupied in London by a Lord Knollys or a Lord Stamfordham—higher.

Did our Princes and Princesses find the War-Lord's "society charming"?<sup>1</sup>

There was a painful scene at the Wartburg. In the presence of two of his uncles—the Duke of Connaught and the late Duke of Edinburgh—the Emperor burst into a volcano of censure, upbraiding them for England's lack of appreciation of Germany, and expressing so strongly his disgust with the

<sup>1</sup> "Westminster Gazette," in a review.



conduct of this country that the nerves of one of them were overwrought.

The British public will not allow the talents of King Edward to be whittled down. Were people to take their cue from what has been put under their eyes of late they might become imbued with the erroneous idea that King Edward was "*Eine Holzlatte übermalt um wie Eisen auszusehen*" ("A lath painted to look like iron"). This mordant pleasantry has passed into history as having been applied to the late Lord Salisbury by Prince Bismarck. Count Herbert Bismarck, however, emphatically declared that his father never said anything of the kind in reference to the English statesman. Of course it was about as applicable to Lord Salisbury or to Edward VII as it would have been to describe the ascetic Cardinal Manning as a voluptuary. Pascal said, "*L'homme n'est qu'un roseau, mais c'est un roseau pensant*" ("Man is only a reed, but he is a thinking reed"). King Edward was, in this sense, a "reed," but he was not a "painted lath," as some might fall into the mistake of supposing. Prince Bismarck, the maker of united Germany, had a high opinion of our King's talents—I state this as a fact. His son, the late Count Herbert, who was well known to Lord Rosebery, was one of his Majesty's intimate friends; and among the tens of thousands of birthday congratulations received in his later years by the great Chancellor not one was more warmly welcomed than those signed "Albert Edward." Our King regarded the casting adrift of "the old Pilot" as a calamity for Germany, and, in a lesser degree, for England.

One day, shortly after the great Chancellor had

passed away, the Prince of Wales said at Berlin : " We put up with a lot from the old man " [Bismarck], " but we shall not put up with so much from his successor." Nor did we. What the King mainly objected to in his nephew was his lack of tact and feeling, his fussiness, supplemented by all the characteristics of the busybody.

It is an act of historical justice to King Edward to dispel this mirage, this false atmosphere, which, from lack of moral courage to deal with it, has existed for twenty years : an incredible fact, remembering what has leaked out from time to time, only to be forgotten the next day. The numberless instances which have been laid before the public of the Emperor's restlessness may not, singly, be of much account, but when massed together they show indisputably how much King Edward had to put up with, both before and after his accession.

In the " Dictionary's " memoir of Queen Victoria this passage occurs : " The Kaiser opposed his mother even over the proposed marriage of Prince Alexander of Battenberg with his sister Victoria, the second daughter of the Empress Frederick. They were betrothed with the full consent of the Empress Frederick and Queen Victoria, but it was opposed by Bismarck."

King Edward's biographer writes—

" The complexity of the situation " (after the Emperor Frederick's death, in 1888) " was increased by the conduct of her " (the Empress Frederick's) " son, the Prince of Wales's nephew. . . . His uncompliant attitude to his mother often wounded his uncle, and threatened alienation. Yet the native



amiability of the Prince" (of Wales) "did not suffer any lasting breach between himself and those whose conduct roused his displeasure. In his family circle there were some" (probably the Dukes of Edinburgh and Connaught) "whose dislike of the young ruler was far more deeply rooted than his own. But the Prince sought paths of peace and conciliation. . . . On occasion the kinsmen caused each other irritation, but there was no real estrangement. The mutual resentments which at times ruffled their tempers were harboured solely when they were absent from one another. The ill-feeling disappeared when they met. . . . No lack of cordiality marked the first meetings of uncle and nephew after the Emperor's accession.

"Despite the King's affection for his nephew, short seasons of domestic variances between the two were bound to recur, and the private differences encouraged the old-standing coolness in political sentiment. But the King was never long estranged from his nephew."

The Emperor's unguarded and reckless criticisms of his uncle's private life and of his associates, his intimate friends, were calculated to arouse the ire and the resentment of King Edward, for such splenetic outbursts directed against a man of the King's deep-feeling nature could not be forgotten between sunrise and sunset. In the presence of witnesses the Emperor was foolish enough to vaunt his own immaculate record and to contrast it with that of his uncle. And all these *bêtises* were faithfully carried to the King.

Had not the arrangements for the "young man's" visit to England in 1891 been so far advanced, the

journey would in all probability have been abandoned, so complete was the discord between the Queen, her Imperial grandson, and the Prince of Wales. The "young man," as Bismarck always called William II, had taken it into his head to write a very impertinent letter to the Prince of Wales protesting against any one "holding the position of a Colonel of Prussian Hussars embroiling himself in a gambling squabble, and playing with men young enough to be his sons." This communication was very ill-advised on the part of the Kaiser, for, not only did it arouse the anger of his uncle, but it made Queen Victoria perfectly furious—the more so because she found it impossible to justify her son's association with "such people" as the defendants in the Tranby Croft case. The Royal Family generally were much annoyed at the tone of the Emperor's epistle, and he speedily received "*la monnaie de sa lettre*." None of his English relatives ever really liked this Imperial quick-change artist, who in the first years of his reign was completely under the thumbs of Count and Countess Von Waldersee. But who would have thought that the Tranby Croft episode in September 1890 might possibly have had an influence upon the future of Europe?

Much was said at the time in the German Press concerning the failure of King Edward to return one of his nephew's visits. The offensive comments were brought to the knowledge of the King, who considered it would have been beneath his dignity to have sanctioned the publication of any contradiction of the totally inaccurate statements. The plain truth was that the King's health was, even then, anything but



satisfactory ; he would, however, have gone willingly to Berlin, but the Emperor worried him to go to Kiel to inspect one or other of "My ships." These eternal displays were not to the taste of the King, whose great anxiety, after he had got well into his sixties, was, when he went abroad, to avoid receptions and functions of all kinds. This, and nothing else, was the real reason for the postponements of his overdue visit to Berlin.

King Edward—I cannot too strongly emphasise the fact—had the greatest admiration for Germany, but in the years immediately preceding his death could not sympathise with some of the new developments in the country as fully as he might have done in his younger days. He was one of the very few who, born in England, yet speak German perfectly. I know, from trustworthy sources, that he had a great liking for a very large number of men of all classes, whom he met from time to time, during many years, in Germany. What their position was did not trouble our democratic sovereign. It will be pleasant, for example, to Britons to hear how warmly the chief station-master at Cologne (an important personage) and many others spoke of the King. They appreciated him for his kindly manner towards them, and always referred, and still refer, to him with genuine feeling, even with emotion. He had the happy knack of making people like him, *nolens volens*. King Edward thought so highly of the railway chief at Cologne that he gave him the Victorian Order.

Another illustration—an amusing one this time—of the "All-Highest's" obtrusiveness reaches me.

In July 1907 the Empress Eugénie was cruising

in her yacht, the "Thistle," in Norwegian waters, and on the twenty-ninth of that month a telegram of a line and a half appeared in the English and Continental journals stating that on the twenty-seventh the German Emperor had visited the Empress on her yacht at Bergen. Not a single detail of the interview has been published from that day to this. The first intimation the Empress had of the honour in store for her came from her captain, who, to her amused surprise, said: "Your Majesty, I have just heard that the Kaiser is coming into Bergen in the 'Hohenzollern.' Shall we get out at once?" The Empress (she was then over eighty-one), enjoys the humorous side of things as much as any one, so, with a smile, she replied, "No!" Then, her eyes twinkling with mirth, she added, "We have slipped him five times—we must stay here and face it out!" Other sovereigns arriving in a foreign port at midnight would have had some regard for the sleeping inhabitants and entered the harbour quietly. Not so, the "Allerhöchst," who, as usual, deemed the booming of guns indispensable to herald his coming. At the earliest possible moment one of his officers was dispatched to the "Thistle," conveying the great news that his Imperial Majesty the German Emperor had arrived, and intended to pay the Empress a visit. His Imperial Majesty desired to know "what he should wear?"—a naïve inquiry which convulsed everybody. There was not one uniformed man among the Imperial lady's guests, who included Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein (the only surviving son of Prince and Princess Christian), so the Empress laconically answered the question in two words, "yachting clothes." Having received this



information, the Emperor sent another inquiry: he wanted the names and number of the Empress's suite, as the members of his own entourage "would exchange courtesies with them in the morning." More merriment on board the "Thistle." Germaine Bonaparte waxed rather sarcastic at the expense of a German Prince's son, Prince Albert, who retorted, "Oh! you need not be 'huffy'—*I* am not a German. I was born at Windsor, and my mother is an Englishwoman." Naturally, there was no German flag on board the "Thistle"; it was necessary, however, to hoist one in view of the coming of Admiral William II; what was to be done? There was only one way out of the difficulty—to borrow one. One of the "Thistle's" boats set out on the quest, and returned reporting success; and, as the Emperor approached the Empress's yacht, his warlike soul was gratified by the sight of the German flag, but he did not know that it was his own standard, "loaned" for the occasion! In fact, it had been borrowed by the "Thistle" from the "Hohenzollern." What King Edward said when he heard the story I never heard, but I guessed.

It was put about at the time that the Bergen interview had been arranged by King Edward; but, that, of course, was untrue. It was "arranged" in the manner I have described; which is to say that it was one of the irrepressible Kaiser's surprise visits, for which he has a mania. The idea that any one might not be exactly dying to see him never enters his mind. The Empress and the Emperor had met only once previously—in, I think, 1891. The Emperor was at Aldershot, and as Farnborough Hill is close by, he betook himself thither—an honour which the

Empress could probably have dispensed with. The Emperor William I, when King of Prussia, had destroyed the Second Empire only twenty years before his grandson's first visit to the Empress; and it is easy to imagine what her feelings must have been when she saw William II swagger into her salon. I will hazard the assertion that the Empress would never have condescended to receive the Emperor had he not been the grandson of Queen Victoria and the nephew of Edward VII, both of whom stood nobly by the widow of Napoleon III in her darkest hours.

Some views of the personal relations between the Emperor and the Prince of Wales are furnished by Mr. Henry W. Fischer in "The Private Lives of William II and his Consort: a Secret History of the Court of Berlin." The author asserts that it is "from the papers and diaries, extending over a period beginning June 1888 to the spring of 1898, of a lady-in-waiting on her Majesty the Empress-Queen." I am not called upon to confirm, or to deny, or to question these assertions.

In 1894, at Potsdam, Duke Günther of Schleswig (brother of the German Empress) brought up the matter of the Guelph Fund, which represents the fortune (sequestered by Prussia after the annexation of the kingdom of Hanover in 1866) of the late King George of Hanover, or his heir, the Duke of Cumberland, who married Queen Alexandra's sister Thyra, mother of the ill-fated Prince (George William) who was killed by being thrown out of his automobile when on his way to the funeral of the King of Denmark in May 1912. Prussia restored their private fortune to the



restored House of Hanover in 1867, but retained the interest accruing annually on the amount, on the ground that "it was needed to ward off the Guelph (Hanoverian) party's secret intrigues and stratagems in the German and foreign Press. So the Guelph Fund became the Reptile Fund. . . . When, a year or so after Bismarck's dismissal, the Kaiser desired to re-establish agreeable relations with Queen Victoria, he instructed Caprivi to offer to restore the Guelph Fund on condition that the Duke of Cumberland formally renounced his rights to the Hanoverian Crown. The stipulation was accepted—to William's great surprise, it is said—but only the interest, not the fortune itself, was handed over to the Duke of Cumberland at Gmünden.

"The Prince of Wales sometimes has earlier and closer information about matters concerning the Berlin Court than anybody connected with it; for he is, above all, the confidant of the Empress Frederick, while Princess Philip of Coburg keeps him posted on everything that transpires at the Courts of St. Petersburg, Copenhagen and Athens, those centres of anti-Prussian, if not anti-Wilhelm, politics."

In the spring of 1897, the following story went the rounds at the Neues Palais, Berlin—

"The Prince of Wales, it was whispered, had written a letter to King George (of Greece) informing him that the Kaiser *gulped* down—that was the word employed—the whole of the Guelph Fund, and advising his brother-in-law at the same time to use his information as he saw fit (Greece was then hard pushed by William); but, unfortunately, 'Uncle Bertie,' instead of sending it to Athens direct, for-

warded his missive to Copenhagen for approval of his mother-in-law ; and Queen Louise, most innocently, you may be sure, caused the noble conspiracy to leak out. For, in a burst of confidence, her Majesty showed the letter to [the late] Princess Waldemar [daughter of the late Duc de Chartres], the same sprightly daughter of la belle France who stirred up the imbroglio between Prince Bismarck and Tsar Alexander III not so many years ago. Marie d'Orléans-Bourbon . . . detests the Emperor as heartily as she adores France. So she sat down and telegraphed the sweet morsel broadcast to all Wilhelm-haters, or Princes that she considered sympathisers, and all wished the undertaking God-speed—all except Cousin Ferdinand of Bulgaria. This queer individual, eager to oblige the Kaiser, betrayed the confidence reposed in him, hoping thereby to gain William's eternal gratitude.

“William's threat to openly place himself on the Sultan's side—conveyed in a personal letter to the King of Greece ; which, strange to say, was countersigned by Prince Hohenlohe—made the would-be conspirators scatter in all directions, and immediately upon its receipt at the Danish Court Albert Edward's message to the King of the Hellenes was given to the flames in the presence of the Danish Minister. Thereupon the diplomatic side of the incident was declared closed, yet to his Uncle Bertie the Kaiser is said to have written a furious letter intimating that he would demand a personal explanation from him during the Prince's summer visit to Homburg, a menace which apparently did not disturb his Royal Highness in the least, for, instead of a direct reply, there arrived at the Neues



Palais a week or ten days later a newspaper clipping, under the seal of Marlborough House, announcing that in the coming season his Royal Highness intended to take the waters of Marienbad; and on the margin was scribbled in German an inelegant, but whole-souled, invitation to the Imperial nephew the like of which has once before been extended to a German Emperor, namely by Goetz von Berlichingen,<sup>1</sup> who answered Maximilian the First's invitation to surrender in the same fashion."

The popular French author, J. H. Aubry, tells us: "The Emperor William has shown that he did not love his mother. He loves still less his uncle, with whom he had never had more than ceremonious relations. When he visited Queen Victoria at Windsor, he affected to neglect the Prince of Wales. Since the death of Queen Victoria William II has changed his attitude towards his uncle. His disdain has changed into respect, but his sentiments are not more cordial."

In 1888 Herr von Treitschke was the reactionary historian of Prussia and editor of the "Preussische Jahrbücher." In a memoir of the Emperor Frederick, published in his review, after a tirade against Liberal principles, he pronounced Frederick's brief reign "the most unfortunate and disgraceful period in the history of Prussia." The Emperor William II sent him a congratulatory telegram thanking him for "the honest monument he has erected to truth."

The correspondents of our daily papers alluded in

<sup>1</sup> This renowned general, who lost an arm in battle, is known in history as "Berlichingen with the iron hand." Goethe's drama, "Goetz von Berlichingen," was re-written several times before it fully satisfied the author.

almost every telegram to the scurrilous attacks of the so-called Court party on the Emperor [Frederick] and Empress, attacks so shameful that the correspondents—to their honour be it said—dared not give even a modified account of them lest the English public should have turned in disgust from the papers that printed them. No mad anarchist could have brought fouler accusations against the personal character, and even against the morals, of the new Sovereign and his Consort. Placards of the most pornographic and the basest kind covered the walls of Berlin every morning. One day, when the Emperor drove out at Charlottenburg, he noticed on the houses of that suburb a placard beginning, “The Emperor of the Hebrews, Frederick III, alias Cohen.” He did not stop to read any more.

A friend, skilled in the art of Lavater, gave me an elaborate analysis of the Emperor's traits before and after his marriage. “The face,” he said, “is a remarkable one, and indicates marvellous strength. There is a reminder of our late Prince Consort in the upper part, and in the lower part a strong suggestion of the face of Napoleon I, although its length deprives it of a close resemblance. Still, there are the same broad, high cheekbones; the nose is very similar, with its highly-sensitive nostrils; and the chin and jaw are very like those of Napoleon. The mouth, lips and chin express an almost brutal frankness. The breadth of the head between the ears betrays a love of conquest and strife, not quarrelsomeness, but a desire to triumph.”

“Revenons à nos moutons.”

A leading reviewer (a Conservative) of Sir Sidney Lee's biography declared that “King Edward's grasp



of political questions is admitted" (by the writer of the memoir) "to have been superficial. He did not penetrate to the essence of controversies or measure the interconnection of forces. He attributed too much power to personal dexterity and scarcely understood the respective boundaries of tact and principle."

Another critic (a Radical) said: "The biography is written on intimate lines, and evidently with the information and assistance of many of the late King's closest associates. . . . It goes without saying that the work could not have been written without the consent of the Court, and it is really rather an electrifying fact that so soon after the King's death there should be a willingness to let the truth, or the half-truth, out of its conventional bag. It is evidence of considerable courage in quarters where one would hardly expect it. At any rate, the biography reduces to waste-paper most of the stuff we have been fed on during our lifetime."

Queen Victoria (says the biographer) did not admit her son to her confidence because she thought him indiscreet, and that "national secrets might be discussed over country-house dinner-tables."

Who had the honour of communicating these choice morsels to the receptive biographer? To whom did Queen Victoria unbosom herself in this unmotherly fashion? For what charitable purpose did the informer furnish this revelation for publication in a permanent and standard work of reference? Every loyal subject of King George, all who, "faithful among the faithless," are loyal to the memory of, in one of his friends' words, "our dear King Edward," have a right to ask these questions. But they must

not expect to get answers to them. The Editor of the "Dictionary" will not betray confidences. Were he to do so, his life henceforward would not be worth living ; his informants would lose caste—that is all they would trouble about. They might salve their own consciences by reflecting that, their friend and patron and dispenser of the good things of this life being dead, they could get nothing more out of him. That will be the opinion formed of these concealed "tipsters" by many of the lieges who still hold to the foolish, old-fashioned belief—older than the ages—that we should speak and write nothing but good of the dead.

"There is a common belief in this country and on the Continent" (says another reviewer) "that King Edward played an active part in foreign politics. Sir Sidney Lee exposes this fallacy, which often gave annoyance to the King, and was an occasional cause of friction abroad."

This comes to most of us as a piece of news, and we find it difficult to swallow.

Again : "The title of *le Roi Pacificateur*, which French journalists bestowed upon him, 'is' (in the words of the "Dictionary") 'symbolically just, but is misleading if it be taken to imply any personal control of diplomacy.'

As to the *Entente Cordiale* : "No direct responsibility for its initiation or conclusion belonged to him (King Edward). . . . The King had no conception of any readjustment of the balance of European power."

In simpler language, Edward VII knew nothing about foreign politics ; and the eloquence of the French Prime Minister at Cannes was the merest fustian ; and M. Judet's scathing article in the "*Éclair*" was fully



justified. We have been shamefully deluded—victims of “le bluff.”

We are puppets, Man in his pride, and Beauty fair in her flower ;  
Do we move ourselves, or are moved by an unseen hand at a game  
That pushes us off from the board, and others ever succeed ?  
Ah ! yet we cannot be kind to each other here for an hour ;  
We whisper, and hint, and chuckle, and grin at a brother's shame ;  
However we brave it out, we men are a little breed.

“ The idea that King Edward was the author of the French Entente is unfounded.” The writer of that peerless sentence (published in a prominent Liberal journal) might with reason be invited to tell us who ever said the King was the *author* of the Entente ? As no one ever claimed the authorship of the “ Understanding ” for his Majesty, what was the sense of denying “ the idea ” ?

As a weekly organ of political and literary criticism the “ Spectator ” is a model of good taste, sound judgment, and brilliantly expressed opinions. I therefore turned anxiously to its pages (June 8, 1912) for enlightenment concerning the biography. From its article, “ The Character of King Edward,” I extract two or three salient sentences—

Let us say at once how much the public owes to the admirable good sense and ungrudging helpfulness of the Royal Family, if we may assume that Sir Sidney Lee has received some help from them. . . .

Certainly King Edward will not suffer thereby in the long run, though Sir Sidney Lee's narrative may seem at first sight to be something of a severe corrective. . . .

King Edward was never more than an agent, but an agent of extraordinary competence. . . .

More in our opinion might have been said of the value of King Edward's social qualities, for as a means of attack and defence in treating political questions within Constitutional boundaries they had

the character of genius. He was a perfect Grand Chairman of the Nation. Whenever he made general proposals they were not directed to taking the business out of the hands of the Nation, but (as in 1910) to keeping the peace in a heated atmosphere. When one reflects on the education of King Edward and the long period of his exclusion from affairs, and when one ponders the usual effects upon a man who is thus thrown back on the contemplation of his frustrated desires, the wonder must grow that he became a King who was able to add to the popularity, if not actually to the stability, of the Throne.

In the next issue (June 15) the Editor of the "Spectator," with his wonted fairness, printed this letter—

It is not my wish to pretend to greater knowledge of the domestic life of our Royal Family than Sir S. Lee's informants. That would be absurd. But I cannot help thinking that your article on "The Character of King Edward VII" does grave injustice to his parents, himself and his tutors. I am one of the few survivors out of the class of eleven undergraduates who in the year 1861 used to meet the Prince of Wales twice a week in Charles Kingsley's drawing-room to be lectured on the reigns of our British sovereigns from William III to George IV inclusive. I still regard those lectures as among the most stimulating hours of my life.

If, as Sir S. Lee says, "history, the chief subject of study, was carefully confined to bare facts and dates, and fiction was withheld as demoralising," it is curious, to say the least, that Prince Albert "should have selected our great English novelist as his son's instructor in his chief subject of study." I can speak from personal knowledge when I say that Kingsley would indignantly have denied that it was difficult to interest his Royal Highness in his lessons. For, this, however, I would refer those of your readers who feel hurt at the fashion of criticising Queen Victoria as a "gravely misguided" mother, to Chapter XIX of Kingsley's *Life* as written by Mrs. Kingsley. The Professor "was allowed perfect freedom of speech," and the attention, courtesy and intelligence of his royal pupil made him not only the Prince's loyal but his most attached servant.

Can any one imagine Kingsley conducting a course of lectures "confined to bare facts and dates"? I can only say that till I



read Miss M. Bowen's presentation of William III I had never read since the year 1861 anything so full of life as I listened to in Fitzwilliam Street, Cambridge. You will believe me, Sir, when I say that we were not confined either to persons. The questions of Divine Right, of the Growth of the National Debt, of the Freedom of the Press, of Bribery at Elections, of the Right of Sovereigns to appoint Ministers or not against the choice of the Commons, of the Growth of our Empire, of the French Revolution (I only mention a few that I particularly remember), were treated exhaustively in the burning words of one of whom Max Müller has said that he was "a poet and a moralist, a politician and theologian, and, before all, a friend and counsellor of young men." In after years I have always loved to trace the effects of the training in which Mr. Herbert Fisher and General Bruce took so loyal and loving a part in the reign of his Majesty, and to thank God for the strong mutual affection between him and the author of "Two Years Ago" and "Westward Ho!" And if this letter should meet the eyes of any of my fellow-pupils I would appeal to them to call to mind the last lectures on the reign of George IV and the Professor's final apostrophes at its conclusion when he said that "of the private life of that monarch he would not foul his mouth to speak."

No, Sir; at Cambridge, at any rate, the Professor of Modern History was given a perfect freedom of speech, and he made use of the permission, with the result that he did interest his pupil in his lessons and at the same time secured his lifelong affection.

H. LEE-WARNER.

*The Paddocks, Swaffham.*

Mr. Lee-Warner, writing to me (June 16, 1912), said: "King Edward was certainly no more 'incompetent' than Edward Prince of Wales was 'wanting in interest' as I saw him."

In a lecture delivered at Crewe in 1871 Charles Kingsley predicted that the aristocracy of the future would be one "of sound and national science." He urged our aristocrats to train themselves in the study of natural science and to cultivate the scientific spirit, by which alone, he maintained, social and political questions can be rightly judged. He concluded—

Take my advice for yourselves, and for your children after you ; for, believe me, I am showing you the way to true and useful, and therefore to just and deserved, power. I am showing you the way to become members of what I trust will be—what I am certain ought to be—the aristocracy of the future. I say it deliberately, as a student of society and of history. Power will pass more and more, if all goes healthily and well, into the hands of scientific men. For the rest, events seem but too likely to repeat themselves again and again all over the world, in the same hopeless circle. Aristocracies of mere birth decay and die, and give place to aristocracies of mere wealth ; and they again to aristocracies of mere genius, which are really aristocracies of the noisiest of scribblers and spouters, such as France is writhing under at this moment. And when these last have blown off their steam, with mighty roar, but without moving the engine a single yard, then they are but too likely to give place to the worst of all aristocracies, the aristocracy of mere “order,” which means organised brute force and military despotism. And after that, what can come, save anarchy and decay, and social death ? What else ?—unless there be left in the nation, in the society, as the salt of the land, to keep it all from rotting, a sufficient number of wise men to form a true working aristocracy, an aristocracy of sound and rational science ? If they be strong enough (and they are growing stronger day by day over the civilised world) on them will the future of that world mainly depend. They will rule, and they will act—cautiously, we may hope, and modestly and charitably, because in learning true knowledge they will have learned also their own ignorance and the vastness, the complexity, the mystery of Nature. But they will be able to rule, they will be able to act ; because they have taken the trouble to learn the facts and the laws of Nature. They will rule.

It was presumably in this wise that Kingsley instructed King Edward. And it is the biographer of King Edward who assures us that “history, the chief subject of” [the Prince’s] “study, was carefully confined to bare facts and dates !”

With all respect for the erudite author of the biography, I prefer, on this important point, the evidence of Mr. Lee-Warner to the assertions of Sir Sidney Lee’s informants, just as, respecting the



King's acquaintance with political and diplomatic affairs, I prefer the judgments of the French Prime Minister and Comte d'Haussonville to the statements of the informants of the author of the biography. To a not inconsiderable extent I am, I think, supported in my view by the leading article in the "Times" (April 15) on the speech of M. Poincaré at the unveiling of the Cannes statue. The writer of that article said—

M. Poincaré laid stress in his address upon the value of the thorough knowledge which our late King thus [by his frequent visits] acquired of the French mind. It was this knowledge which, more than any of his other qualities, enabled him to smooth the way for the Entente between that nation and our own. The Convention of 1904, which ended by a friendly compromise the many differences that had long kept our French neighbours and ourselves on indifferent terms to our common disadvantage, was, of course, the work of the two Governments, as must always be the case in Constitutional countries. But M. Delcassé and Lord Lansdowne could not have made that compromise had they not felt that public opinion in the two countries was behind them. Many factors had helped to educate it and to teach it that neither country could profit by the continuance of unfriendly relations between them. *The King's visit to Paris in May 1903 was one of those factors*, though by no means the only one. He touched the right note. *He gave expression to what all that was best in France and England were thinking*. When he said, on the day of his arrival in Paris, that Providence had designed France to be our near neighbour, and he hoped "always a dear friend," when he dwelt upon "the friendship and admiration which we all feel for the French nation and their glorious traditions," and when he uttered the hope that in the near future these feelings "might develop into a sentiment of the warmest affection and attachment between the peoples of the two countries," *he expounded the real base of the Entente*. It is built upon the only solid foundation on which friendships between democratic States can rest—upon the will of the nations who are parties to it.

I have not claimed, I do not claim, for the King

more than is admitted in those sentences of the "Times" leading article which I have italicised ; for those admissions suffice to redeem Edward VII from the slighting remarks of the "Dictionary." If all who reviewed the biography had taken the trouble to read M. Poincaré's speech and the "leader" in the "Times," they would have been able to weigh the assertions in the memoir with precision. As it was, they accepted everything without question, and some of them appeared to find a certain satisfaction in recording the pin-pricks.

On June 12 the "Manchester Guardian" published the following paragraph, which is accurate with the exception of the last sentence—

*King Edward's Friends and the Life.*—As the comments of a journal rather closely in touch with the late King have indicated, Sir Sidney Lee's "Life" is the subject of much indignation in the inner circle of King Edward's friends. Those who were privately intimate with the King are very angry that his abilities and command of the political situation should, as they consider, be unjustly minimised. It must be said, however, that they are totally unable to disprove Sir Sidney Lee's facts.

I should explain that the Paris paper now quoted is an avowed opponent of the Poincaré Ministry.

M. Ernest Judet wrote in the "Éclair" (June 7, 1912), in an article headed "Autre Bluff"—

Lately the "Morning Post," and then all the London Press, in speaking of an eventual alliance with France, declared the Entente Cordiale to be absolutely inefficacious. Now comes another demolition, graver still, which reduces almost to nothingness one of the men who yesterday was the most glorified in France—Edward VII in person. Queen Victoria's son has not been dead three years, and the terrible execution wrought at his expense by Sir Sidney Lee in the second supplement of his "Dictionary of National Biography" is bewildering. The author is celebrated, consecrated by the high



authority, really official, of his judgments. His decisions are not discussed. One cannot imagine more severity, more harshness, more disdain than are contained in this pitiless portrait, which shows under a hitherto unknown light, and in formal contradiction of all the accepted indications or opinions of Courts, the figure of the father of George V.

A British pen was necessary to dare to reveal, under the mask by which the world has been duped, such a mediocrity and faculties so superficial. The best minds have been often surprised at the rapid progress of social dissolution and Parliamentary anarchy which in a few years have led England to the doors of revolution. Did the essential frivolity, the probable unconsciousness, and the profound ignorance of Edward VII hasten the degradation of a machine so old that it imposed by its venerable majesty? There is rancour, and some retrospective hatred, in the implacable Sir Sidney Lee's study of the *grande incapacité méconnue*. [Italicised in the original.] The savageness of his verdict goes so far that we are inclined to ask why so much mis-estimate succeeded the conventional adoration which dazzled us. Remember the brilliant eulogies of M. Poincaré. [An extract from the French Prime Minister's speech follows.]

Not only does Sir S. Lee deny to his disqualified hero the least superiority in the special business of the Foreign Office, but he affirms that the King's influence elle-même is only a myth and an invention of our blindness. [An extract from the biography is given.] I have quoted only two or three significant passages from this singular biography, which, under colour of an authoritative history, establishing facts, and putting in its place an usurped renown, will be to-morrow an article of faith for all England. Our competitors will have at least the right to ask why the pleasantry, if it is true that we have been so grossly deceived, has lasted, and why the error which was presented to us as an article of faith was only an imposture.

Whatever one thinks of the supreme verdict, which suppresses even the rôle of Edward VII and goes to obliterate by the same blow that which seemed to be his Continental work, one does not doubt that, after such revelations, the ideas rolling round the diplomatic rapprochement of the two peoples are abolished without remedy and without return. Now comes the redoubtable blow from the most qualified quarter, so that the mortal attack on the reputation of a déclassée memory, of a statue thrown to the bottom of the pedestal, be irrevocable and without appeal. Is there not in the

strange opportunity of this unforeseen manifestation some mysterious connection with the resolutions which are being prepared in London? Will they entirely reverse the directions to which we imagined that England was attached and would remain obstinately faithful?

Two days later (June 9) M. J. Arren took up the pen in the same journal—

We must not dream of contesting the value of the great English biographer's work; but, as its conclusions are annoying (*gênantes*), one has taken the wise and prudent step of not referring to it. In order, however, not to appear to ignore this sensational publication one has confined oneself in France, generally speaking, to extracting some insipid anecdotes (*anecdotes anodines*) of the life of Edward VII when he was Prince of Wales. As to his rôle of King, complete silence. It is a close preserve, strewn with traps for wolves. "Trespassers will be prosecuted."

The "Dictionary" will teach generations that Edward VII was un *esprit médiocre*, and a statesman of the second class. It is very difficult to ignore it. We do not share the opinion of the "Daily Telegraph." That the publication of these "revelations" may be a *gaffe* (a blunder), a *gaucherie*, a *maladresse*, from the British political point of view, is quite possible. The "Daily Telegraph" is a better judge of that than we are, and we do not contradict it. The extreme violence of the abuse lavished upon Sir Sidney Lee, added to the absence of all attempts to refute his statements, proves that the great historian has told the truth. We are delighted to know it, and we should have regretted it if one had succeeded for ever in keeping the light under a bushel (*la lumière sous le boisseau*). This honest writer, accustomed to write impartial history, has told of things as they were. The "Daily Telegraph" says that to tell the truth was, in the circumstances, a *gaucherie*. This is a second lesson, very useful, for which we thank it not less cordially.

Such are some of the conclusions arrived at by two prominent Paris publicists; such is some of the mischief done in France by the publication of the King's biography in the "Dictionary." The "Éclair's" articles make painful reading. How will they be regarded in England when they are read, as now they will be, for the first time? Will they not be perused with deep



sorrow by King George, Queen Alexandra, Lord Knollys, Sir Dighton Probyn, Lord Suffield, and countless others who know that to condemn King Edward as the "Éclair" writers, taking their cue from the biography, have condemned him is the grossest injustice? It freezes the blood to hear the King spoken of as one who is "reduced almost to nothingness" by this "pitiless portrait." "A British pen was necessary to dare to reveal, under the mask by which the world has been duped, such a mediocrity and faculties so superficial."

The "profound ignorance" of King Edward is contrasted with M. Poincaré's "brilliant eulogies" at Cannes on the 13th of April, 1912. "There is rancour, and some retrospective hatred," says Judet, with his vitriolic, poisoned pen, "in the implacable Sir Sidney Lee's study of the grande incapacité méconnue"; and Judet speaks of the "savageness" of the biographer's "verdict." The biographer, in the opinion of the Editor of the "Éclair," "not only denies to his disqualified hero the least superiority in the special business of the Foreign Office," but he affirms that "the King's influence elle-même is only a myth and an invention of our [the French] blindness."

M. Judet quotes extracts from the biography in support of his argument that the King is shown to have been "a great unappreciated incapable." "This singular biography," he declares, "will be to-morrow an article of faith for all England." I think not, I hope not, I am sure not. The British Empire is not composed "mainly of fools." There are millions who would no more adopt such an "article of faith" than they would deny the existence of God.

M. Judet may be usefully reminded that Gambetta, after "taking stock" of the Prince of Wales in 1878, said: "He seems to have a great taste for foreign politics, and he does not lack finesse."

"In writing the Life," remarks Sir Sidney Lee, "I have had the benefit of much private information." In a review of the biography in a leading London daily journal it was asserted, in jumbling phraseology, that "The sources of the information on which it is compiled are not only the existing public reminiscences and sketches, but much additional matter which has been put at the editor's disposal by those who were associated with King Edward. The memoir shows that some popular views of the part played by the King in relation to both home and foreign affairs are unfounded." And another "daily" announced that "Sir Sidney Lee has had access to private and official sources of information."

All this goes without the saying, for no one could have produced this elaborate memoir without the help of others—many others. But the greater the number of helpers the greater the regret that so many who presumably knew the King should have aided in the uncharitable task of underrating precisely those qualities which a statesman like M. Poincaré, and an Academician like Comte d'Haussonville, and the great Vambéry, to name only three trustworthy authorities, have shown us Edward VII possessed among his other enviable gifts and accomplishments.

Mr. J. Keir Hardie, M.P., is a man who has the courage of his opinions, and he availed himself, as was but natural, of the appearance of the "Dictionary's" biography of Edward VII to launch one of his



not infrequent thunderbolts against the monarchical principle in general and the sovereigns of Great Britain in particular. "King Edward and Others" is the title of an article of three columns from his pen published in the "Merthyr Tydvil Pioneer" of June 22, 1912. I have it before me. It is very insulting to the late King and to his successor; but to those who reproach him for its tone, he might with perfect propriety reply: "My article is mainly based upon Sir Sidney Lee's memoir of Edward VII." That might well be his plea of justification. Mr. Hardie's ably-argued article is also another proof, if one were wanting, that the "Daily Telegraph's" denunciation of the biography was not a whit too severe. I think it is fair to say that the Press generally pronounced very favourably upon the biography; and as Mr. Hardie relies upon it for his arguments his attitude is perfectly correct, and his position, except at certain points, unassailable, his article being the direct outcome of the "Dictionary's" memoir. Mr. Hardie seldom finds himself "on velvet," but that is his situation in the present instance.

Of course everything in the biography which tells against Edward VII is balm to the Keir Hardiean heart. After Queen Victoria (he writes), "came King Edward, who, during his short reign, was raised to the highest pinnacle of fame for his efforts in the cause of international peace. During the last two or three years of his life it was as 'Edward the Peacemaker' that he was best known." Mr. Hardie is now safely in the saddle, and he proceeds gloatingly: "Now we know that the title was wholly fictitious, and that while he was supposed to be labouring abroad for his

country's good he was simply enjoying himself as a very amiable, pleasure-loving man of the world, who was bored by politics and had not the capacity to understand foreign relationships. The nation is indebted to Sir Sidney Lee for putting us in possession of some of the outstanding facts of the life of King Edward. . . . Because he has treated him fairly and impartially, he has roused a hornets' nest about his ears." That, however, need not annoy the biographer, for he has told us, and with perfect accuracy, that "the Press of this country, of all schools of thought, has commended so unanimously the fairness of my article on the late King Edward that it would be supererogatory for me to make any comment upon it." And now, for once on the side of the big battalions, the eminent legislator, Mr. J. Keir Hardie, proverbial for his perfect taste, comes forward to bless the biographer of the sovereign whose alleged shortcomings have drawn upon him what M. Judet calls the "terrible execution" of "the implacable Sir Sidney Lee."

To those who may be under an illusion respecting the utility of Edward VII in the region of diplomacy I commend the following illustration of his activities.

My distinguished friend, M. Chedo Miyatovich, formerly the Servian Minister in London, gives in the annexed communication a charming word-picture of King Edward, and, moreover, enables me to make known, for the first time, *his Majesty's own words, spoken to the Ambassadors of Russia and Italy*, in 1905, in reference to the rupture of the diplomatic relations between Great Britain and Servia, consequent upon the murder of the King and Queen—



LONDON,

*June 21, 1912.*

"DEAR MR. LEGGE,

"During my official duties as Minister for Servia to the Court of St. James I had on several occasions the honour to be received at Marlborough House by King Edward while he was yet Prince of Wales, and, of course officially, I was received by him when he ascended the throne.

"From my first audience with him I was fascinated by his affability and his hearty courtesy. He was so simple and natural and yet so kingly. He did not hesitate to laugh with the merriment of a school-boy at some stories I told him. That hearty laugh of his showed me more than anything else what a good man he was.

"But all this *en passant*. I wish to give you an example of how King Edward had his own views, and how the British Government, at least on some occasions, had to respect his personal views.

"You know that after the cruel assassination of King Alexander and Queen Draga (in 1903, June 2) England broke off her diplomatic relations with Servia. King Peter and his Government made every effort to induce the British Government to re-establish those relations. I, myself, living in London, tried as much as I could, unofficially, to prepare the way for that diplomatic reconciliation. But all in vain. As King Peter was rather a *persona grata* with the Tsar of Russia, and as he was brother-in-law of Queen Helena of Italy, both the Russian and the Italian Ambassadors in London received instructions to exercise their influence with the British Government in favour of a speedy re-establishment of the diplomatic relations with Servia.

"But their representations at the Foreign Office were not successful. It would seem that those two Ambassadors got a hint that the true difficulty lay

with King Edward. Anyhow, both Count Benckendorff and Signor Pansa received orders to ask together a special audience from King Edward. He received them at Windsor and listened patiently to their representations, at the end of which he spoke *à peu près* in these terms: 'I regret very much indeed that I cannot comply with your suggestions. The assassination of King Alexander and Queen Draga was so terrible that it made a deep impression on public opinion in England. Public opinion has not yet recovered from the shock, and would certainly not approve of a re-establishment of diplomatic relations with Servia; and you know well that I and my Government must take into account the public opinion of our country. And, besides this reason, I have another, and, so to say, a personal reason. *Mon métier à moi est d'être Roi.* King Alexander was also by his *métier* "un Roi." As you see, we belonged to the same guild as labourers or professional men. I cannot be indifferent to the assassination of a member of my profession, or, if you like, a member of my guild. We should be obliged to shut up our businesses if we, the kings, were to consider the assassination of kings as of no consequence at all. I regret, but you see that I cannot do what you wish me to do.'

"This interview between King Edward and the two Ambassadors was communicated to me by my friend Signor Pansa himself.

"It took place on one day during the summer of 1905.

"Yours sincerely,

"CHEDO MIYATOVICH."

"King Edward, when Prince of Wales, had other slights to bear even more exasperating than the withholding of information. It was Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, who was Queen Victoria's confidant, and he was a very icebound Tory. The Queen, with



Lord Beaconsfield's consent, gave him the key of the F.O. boxes. When he died suddenly, in 1884, Lord Granville, then Foreign Secretary, told me that, although it was a sad event on personal grounds, politically it was not so. The Duke used to read the despatches and influence the Queen's mind about them before she communicated with the Foreign Secretary. 'For some time past,' said Lord Granville, 'I have never sent anything myself to the Queen on paper. I asked for an audience, and then the Duke of Albany could not be present, and I could deal at first hand with the Queen.' If the Prince of Wales knew this—and he must have known it—about his youngest brother, it must have been intolerably vexatious."

Having read this in the "Manchester Guardian" (June 8, 1912), I inquired of Lord Ronald Sutherland-Gower, one of Prince Leopold's most intimate friends, if it was well founded. "I never heard of the incident," he replied.

Those who, having read the "Dictionary's" biography, seek for a corrective, will find it in the address delivered at Cannes by M. Poincaré, Prime Minister of France, and also Minister for Foreign Affairs, as reported in the "Times" of April 15, 1912. It is a complete refutation of all the "injuries" done to Edward VII as Prince and as King in the past and in the present, and should be read and noted by students of our history in conjunction with the memoir.

#### M. POINCARÉ'S ADDRESS<sup>1</sup>

In the handsome and sturdy yachtsman whom M. Denys Puech, the sculptor, has proudly set on the top of this pedestal you will all

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<sup>1</sup> Reproduced by kind permission of the "Times."

recognise the great-hearted Prince who under these skies at Cannes shed around him such a wealth of graciousness, of brilliance, and of winning charm. Among all the lands to which that indefatigable traveller roamed in order to gratify his universal interest in men and things this Mediterranean coast was one of those which longest retained his preference. All of you can recollect that noble ease, that keen good sense, that quick-witted bonhomie, that instinctive diplomacy, that supreme art of adaptation which were the characteristics of his genius. Without the slightest self-constraint he was invariably himself and invariably equal to the occasion. He was trained in all sports, but his mind was at the same time responsive to literature, to science, and to art. "*Nil humanum sibi alienum putavit.*" He rose or condescended without effort to the level of all subjects, great or small. He was as much at home at Cannes as in Paris, in Paris as in London; he was equally at home in a palace and in the humblest abode. He was as averse from any attitudinising as from any familiarity. He accommodated himself without any difficulty to the varying circumstances of a life which did not leave him unacquainted with any of the pleasures, any of the sorrows, or any of the honours of this world.

During more than half a century he had filled with admirable tact the delicate position of Heir-Apparent, and this long preparation for the Royal dignity had been for him an incomparable school of finesse and of discretion. Although before his accession to the Throne he had not as Prince of Wales been associated with any essential business of English public life, he had not confined himself to discharging with indefatigable energy those representative duties which devolved upon him. The task of presiding at meetings and banquets, of laying foundation-stones, unveiling statues, and opening new edifices had not absorbed the best part of his time. He had found leisure to take an interest in social and philanthropic work. He had been one of the most generous and zealous promoters of those novel and fruitful English institutions, those "settlements" which have so effectively disseminated among our neighbours the ideas of beneficence and of community of aims and interests. It had been his wish to be a man first and a King afterwards.

In all the countries where he had travelled—in Canada, in Egypt, in India—he had endeavoured to acquire information, and he had everywhere left his mark. Every time that he came to France, his study of our society, our manners, and our institutions became more thorough. He entered into relations with our men of letters, our



artists, our statesmen, and he made them the subjects of that art of pleasing in which he was a past master and where he had nothing to fear from the rivalry of even a Gambetta.

When, at the age of 59, he ascended the Throne, all his accumulated stock of foresight, of wisdom, and of cleverness blossomed into brilliant political qualities. Having been gradually initiated into the mysteries of Chancelleries and the ways of Courts, he knew better than any one else in England or abroad the character of individuals, the mind of rulers, the feelings of the governed. He knew the strong and the weak points, the ostensible and the real character of every man and of every thing. He was acquainted with the financial, military and naval resources of all the nations of Europe. And he was determined when the time came to place his knowledge, his experience and his natural acuteness at the service of a very steadfast and very straightforward policy of peace and of the balance of power. He took care that there should be no sudden break with the past. He did not violently snatch England out of the splendid isolation in which she had enveloped herself. Methodically and circumspectly he prepared the way for the necessary evolution ; with moderate and gentle pressure he touched the helm in order to alter the course.

His influence, indeed, was only exerted within those limits of action which his constitutional position prescribed. As Sir Edward Grey pointed out in March 1909, the King's action in foreign politics could only be exercised through the normal channel of the Foreign Office. But Sir Edward Grey added with justice that the visits of the King to foreign Courts and nations had been of great value to Great Britain, because, said that eminent statesman, the King possessed a special gift, in which he has never been surpassed—the gift of inspiring Governments and peoples with a well-grounded confidence in the good intentions of the people and Government of England.

With that confidence Edward VII at once inspired France when, as King, he once more came to the country which, as Prince of Wales, he had been so fond of visiting. Almost nine years have elapsed since that memorable visit which so happily put an end to old misunderstandings and so closely drew together two nations that were made to understand and to esteem one another. Many colonial questions had formerly divided France and England. At the date of which I am speaking none of these questions any longer presented insuperable difficulties. A reciprocal endeavour towards conciliation was capable of closing the account of the past and of turning over an

entirely new leaf. With one swift glance Edward VII calculated the work to be done. He promptly contemplated the possibility and the desirability of a combination which, without breaking up any of the existing European alliances or understandings, and without incurring the character of provocation or of offence towards any one, would associate in a common desire for peace and for work the two nations of Europe which are the richest in economic and financial resources, the most renowned in respect of their history, the freest by virtue of their political institutions.

Great realist as he was, he considered that, in order to set the seal on this agreement, it was not, perhaps, indispensable to make it the subject of a solemn contract inscribed on parchment. In order to secure the stability and the duration of the Entente all that was needed was to accustom the two peoples to understand and to appreciate one another, to create between them permanent grounds of mutual sympathy, and to establish between the two Governments relations of cordial frankness and scrupulous straightforwardness. The speeches which the King delivered on May 1 and 2 at the British Chamber of Commerce in Paris and at the Hôtel de Ville set forth with perfect clearness matured and well-considered intentions. Their concrete demonstration was soon furnished by the visit of President Loubet and of my friend M. Delcassé to London, by the visit of the British sailors to Brest, and the visit of the French sailors to Portsmouth. And the first execution of these intentions received its diplomatic sanction by the Convention of April 8, 1904, which was drawn up in a spirit of friendly compromise.

When England, some years after the rapprochement with France, extended her hand to Russia, the balance of power in Europe became less insecure and peace itself less precarious. Edward VII, in fact, was pacific by temperament and by inclination as well as by conviction. And if he was wont to say that France was the best friend of England, he certainly did not invest this friendship with any meaning which could inspire other Powers with legitimate anxiety. Nor is it in any other spirit that France has carried out this policy of entente or that since the death of Edward VII she has faithfully persisted in it.

If the blessing of peace is dear to all nations it is especially requisite for a Republican democracy which patiently seeks in work, in order, and in productive activity an increase of well-being, of prosperity, and of social justice. France, with her attention devoted to her domestic task, does not dream of attacking or of provoking any



of her neighbours. But she clearly sees that in order herself to guard against attack or provocation she must maintain on land and on sea forces that are able to make her honour respected and to defend her interests. It is upon her own resources in men and in money, it is upon her own naval and military power that she must primarily reckon for the safeguarding of her rights and of her dignity. But that authority, which has its source in herself, is greatly strengthened by the support which day by day is given her through diplomatic action by her friends and her allies. And we cannot forget that it was Edward VII who first encouraged, initiated, and pursued this friendly co-operation between France and the United Kingdom.

At the beginning of his too brief reign this great King told his Privy Council—"So long as I have breath I shall work for the good of my people." By working for the good of his people he worked for the peace of the world, for civilisation and for the progress of mankind. And when as he was dying he whispered, "I have tried to do my duty," he had no reason to be so modest and so diffident or to suggest that, though he was sure that he had tried, he was not so sure that he had succeeded. He did try to do his duty, and he entirely succeeded. Happy are the Heads of States and happy the citizens whose praise is established in these simple words!

What a magnificent tribute! What a proof of the services which he rendered to the world! What an eloquent lesson it teaches to all who would "belittle" our Great Edward, for whom we should all whisper a prayer every night and morning of our lives.

In the House of Lords (May 11, 1910) the Earl of Crewe said "they knew of the late King's successful discharge of duties at home and his *potent influence in international politics.*"

On the same day, in the House of Commons, Mr. Asquith said: "*In external affairs his powerful personal influence* was steadily and zealously directed to the avoidance not only of war, but of the causes and pretexts for war. . . . He well earned the title by

which he would always be remembered, that of *peacemaker of the world*."

In the English History section of the "Annual Register" (1910)<sup>1</sup> the King was thus referred to—

"At home and within the Empire King Edward VII was revered and mourned as a Sovereign who, without exceeding the limits prescribed by Constitutional tradition, had promoted the social welfare of his people and the friendly relations of Great Britain and other Powers. *Abroad, except in some quarters in Germany and Austria, he was regarded as the peacemaker of Europe.*

"It was stated, apparently on good authority, by the Paris 'Temps' that his visit to Paris in May 1903 had *paved the way for the Anglo-French understanding of 1904, and had been undertaken on his own initiative and against the advice of the Unionist Cabinet then in office*; and stress was laid on *his work in promoting the understanding with Russia and also in moderating the recent friction with Germany, especially by his visit to Berlin in 1909.*

"His reign, it was pointed out, had seen a transformation in the foreign relations of his country. *At his accession Great Britain stood estranged from France by the memories of Fashoda and from other countries by the Boer War; at his death we were on the friendliest terms with all Powers except Germany. . . .*"

The biographer will have it that when the King succeeded his mother he was "too old to repair the neglect of a political training." At the age of fifty-nine and two months he was too old to learn! Mr.

<sup>1</sup> London: Longmans'.



Asquith and Lord Crewe, the Prime Minister of France and Comte d'Haussonville, Lord Burnham and a hundred others, do not share the "Dictionary's" opinion on this point. Mr. Jerningham not improbably had the biography in his mind when he wrote in "Truth" (June 12, 1912): "Diplomacy has had its day. A New Diplomacy has arisen. King Edward was its prophet."

His happy disposition and, above all, his methodical habits, lightened the daily toil of the King, who may be said to have accomplished it "standing on one leg." He was rarely heard to complain, irksome as was some of his work, irritating as many of a less equable temperament would have found it.

In 1891, when the Prince of Wales complained, and with reason, that "the Press" had made "most bitter and unjust attacks upon me, knowing that I was defenceless" (his own words, in a letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury—August 13, 1891); complained also of the "torrent of abuse brought upon me, not only by the Press, but by the Low Church, and especially the Nonconformists"—when, I say, the Prince, "the defenceless" Prince, was thus liberating his stricken soul in respect of the senseless and vulgar "attacks" and "abuse" of Press and Pulpit, one great paper manfully stood up for him: it was the "Daily Telegraph." It was the same all-powerful organ which, twenty-one years later (June 7, 1912), had the courage, alone among its contemporaries, to deprecate, in uncompromising terms, the publication of the Memoir of Edward VII in the Second Supplement to "The Dictionary of National Biography."

It is a question (said the "Daily Telegraph") of good taste and good manners ; a question also of that kind of respect which we owe to the august majesty of Death, whose unchallengeable sentence settles, for the time, all existing controversies. What are we to say, then, of such a "life" as was yesterday published, dealing in the most intimate and reckless way not only with the facts of the late reign, but with the character of the man who, for only a brief period, unfortunately, ruled our destinies ? . . . Is it, we ask, probable that such a critical estimate should be even approximately correct ? . . . Our eager and hurrying eye has had presented to it a lengthy and detailed account of such intimate and personal matters as King Edward's relations with his mother, with his father, with his own Ministers of State, and with public men in foreign countries. Is it a creditable thing, or does it not rather mark an evil propensity of the times in which we live—this morbid curiosity to know at once and for ever the secrets of all hearts, and, as Wordsworth expressed it in a similar context, "to peep and botanise upon a mother's grave" ? . . .

When the public are invited to analyse the character of the late King they will regret the necessity that is laid upon them. They will deplore the want of tact and taste which has led to such an analysis being made, and they will much prefer their own easy and unaffected recollections of the reign of King Edward to any of the critical and scientific data of a biographer in a hurry. . . . Surely here there is a legitimate ground of complaint. We object to the King's name being dragged into current and often acrimonious party strife. . . . [There are] painful and unnecessary revelations, about which most of us have our own views, without having them confirmed or contradicted by a so-called authoritative biography. Under any circumstances, the publication of this "life" is a serious blunder, an act of gaucherie and tactlessness which most thinking men will deplore.

I heartily endorse the "Daily Telegraph's" powerful protest against the biographer's "attempt to pass a final and definitive judgment on a personality only just taken from us," and I am convinced that every loyal subject in the Empire will appreciate that protest, thoroughly justified as it was. No man, whether dead or living, has more completely than Lord Burnham earned the right of publicly defending the name and



reputation of the King who vanished with a suddenness that made the heart of the Empire momentarily cease to beat. Shakespeare was, as ever, accurate when he wrote the words, so full of pathos: "The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones." It is so, "oft," but, happily, not always. The "good" done by King Edward is not hidden from mortal eyes in that coffin at Windsor, with its crown of gold, laid upon it with trembling hands, by the pious, grateful Empress, whose sorrows, borne so nobly for more than forty years, were assuaged and soothed by Victoria, Albert Edward and Alexandra, and for varying periods by the other children and grandchildren of the Great Queen. He left no "evil" to "live after him." His follies, such as they were, were those of exuberant youth and manhood—of one who rightly felt that he ought not to be debarred from sharing in all, and not merely in the ceremonial, duties of his mother when grief had bowed her down and age had enfeebled her.

Desiring to do the fullest justice to the highly-gifted biographer I append (1) his reply to the "Daily Telegraph," and (2) his statements to the interviewer of the "Pall Mall Gazette"—

(To the Editor of the "Daily Telegraph.")

SIR,

The Press of this country, of all schools of thought, has commended so unanimously the fairness of my article on the late King Edward that it would be supererogatory for me to make any comment upon it. You yourself expressed approval of the memoir on Thursday. But, in view of the censure passed upon the memoir in your leading article to-day, it is, perhaps, courteous on my part to explain that the "Dictionary of National Biography," in which the memoir appears, is a work of historical reference, which exists to furnish the

historical student with carefully-tested facts, in as concise a form as is consistent with completeness. Like the articles on Queen Victoria and on all the preceding sovereigns in the "Dictionary," the biography of King Edward VII respects the principles which have given the work its reputation among historical scholars all over the world. To have given to the memoir of his late Majesty the exceptional treatment which your leading article recommends would have been injurious alike to the late King's historic repute, and to the character of the "Dictionary," which is generally respected as a standard authority.

SIDNEY LEE.

15, *Waterloo Place, S.W.*,  
June 7, 1912.

### The Editor of the "Daily Telegraph's" reply—

We gladly recognise the courtesy of Sir Sidney Lee's letter, but we must be allowed to adhere to our opinion that the publication of this biography at the present time is an irreparable blunder—a blunder which is harmful both politically and socially.

Sir Sidney Lee refers to the authoritative character of the life in question. He has himself explained to us the sources of the authority. In the course of an interview with a representative of the "Daily Mail," he said: "My sources of information were chiefly conversational. I have discussed materials for the biography with most of the leading men of the present day. . . . I have had access, too, to many unpublished papers, such, for instance, as the diary of the late Sir Charles Dilke."

If these are the foundations upon which Sir Sidney Lee has built up his biography of King Edward VII, no further comment is needed to justify our unhesitating condemnation of a work which shows a deplorable want of judgment and tact.

To the interviewer of the "Pall Mall Gazette" (June 7) Sir Sidney Lee is reported to have said—

In treating the life of King Edward, I followed precisely the methods and principles which the "Dictionary" has always adopted, and that is to *state the facts* in an impartial, in a concise, and in a historical spirit, and at the same time with all due discretion.

The article departs in no way from the method I followed in the case of the life of Queen Victoria, which I wrote for the "Dictionary" rather sooner after her death than in the case of King Edward.



In my work on the "Principles of Biography," which the Cambridge University Press published last year, I have carefully defined the only lines that a historical scholar can follow in dealing with a biographic theme. As to the objections that are raised by the "Daily Telegraph," it is my duty, as editor of the "Dictionary of National Biography," 'to make the article on King Edward range with those on all the sovereigns who have been already treated in that work.

The "Dictionary" is designed for the use of future scholars, and no just conception of its aims can allow any force in the contention that any other method is permissible than that which has been always adopted.

For the historian merely to accept the current estimate when thorough investigation of the facts fails to justify it would be dishonest, and I am happy to think that my reputation is quite secure on that head.

I gather from a great many sources that the general impression given by the article is to place King Edward in a historic light, which adds greatly to his general repute. It is a satisfaction to me that my efforts should have been almost universally recognised as serving a useful purpose. I should deserve very severe condemnation if I had failed to avail myself of the opportunities accorded to me of ascertaining the true facts about King Edward's career.

Several months before King Edward's death the present supplement to the "Dictionary" was under way, and I should have been gravely injuring a great national undertaking had I contented myself with a perfunctory Life of his Majesty, which, by stereotyping empty echoes, would have fallen below the only just historic and biographic standard.

In writing the Life I have had the benefit of much private information, but, as stated in it, I am solely responsible for the use to which the material has been put. King Edward himself was much interested in the "Dictionary," and was clearly well acquainted with the principles on which it has always been conducted.

[Sir Sidney Lee, as becomes the editor of a work like the "Dictionary of National Biography," has written a book on the principles upon which a biographer must proceed if he wishes to put forward a true history of the life of any man, and to make a proper use of the materials at his disposal. This work has come

to be regarded as the standard work on the subject. —“Chronicle.”]

I have endeavoured to carry out these principles [said Sir Sidney] in writing the life of King Edward. Any other method would have rendered it valueless to the historian of the future. Nor can I see how any injury is done to the memory of a man when his life is written in the true historical spirit. Whatever value the “Dictionary” may have is due to the fact that all it contains has been written on the principles which I have already indicated. And I maintain that there is not a single word in the “Life” which is derogatory to the memory of King Edward. On the contrary, I am pleased to believe that setting him in his proper light, according to the actual facts of recent history, will enhance his reputation.

I have before me letters—addressed to me, all written since the “Dictionary” appeared—which alone fully justify the “Daily Telegraph’s” scathing denunciation of the memoir.

One of these letters, written by a friend of King Edward and his Consort, contains this pithy opinion of the “Dictionary’s” memoir—

*“I never knew a more marked example of ‘belittling’ a person with ‘faint praise’!”*

The biographer asserts that Edward VII “was no reader of books. He could not concentrate his mind upon them. He never acquired the habit of reading, and read nothing in mature years.” This is disproved by the King himself, who, the conversation at Cannes turning upon books, said: “What I like best to read are good descriptions, which must be very difficult to write.”

M. Henri Nicolle<sup>1</sup> writes—

It has been said that Edward VII had only a superficial taste for literature.<sup>2</sup> That is a mistake. No important book appears in

<sup>1</sup> “Les Souverains en Pantoufles.”

<sup>2</sup> Vide chap. xxi.



England, Germany and France which is not read by the King, approved, or discussed in his family or with friends. He has encouraged many English authors, and has given the most cordial reception to French authors. Alphonse Daudet and Émile Zola never failed to send him the first copies of their works. Paul Bourget is in frequent, almost affectionate, communication with him. Bibliophile passionné, the King delights in collecting beautifully-bound books, rare editions, especially first editions of English classics; the chefs-d'œuvre of all countries; and in conversation he lets it be seen that his library is not merely an ornamental one.

The "Dictionary's" statement that King Edward "could not concentrate his mind upon books" and "never acquired the habit of reading" must be placed among its other "gaucheries," as the "Daily Telegraph" aptly termed them.

Before and after his accession Edward VII had many friends and acquaintances among Paris literary men and journalists—M. Gaston Calmette, present editor of the "Figaro," and his predecessor, M. Périvier; M. Arthur Meyer, of the "Gaulois," whose sparkling volumes of reminiscences have shown us the real Paris from 1870 to 1912; Pierre Loti, whom the King, at the French Embassy, jokingly greeted as "the Anglophobe," while, the next day, Queen Alexandra "showed him over" Buckingham Palace; M. Ivan de Wœstyne, and others whose names are less familiar to English readers. The "Figaro" articles on the Prince of Wales and the King were, with one exception, restrained in tone, and, consequently, more interesting to us than if they had been too adulatory.

Other points in the memoir are made to tell against the King, but some are easy of refutation. The biographer writes—

"The personal machinery of government interested

him" [the King] "more than its legislative work or policy, but *he effected little of importance even in that direction.*"

In 1904 King Edward "sought to overcome in a powerful quarter hesitation to co-operate with Mr. Balfour. But, to the King's disappointment, nothing came of his effort. *It was one of many illustrations of his powerlessness to influence political events.*"

In 1908, Mr. Asquith, becoming Prime Minister, went to Biarritz to see the King. "Nothing of the kind had happened before in English history. The King's health was held to justify this *breach of etiquette. But the episode brought into strong relief the King's aloofness from the work of politics and a certain disinclination hastily to adapt his private plans to political emergencies.*" And so "*Mr. Asquith's Administration was rapidly formed without the King's assistance.*"

"While the last battle of his reign" [the contest between the Peers and the Commons over the Lords' veto] "was waging in the House of Parliament he" [the King] "*was spending his annual holiday at Biarritz, where his time was mainly devoted to cheerful recreation.*"

It is an axiom that the use of italics usually denotes the weakness of an argument. I agree; none the less I have italicised certain sentences culled from the biography in the hope of fixing the reader's attention upon them. In a letter to me (noted above) one of the late King's most intimate friends—one who for forty years, perhaps more, conversed with him daily when he was in England—expressed the opinion that in the biography King Edward was "belittled" to an



extraordinary extent. I think those who read the italicised extracts from the memoir will share that opinion, as I personally do.

Among the biographer's assertions, summarised, are these—

1. The King effected little of importance *even* in the direction of legislative work or policy.

2. Of his powerlessness to influence political events "one of many illustrations" is given.

The King agreeing that Mr. Asquith should replace Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman as Prime Minister, the new Liberal Leader was made by the unfeeling Sovereign to go to Biarritz. It was a terrible journey right across France, but Mr. Asquith survived it, and, moreover, had an agreeable time with the King, and probably the Prime Minister was unaware that his Majesty had committed "a breach of etiquette" (!) until he read it in the biography. This regrettable incident is relied upon as a striking proof of the King's "aloofness" from political work—the sort of argument which we associate with the Keir Hardies and Tom Manns of the period. Our poor King had the mortification of seeing the new Government formed "without his assistance." Plain folk imagined that when Mr. Asquith was at Biarritz he arranged everything with the King just as he would have done had his Majesty been at Buckingham Palace. They are now told that the King had no hand in the formation of the Administration; and some people will believe it, but not all.

It was like King Edward to allow "the last battle of his reign" to be "waged in Parliament" while he was "cheerfully" amusing himself by the

seaside, probably throwing pebbles into the Bay of Biscay.

The extracts from the biography cited above tend to "belittle" King Edward, and are blots upon what would otherwise be an admirable and highly-commendable memoir. We have seen the lamentable effect upon M. Judet of the extracts from the memoir published by the English papers. M. Judet was not dreaming when he wrote that terrible article. He based his opinions on the quotations which he had read. These extracts must have astounded the editor of the "Éclair," for let me remind him that only two months before King Edward's death he wrote in his paper these flattering words—

"The King of England is again our guest, always incognito, by an ingenious fiction which enables him to gather all the pleasures of political activity without any of its ennui. Hardly has he returned to his kingdom than he again sets out, this second journey within a month showing extraordinary favour to France. *Will Edward VII reign half-and-half on each side of the Channel? This Prince succeeds by employing new methods; by the ease with which he frees himself from sterile burdens and goes straight to the point. This is the right way for the representative of a great and powerful nation to act.* Compared with King Edward's enterprising alertness, how slow is the inertness of the unfortunate Fallières, that prisoner of the Elysée, a prey to official receptions and narrow ceremonials!"

That was M. Judet's opinion of the King only four years ago. Compare it with his bitter complaint in 1912 that France had been duped by having a



“mediocrity,” “a great incapable,” foisted upon her. Having read the copious extracts from the biography he gloats over the fact that “a British pen” has dispelled the illusion, and he showers praise upon the writer of the memoir for at last opening the eyes of France and revealing the duperie. Can it be supposed that M. Judet is the only French publicist upon whom this candid and truthful biography has had an ill effect? Such a supposition would be absurd. With the fervent eulogy pronounced at Cannes in April by M. Poincaré in one hand and the extracts from the biography in the other, M. Judet shouted in effect: “Read what our Prime Minister said first and then note what the great English writer now says about that King of England. ‘Look here, upon this picture, and on this,’ and tell me what you think of both. What your President of the Council said was a galimatias from beginning to end. What the eminent and honest Englishman now tells us is the unadulterated truth. Oh! the shameful imposture which has been practised upon us for years! Let us make haste to laugh lest we should cry.”

To be a great King—that is something. But to be a great MAN, with “heart of oak and triple brass”—that is Humanity’s *ne plus ultra*. And was not Edward VII both? “Magna est veritas et prævalebit.”

When all is said and done the lie shall rot ;  
The truth is great and shall prevail  
When none cares whether it prevail or not.

In an “intimate” study of his Majesty, both as Prince and King, by one of the ablest French authors—M. J. H. Aubry—I find these passages, which are in

striking contrast to M. Judet's "scarifying" outburst, based on the "Dictionary's" biography, in June 1912—

If, during the long period which elapsed between his attainment of his majority and his accession Albert Edward was carefully kept apart from Government . . . he has none the less played an important part. Victoria particularly recognised the prestige and the prerogatives of Royalty, and her son has assumed their duties and obligations, and has exercised his influence over them. He has closely associated himself with the life of the nation by his display of activity in all its forms. He is found at the head of all intellectual, industrial and charitable manifestations; he is always ready to preside over them and to give them his patronage in conjunction with the rich and powerful. A respectful and obedient son, as well as a loyal subject of the late Queen, he relieved her of her labours, and never failed to give all the credit to the sovereign whose delegate he modestly styled himself. He was never indifferent to what concerned letters, science and the fine arts—to their material well-being and to their perfecting. In a word, he found his inspiration in the legacy left him by his father, the Prince Consort, whose good deeds he aspired to continue. Apart from politics the Prince of Wales's influence was very great and far-reaching. Had he been absorbed by Governmental affairs, he would probably have ascended the throne blasé, with fewer sympathisers. During nearly half a century circumstances furnished him with the best possible apprenticeship for the rôle of King, for he learned to know men by rubbing shoulders with them—he knows the needs of society from his personal knowledge of them. Those who have seen him at work have learnt to appreciate his qualities and to support him with their confidence now that full responsibility has fallen upon his shoulders.

By his tact and delicacy Albert Edward was well made to play the part of leader of English Society; and it is only just to him to say that he has played it in the most perfect manner. He has known not to impose his ideas and tastes upon people, but he has obtained sufficient ascendancy over them to lead them to adopt those ideas and tastes of their own will. By contact with the society of Europe he soon lost, if he ever possessed it, that British morgue without which no self-representing Englishman knows how to travel, and has even succeeded in making a portion of the higher classes dispossess themselves of it. No one more than he is so amused at



his compatriots' idea that they are superior to all other peoples of the world. He has changed their manners, and has removed the barriers which separated the governing classes. But for the gatherings at Marlborough House and at Sandringham the aristocracy would never have consented to mingle with the wealthy bourgeoisie, nor especially with the Jews. To-day English society is composed of both classes, and former prejudices have not survived the contact. The Prince who worked this miracle has gained numerous and powerful supporters, and he has known how to interest them in the philanthropic and other works placed under his protection. In this way the Prince of Wales has attracted precious sympathies to more than one institution.

Edward VII as Prince of Wales loved and protected literature. The number of works dedicated to him is immense. The first was a translation, in 1858, of the "Odes" of Horace, by Lord Ravensworth, which the author, with Queen Victoria's permission, inscribed to the young Prince. Each series of guests at Sandringham included one or more *littérateurs* of celebrity; but it would appear that, in thus honouring literature, the Prince's choice was guided by that of the public. He admires eloquence, and is evidently a good judge of orators. He himself has been constrained by his position to speak in public, and it is on record that between 1863 and 1883 he made no fewer than one hundred and fifty-four speeches on the most diverse subjects. His multifarious occupations have not always given him leisure to prepare his speeches himself, but it is certain that he always inspired them, sketched them out, and superintended their elaboration. He is accustomed to write them out, in order the better to fix them in his memory, whether he intends to read them or to deliver them without notes. His eloquence is natural to him, and he is sufficiently original. His principal qualities in this direction are clearness and conciseness. His gesture is very subdued. The political speaker whom he most admired was Gladstone.

I cannot accept responsibility for the views of others; I merely note them *à titre de curiosité*, and in the belief that it is well we should know what our critics think of the alteration which set in with the advent of the Prince and King.

In the chapter, "Tomahawking the Royal Family," I have described the nature of the "Annuals" and

the weekly newspaper called the "Tomahawk." King Edward's biographer writes of the former—

"At the end of 1870 there was published a clever parody of Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King,' called 'The Coming K——.' The assault was pursued next year by the same authors in the 'Siliad,' and the series was continued in the 'Fijiad' (1873), 'Faust and 'Phisto' (1874), 'Jon Duan' (1875), and finally in a prophetically named brochure, 'Edward VII' (1876). The burden of the indictment phrased in various degrees of scurrility was that the Prince's conduct was unfitting him for succession to the throne. . . ." [These attacks ceased.] "Yet an undercurrent of resentment against reputed indulgences of the Prince's private life never wholly disappeared."

The "Fijiad" did not concern itself with the Prince of Wales or with the Royal Family. The biographer does not mention the "Annuals" entitled "Worthy a Crown?" "Ye Red-Hotte Republic," or "Dizzi-Ben-Dizzi." The two first-named were satires on the Prince written in very poor verse, with Cockney rhymes in abundance; the third turned Mr. Disraeli into ridicule. The biographer pleasantly describes the most scandalous of the "Annuals," "The Coming K——," as "a clever parody." He does not refer, even by name, to the "Tomahawk," although it was a "serious" publication, and consequently the more offensive; nor to the papers which, less than a quarter of a century ago, launched their fictitious statements concerning "the Prince of Wales's Debts," which I denied at the outset, while three of the delinquent journals apologised for what they had published. There is the more reason why the biographer, having referred



to the trumpery "Annuals," should have mentioned the "Debts" scandal, because, until the statements were denied and withdrawn, the Prince greatly suffered in reputation, and was imagined by the public to be a reckless spendthrift, the fact being that he was always very "close" in money matters, although generosity itself on occasion.

Germany has no more forceful writer than Herr Maximilian Harden, who, as editor of the "Zukunft" (the "Future"), has gained a world-wide reputation. He is the author of "Köpfe,"<sup>1</sup> and that brilliant volume in its English dress I warmly commend to the study of the readers of these pages, for it contains a very remarkable appreciation of Edward VII, which, as coming from this famous Teutonic pen, is doubly valuable.

Herr Harden, who writes with the picturesque directness of Stendhal, and with a knowledge derived from his confidential relations with Prince Bismarck and other leading statesmen, tells us that King Edward created a new type of monarch, one who visited his "customers," "made it hot" for his competitors, and during his journeys concluded business arrangements of a nature unknown in political circles previous to 1902. "Edward" (as the old Saxons termed the manager of a communal property) did honour to his name; he safeguarded the property of the nation and increased its value. "The United Kingdom did not boast a busier commercial traveller, a more thoroughly business man than Edward VII, who put on his crown only when it was necessary to don it. He dealt with people of all classes, vocations and positions. He

<sup>1</sup> Published in England under the title of "Monarchs and Men."

glided through dangers seldom encountered by Heirs-Apparent, and found it advantageous to mix with financiers and captains of industry, acquiring their methods and gazing on the world with the eyes of an opulent gentleman.

“That Edward’s name reminds Germans of certain events of their later history should not lead Teutons to think slightly of him, or, worse still, to vilify him. It was the interests of Britons, not of Germans, that he had to guard. For his people he did indeed much: conciliating the Boers; Algeciras, the Anglo-Japanese Treaty, the ententes with France and Russia, and the renaissance of Turko-British friendship—he had a right to be proud of these results of his nine years’ rule.”

The fateful missive about which we heard so much, and are not likely to forget, was dispatched by the German Emperor to Mr. Kruger on January 3, 1896, two days after Dr. Jameson and his six hundred swash-bucklers had raided the President’s territory and, at the end of thirty-six hours, had succumbed to Joubert’s superior force. Whilst England was trying to comprehend the intent of this mad foray, the Kaiser was telegraphing his congratulations to Kruger on Joubert’s successful resistance of the invaders. Lurking in that ill-conceived “wire” was an implied recognition by the Imperial sender of the complete independence of the Transvaal, that territory of which, by the terms of the Convention of 1884, we claimed the suzerainty. There is a fairly general impression, after the lapse of over sixteen years, that the Kaiser’s telegram was sent in a moment of pardonable impetuosity—“dashed off” without reflection. In reality, the Emperor, before



dispatching his message, had conferred with the Imperial Chancellor and certain members of the Ministry. Furious was the storm which swept over Great Britain ; while, if the people of the United States had been our brothers instead of our good cousins, their sympathy with us could not have been deeper, nobler, more sincere, or more truly welcome. And not until the Emperor had received a chiding letter from his royal grandmother in England did he realise the full effect of the rash step he had taken.

Herr Harden dots the i's and crosses the t's in this striking passage—

On January 3, 1896, the Emperor, whom the stiff attitude of Salisbury had irritated, came to the Chancellor's house with a military suite and demanded that something should be done at once for the Boers, threatened by a superior force. The perplexed Uncle Chlodwig [the Chancellor, Prince Hohenlohe] calls in the Foreign Secretary, who, as orator, had already engaged the Empire in Boer South Africa. Herr Marschall<sup>1</sup> calls the Colonial Director, Paul Kayser, who must put into form the text of the dispatch agreed upon after prolonged vacillation. Holstein, the best stylist, would have been the proper man for such work. But in the end he would have exploded ; raises, when he hears of it, his hands in flaming anger towards heaven : "Without appealing to the help of friendly Powers. That means plainly enough that we were to have been led against England ! How could you have passed this sentence ?" The Foreign Secretary replies : "You would understand if you knew what was planned and what we had to prevent with the compromise."

Few acts of Edward VII convey to foreign observers a more profound impression of his powers as a politician than the part he played in connection with the agreement of peace with the Boers at Vereeniging.

<sup>1</sup> Succeeded Count Metternich (July 1912) as German Ambassador to England.

Although it was thoroughly well understood by the best-informed Continental critics of English affairs that the King never essayed to take the initiative, his demonstrative reception, on his yacht at Cowes, of the Boer Generals impressed the imagination of Europe. The sympathy of a large section of the English public with the Boers was, it is true, in accord with the policy of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Government, but the King's action was generally regarded as rising above all antiquated, insular traditions, and produced a staggering effect even in England. With one fell swoop he silenced the Opposition. Had Edward VII nothing further than this to his credit, it would have sufficed to leave an ineffaceable mark of his unerring political instinct and supreme tact in dealing with important questions. Compare it with the action of the German Emperor in his reception of the so-called Chinese "Atonement" Prince, who kotowed to the "All-Highest" amidst the sneering merriment of the German satirical press, while even leading statesmen publicly referred to it in terms of mockery.

"The final lesson of the King's reign," said the Bishop of Ripon, "is the lesson simple and continuously true: it is the value of personality."

It would be impossible to give even a summary of the public eulogies of great personal authorities, all of which were cast in the same strain of honest and genuine admiration of the King's personal force and influence. These words of warm appreciation are not the words of careless rhetoric. They have been uttered or written by statesmen of tried position, possessed of wide experience of men and affairs. They have been uttered for the most part in the hearing of those who carefully watched every phrase, who are ready to consider and criticise the words selected, weighing whether they are adequate. It is interesting to note the common denominator



in which all agree. Not the most courageous or sanguine of his friends and admirers could have dreamt that within little more than nine years his death would evoke such an unbroken consensus of eulogy and such widespread testimony to his work and worth as a King.<sup>1</sup>

This "consensus of eulogy" and this "widespread testimony" were recorded by the Press, but more fully by the "Times" than by other papers between May 7 and May 23, 1910. The "Times'" "Memorial Record of King Edward VII (May 23) is, in fact, an informal biography—an invaluable historical document. The huge tomes containing this priceless record, ranged in our great libraries, stand like sentinels guarding the fame and name of the Seventh Edward. He could not have desired—he could not have a more splendid monument.

The measured phrases of the Parliamentary leaders, the stately, dignified prose of the "Times," the laments of foreign and American statesmen and diplomatists, and the generous eulogies of the Press in all lands formed a Requiem unparalleled in beauty and grandeur, with no "jangled chords" to "mar the tune." With the sentiment of universal sorrow was mingled a strain of gratulation that the British Empire had been served by a man endowed with all the qualities which make a Ruler worthy of the title "great."

From this rushing torrent of print the Great Figure rises majestic, potent, benevolent: "Ready, aye Ready." Whether the question at issue be France, Germany, or Russia, he stretches forth his helpful

<sup>1</sup> The Bishop of Ripon—"The Nineteenth Century," June 1910.

hand. As if foreshadowing possible detraction, the "Times" said: "It may well be doubted whether the entente between France and England would have become what it is to-day had it not been for the example which King Edward set, and which was followed promptly and enthusiastically on both sides of the Channel."

That the relations between England and Germany were better [in May 1910] than they had been for some years past "was," says the "Times," "primarily due to the firm yet conciliatory policy pursued by the British Government. But a great measure of the credit must go to the King, whose dignity and tact, and whose firm resolve to do all in his power to keep the peace, have often helped to tide over awkward moments and have won for him the title of the great peacemaker."

The "Times" differs in toto from those who will not admit the King's possession of qualities as a diplomatist. In one of its measured articles we read: "Few diplomatists have understood more perfectly [than King Edward] the value of manner and tact in the conduct of even the greatest affairs, and fewer still have possessed in so exquisite a degree the fine art of employing them with invaluable discernment."

And as to our relations with Russia: "King Edward's intercourse at Reval and in the Isle of Wight with the Russian Sovereigns and statesmen, and the cordial welcome which he gave the Duma Deputation, materially smoothed the way for the two Governments in the pursuit of their common policy."

Two very striking leading articles (the "Times,"



May 9 and 10) call for notice here. One was headed "The Sorrow of the World," a title which a painter or a poet might have chosen for a picture or a poem: "The tribute to his memory is universal, and it touches us so deeply as to be almost overpowering. All bear witness to the greatness of his Kingly qualities, to the wisdom of his statesmanship, to the loveliness of his personal character, and to his unwearying care for the welfare and the interests of his people. . . . [The German newspapers] are bearing witness to-day to the immense influence which our late Sovereign exercised in the councils of Europe. In the 'North German Gazette' his untiring devotion to duty and his brilliant personal gifts are all acknowledged and admired. Expressions of the deep sense of loss which is felt in every civilised community have come from every quarter to show that in Edward the Peacemaker the whole world recognised a personality whose influence was unceasingly exercised to promote the best interests of mankind. The 'Cologne Gazette,' the 'Vossische Zeitung,' and other papers," it was added, "have written of him in a similar strain."

From all parts of the globe long telegrams poured hourly into the office of the great paper reflecting Foreign Opinion. There was not a dissentient voice. The civilised world was in mourning for Edward VII, who, as shown by the "Times," was universally described as the great Statesman, the great Diplomatist, the great Peacemaker, the great Man. It remained for the leading Russian journal, the "Novoe Vremya," to affirm, in picturesque phraseology, that "In life

King Edward was a King-Gentleman, a King Statesman, and a King-Minister for the foreign affairs of Europe.<sup>1</sup>

It is painful to hear, on the high authority of the "Dictionary," that "while King Edward derived ample amusement from music and the drama, chiefly" [alas!] "from the theatre's more frivolous phases, *he showed small capacity for dramatic criticism.*" It was considerate of the biographer to note this glaring defect, which should furnish M. Judet with a text for another article on the "great unappreciated incapable." Edward VII an indifferent theatrical critic! This is the comble. Of course it is scrupulously accurate, or it would not have been admitted into the pages of the "Dictionary." But some may doubt its exactitude, and, personally, I reject it as an absurdity, and class it with the assertion that, "A man of the world, the King lacked the intellectual equipment of a thinker"—which many who knew his Majesty will deem gross impertinence, and an example of the art of economising the truth.

While on p. 607 of the biography it is asserted that the King derived amusement "chiefly from the theatre's more frivolous phases," we read on p. 581: "But his patronage was comprehensive. Wagner's operas he attended with regularity, and Irving's Shakespearean productions at the Lyceum from 1872 onwards stirred his enthusiasm."

The plain truth is that, both as Prince and as King, Edward VII saw, in Paris and in London, all the "great" as well as the "frivolous" pieces; all

<sup>1</sup> It is only by the great courtesy of the "Times" that I have been enabled to present these extracts from its columns.



the "grand" and all the lighter operas and operettas, and enjoyed them all, so catholic were his tastes. London managers were grateful to him for his support of all the theatres in turn, and for giving the playhouse a vogue.

The Madrid papers struck a harmonious note in advance of the meeting of the English and Spanish sovereigns at Cartagena during the Easter of 1907. The Republican journal, "El Liberal," said—

King Edward could walk alone all over the world. He is a man who has the faculty of enlisting the sympathy of the most distant peoples. He has accumulated a variety of experiences, has a practical philosophy of life, and a good understanding. The universe was his school; the sovereigns and statesmen, not only of England, but of all Europe, have been his professors.

What has happened to the "belittlings?"

This has happened—

The "Dictionary's" depreciations of Edward VII in respect of his political, diplomatic, and statesman-like qualities are shown to be "not proven" (1) by the just tributes paid to his memory by the Parliamentary leaders, (2) by M. Poincaré and Comte d'Haussonville, and (3) by the quotations from the "Times'" leading articles and its publication of the well-considered opinions of many of the world's most eminent men.

"The "Dictionary's" assertions concerning the relations of King Edward and the Emperor William II are traversed.

Mr. H. Lee-Warner has demonstrated in the "Spectator" that Kingsley taught his Royal pupil and the others something more of history than "facts and dates."

Some who enjoyed the lifelong friendship of Edward VII characterise as "absurd" the "Dictionary's" assertion that the King "was no reader of books"; and state that his Majesty's handwriting was difficult to read only to those not familiar with it—as is the case with the penmanship of many people.

Finally, Professor Arminius Vambéry, who was honoured with the intimate friendship of Edward VII and his family, and had been a welcome guest at Sandringham, writes to me from Budapest University (August 20, 1912): "Much grieved as I was to read extracts from a book on the late King Edward, which was far from doing justice to the exalted and noble qualities of the deceased Ruler, so glad am I at hearing that you are taking upon yourself to refute these erroneous statements, which are evidently the outcome of insufficient information, for I cannot believe that an Englishman will lend his pen to tarnish involuntarily a glorious page in the history of your country. . . . The late King was a man of varied and deep information in history and geography, as well as in the diplomatic relations of the East and West, and a Prince whose political tact and wisdom were unparalleled among his contemporary crowned heads."

The indiscriminate, inordinate praise lavished by the Press on the biography led the public to believe that the real King was presented to them in the "Dictionary." What the papers told people was gospel they regarded as gospel. It shocked even the unthinking and the ignorant to read that King Edward was a political dummy: not a really clever man at all; no diplomatist; no "initiator" of "understandings" with foreign



Powers ; little short of a comparative mediocrity. Millions who have not read, and never will read, the "Dictionary of National Biography" read what the newspapers extracted from it, and will carry to their graves the conviction, hammered into their heads by the Press, that Edward VII was very common clay, and that all the eulogies lavished upon him during his reign and when he died were mostly based upon false premises. They did not reflect that, if the writers of countless leading articles had overpraised the King from January 1901 until the 5th of June, 1912, they must have been woefully ignorant of his true character.

But it is contended in these pages that those who had never ceased to belaud the King for his exceptional skill and success in the art of governing, for his intimate knowledge of foreign affairs, and for the signal services which, by his adroitness and watchfulness, he rendered to the Empire *did* know what they were writing about all those eleven years, and weighed Edward VII in the scales of truth and equity. Unfortunately—and it is a national misfortune—the conductors of the newspapers destroyed with their own hands all the good they had done for eleven years by admitting into their columns on the 6th of June, 1912, the statements in the "Dictionary," which are in opposition to the opinions of the whole world, as published in the "Times" in May 1910, which I have been permitted to quote in several of the preceding pages.

Would our principal daily papers, in their editorial pages, have expressed their approval of the belittling statements which appear in the "Dictionary's" biography? No. Had they done so, they would have

stultified themselves, and have admitted that all they had said in previous years in the King's praise was inaccurate and misleading.

Bismarck, discussing the works of German philosophers, said : " Even the man whose arguments are mediocre will always be deemed right provided he has most of the bayonets on his side."

The " Dictionary " has had the Press bayonets with it, and those weapons have been remorselessly used to add to the " terrible execution " wrought by the Biography. Without such assistance the slighting references to King Edward would have done little harm, for they would have had only a comparatively limited number of readers. The " winged words " of the Press did all the mischief—thoughtlessly, but not, I am sure, with the intention to wound the feelings of the King's family and his countless friends in every country, or to lessen his prestige.

King Edward's popularity in the country was so great that no Ministry could afford to run directly counter to him. Although his Majesty's Constitutional obligations compelled him to keep within certain required limits in regard to taking an active part in current affairs, his influence was none the less felt and recognised outside these limits. Comte d'Haussonville and Professor Vambéry, in their reasoned appreciations of the King, have dealt with this important point, so that it is unnecessary for me to dwell upon it.

The same facts, it always struck me, applied to his



influence in foreign politics. His influence had always to be reckoned with as a very decided factor in a policy. For this reason it is absurd to imply, as Sir Sidney Lee does, that the King's influence was nil.

It is still more ridiculous to say, as the biography says, that the King could not read books.

He did not, perhaps, read "everything" in the shape of books, for the simple reason that he had not the time to do so. But any brochure dealing with affairs of the moment, any books of striking interest, he almost invariably read.

The newspapers he read every day. On his journeys he read the whole time. When he was ill he read whenever he was not sleeping, and his memory was so good that what he read he never forgot.

In the biography may be read: "His" [the King's] "penmanship greatly deteriorated in his last years, and grew difficult to decipher."

As to this assertion I will only say that those who did not know the King's handwriting perhaps found it difficult to read. I have frequently heard this accounted for as mainly due to the slope in which the letters were formed and the weight he pressed on the pen in the down strokes. There was, however, no irregularity in the letters; they were always formed and written in the same way, as many people know.

The proverb, "*Tel qui brille au second rang s'éclipse au premier*," is applicable to Edward VII only if we reverse its original meaning. He had certainly shone in his secondary position, but he blazed brightly when he had planted his feet on the steps of the throne. His latent powers developed and fructified only when he could say, "*Le Roy le veult*." Never did monarch

so completely belie the unintelligent anticipations of the crowd. As Comte d'Haussonville has so well said: "No one discovered Edward VII in the Prince of Wales." It is a reproach to us that it should have been left to two eminent Frenchmen to understand the King most thoroughly and to place their well-considered opinions on paper.

It is deplorable that M. Judet should have seized the opportunity afforded him by the appearance of the biography to place before France a distorted and grotesque portrait of Edward VII. The effect upon the French mind cannot yet be estimated, but it can be readily imagined.

"A fine jar is intended to be made; why, when the wheel goes round, has it come out a humble pitcher?"<sup>1</sup>

The grave closed over him only in May, 1910. It is too soon as yet to weigh in the balance King Edward's merits and his demerits, his achievements and his disappointments; too soon to apply the scalpel and the dissecting knife. He had his limitations and his shortcomings. That he could ever have attained that ideal state of human and royal perfection which Sydney Smith prayed might be his was impossible; but, in the "Spectator's" happy phrase, he was "a perfect Grand Chairman of the Nation." He knew—none better—that "the stars govern man, but God governs the stars." There were times when he might well have despaired; but he was not the man to "throw the helve after the lost hatchet." His judges should have ever before them the words of Ovid: "Let each

<sup>1</sup> Amphora coepit

Institui; currente rotâ cur urceus exit.—*Horace.*



person recall to mind his own mishaps." But the moment for recording a final verdict upon one of the greatest of our great kings is not yet. History has not begun for the Seventh Edward. "To wiser desires it is satisfaction enough to deserve, though not to enjoy, the favours of fortune ; let Providence provide for fools." <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Sir Thomas Browne, "Religio Medici."

## CHAPTER IV

### THE PRINCE'S "DEBTS"

FOR many years "The Prince of Wales and his debts" formed an engrossing topic with certain writers, who seemed never so happy as when they were maligning the poor Heir-Apparent and saying spiteful things about his expenditure. The Prince's financial position was no better, and no worse, in 1891 than it was in 1881; but, if one had believed the "World" and the "Sunday Times," the future King of England had not "a feather to fly with." Fortunately, there was not a syllable of truth in the statements made by the first-named paper and copied with such ludicrous and disastrous haste by the second; indeed, the "World," in its next issue, performed the disagreeable task of eating its own words with the best grace it could.

It was difficult to see what any paper had to do with the private pecuniary affairs of the Prince of Wales any more than with the income or profits of anybody else. The "Sunday Times" had evidently been burning to distinguish itself for some time, and it succeeded in doing so over this matter of the Prince of Wales and his mythical "debts." Taking for granted that "what the World said" was absolutely true, instead of untrue, in every detail, the Sunday journal proceeded to steal all the "World's" inventions and hash them up under the attractive title of "Our Embarrassed Prince." The face of the "Sunday Times' " editor must



have been a study when he read in the next number of the "World" an authoritative denial of all that it had previously stated, and an expression of regret that the absurd paragraph had been permitted to appear ; supplemented by the naïvely pathetic plea, in extenuation of the offence, that the mass of falsehoods had been based upon "current rumour."

The affair was not, as it happened, without its amusing side, as the "World's" writer, by way of "piling up the agony" as high as possible, had referred to the Prince's "depressed condition" as being caused by the financial difficulties in which he had been landed ; whereas, as a matter of fact, His Royal Highness had not, until overtaken by influenza a few days before the "World's" outburst, looked in better health or spirits for a very considerable period ! Never, surely, in the history of journalism did an experienced editor cut a more painfully ludicrous figure. "'Twas the *riding* that did it !" whispered Palmer the poisoner to his counsel when the jury found him guilty of the murder of his friend Cooke ; and, similarly, the "World's" writer, when called over the coals for his baseless note on the Prince of Wales's "financial position," may well have murmured to himself, "'Twas 'current rumour' that did it !"

That the exigencies of the Prince's position had compelled him to borrow at various times he himself would have been the last to deny ; but who among us has not had to do the same thing at least once in our lives, with, perhaps, the exception of multi-millionaires like the Duke of Westminster and half-a-dozen others ? "Dizzy" was at one time of his life an inveterate borrower ; and his great rival knew what

it was to be temporarily "hard up." But let it not be forgotten that those who had, and only too readily, advanced money to his Royal Highness knew perfectly well what they were doing, and made a by no means bad thing out of the transaction.

With this preamble, let us recall the facts.

On May 6 the "World" published the subjoined wholly inaccurate paragraph—

I am informed that the severe financial pressure which, as many are aware, has been for some time past weighing heavily on the Prince of Wales, and which has caused the depression in his manner and aspect that has been so generally observed, is now in a fair way to be mitigated; and that, although it is improbable that resources will be forthcoming wholly to liquidate the obligations which have gradually accumulated around his Royal Highness, there will be averted the necessity, which, until quite recently, has been seriously apprehended, of an application to Parliament on behalf of the Prince. It has been arranged, I believe, that the Queen will contribute a large sum from her accumulations—a subsidy amounting to several hundred thousand pounds, the administration of which, in the satisfaction of certain classes of the obligations of the Heir-Apparent, will be in the hands of unofficial liquidators nominated by Her Majesty. Other measures are under consideration, and among the stipulations to which his Royal Highness has assented is the assignment to the Duke of Clarence and Avondale of an adequate and regular income.

In its next number the "World" admitted that it based the above statement on "current rumour."

Mr. Labouchere published this handsome amende in "Truth"—

"Last week, in correcting some wild statements of the 'World' respecting the financial position of the Prince of Wales, I suggested that probably they were based upon some intention on the part of her Majesty to assume herself a mortgage upon the Sandringham



estate, as she has several times during the last twenty years come to the aid of H.R.H. I am informed, on the highest authority, that her Majesty has never given the Prince of Wales any money, nor does she contemplate advancing any to H.R.H. for any purpose whatever. I am sorry that, in my correction, I should have been led into error myself. The impression that her Majesty had made such advances, in view of his Royal Highness taking upon himself many of the expensive functions usually performed by the Sovereign, is a general one ; and as fact is better than impression, it is well that there should be a specific contradiction of it."

On May 10 the "Sunday Times" published the appended article—

#### OUR EMBARRASSED PRINCE

Englishmen will have learnt with regret, although scarcely, we imagine, with surprise, that the Heir-Apparent is in straitened financial circumstances. For this his Royal Highness is not wholly to blame. It is hardly too much to say that, since 1876, at least, the Prince's allowance, even when joined with the subsidy which the Queen has made him for some years past, has been inadequate for the discharge of the semi-regal duties that have devolved upon him as the active representative of the Throne. For private gentlemen of not very extravagant tastes, the Prince's income would be large enough, but it is quite another matter when, out of an annual income of, in round figures, £150,000, a semi-regal household has to be kept up, and a large amount of entertaining has to be done. Moreover, the Prince has almost invariably been so far unfortunate that the members of his Royal Highness's "set" have commonly been much better off than himself. The result has been that a good deal of what is known in certain circles as "paper," bearing the Prince's autograph, has been abroad, and has followed the invariable tendency of such things and multiplied so rapidly that those who place its value at half-a-million probably rather under-estimated it than otherwise. Obviously, the Prince cannot be held wholly responsible for

this, since, in proportion as her Majesty has gone further and further into retirement, the Heir to the Throne has been saddled with the discharge of expensive royal duties. There is some justification, therefore, for the objection that has already manifested itself against Parliament being applied to with a view to relieving the Prince of these unpleasant liabilities; and we trust that it is true, as reported, that Her Majesty has at length agreed to come to the relief of her eldest son, by ridding him of a long-standing and serious cause of worry. Her Majesty, indeed, could hardly do otherwise, although it will be within the recollection of a good many people that what she deemed to be the early extravagances of certain other "Royalties" was allowed to right itself by similar means to those that ensue when the humbler among her subjects find that assets do not balance liabilities. In the present instance we may assume that we shall not see auctioneers' bills posted up at Marlborough House or Sandringham, and that the oblong pieces of paper bearing the Prince's signature will be fully redeemed.

On May 17 the "Sunday Times" published this graceful apology—

#### TO OUR READERS

Although established nearly seventy years ago, when the freedom of the Press had degenerated into licence, the "Sunday Times" has been invariably conducted in a fashion that has maintained and enhanced the dignity of English journalism. Its criticisms have been not only independent, but honest, and above all and before all the sanctity of the home circle—be it of the Sovereign in the Palace or the peasant in the cottage—has never been violated. It has been the aim of those who have had the honour to be answerable for its management, while catering for the amusement and instruction of its readers, to bear in mind that the "Sunday Times" appeals for support, not to a clique, but to a nation—and a nation famed for its love of Truth, Fair Play, and Justice. It is, therefore, with an expression of grave concern (all the more sincere because spontaneous) that the proprietors frankly admit that in the last number of the "Sunday Times" appeared an article entitled "Our Embarrassed Prince," which, in their opinion, neither for accuracy, good feeling, nor good taste had any part in the unchanging and unchangeable policy of their paper. That such an article should have been written and allowed to appear is a matter of deep regret to the proprietors,



who can only seek consolation in the knowledge that since its appearance the necessary steps have been taken to render a repetition of such an offence in the future morally impossible.

I confess to having read the inaccurate utterances of the papers à propos of the Prince of Wales with extreme pain, the more so because the attack in both instances came from journals associated with those promulgating Conservative principles. That the statements of the "World" and the "Sunday Times," purporting to give an accurate account of the Prince's financial position, together with sundry details concerning the attitude of her Majesty and the prospective income of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, were promptly admitted to be entirely inaccurate, and consequently misleading, did not tend to mitigate the enormity of the offence, inasmuch as the cream of the contents of papers like the "St. Stephen's Review," "Vanity Fair," "Truth," and the "World," was copied regularly into hundreds of provincial broadsheets, whose readers took as accurate all that was brought under their notice in the manner described. Thus hundreds of thousands of people were amazed (and no wonder!) at the announcement that the Prince was "over head and ears in debt," when, as a matter of fact, admitting of no doubt or question, there was no justification whatsoever for the publication of such a statement.

As to the excuse put forward for the publication of the assertions so detrimental to the Heir-Apparent and to the Royal Family generally, that the wholly inaccurate paragraph in which they were contained was based upon "current rumour," I can but express my surprise that any distinguished journalist should have

sanctioned the publication of so cruel a reflection on the Prince, knowing that the announcement rested only on the merest gossip. Certainly such an admission of culpability threw a new light upon the methods of some of the journalism of the period, for one could not have believed that even the merest tyro would have gone the length of printing such a farrago of scandalous rubbish upon no better authority than that of "current rumour."

It is a truism to say that the Prince of Wales had a difficult task to perform. It cannot be supposed that the outside world had cognisance of a tithe of the difficulties of his position. The most belated and ignorant member of the community could, however, have understood that the Heir-Apparent's discharge of his multifarious duties was not lightened or rendered the easier by the propagation of statements such as those to which attention has been drawn. The Monarchy never required more strengthening than at that moment, when we stood face to face with problems demanding that solution which the ablest minds could not bring themselves to agree upon. The Socialistic factions had many fancied grievances, but few, if any, real ones, and the business of their leaders being to construct mountains out of molehills, they eagerly fastened upon erroneous statements concerning Royalty.

I have no hesitation in declaring that, had the paragraphs and articles assailing the Prince of Wales been true in substance and in fact, irreparable damage to the Monarchy would have been done. Well-informed people in London knew those statements to have been mendacious from the first, but, albeit Paris



is France, London is not England, and, as I have said, hundreds of thousands of our provincial population—the bone and sinew of the country—accepted as true all that they saw in their local paper, while probably the vast majority of them never read the contradiction which followed the publication of the lie.

One of the Prince's greatest annoyances used to be the way in which he was pestered and plagued by people anxious to lend him money, any sum almost, and at almost any rate of interest. Fuchs and Schwartz, the two great Viennese money-lenders, continually pestered him at Homburg; and one of these worthies, it was said, paid a German lady of high rank a large sum of money as a reward for her services in sounding the Prince as to whether or no he felt inclined to borrow. All these annoyances were, of course, of much more common occurrence when the Prince was on the Continent than when he was at home; and in Paris the nuisance became so intolerable—the Hôtel Bristol being besieged day and night by money-lenders' "touts"—that H.R.H. had to complain to Lord Lyons. The Ambassador laid the matter before the Prefect of Police, who gave orders that in future any man or woman (for there were lady "touts") coming to annoy the Prince on such an errand should be forthwith treated as a vagrant and vagabond, and locked up. His Royal Highness then enjoyed a little more peace during his visits to the French capital. As a matter of fact, the Prince was not "hard up" at all, and all the rumours afloat to that effect were absolutely groundless. Both he himself and his most intimate friends distinctly and emphatically denied that he was in any want of money, and,

when one remembered his luck at cards, one was inclined to believe them. Then again, even admitting he had been in want of a temporary loan, he would most assuredly never have had need to resort to an ordinary money-lender, for he would only have had to ask the Duke of Sutherland, Leopold de Rothschild, or Reuben Sassoon to get the money at once. On the other hand, although very generous, H.R.H. was not extravagant, and knew how to make a thousand pounds go about as far as most people. The Prince, of course, cared but little what was said about him—in fact, it would have been strange if he had not been at length callous, for almost every conceivable tale was told concerning him, and many a poor starving Fleet Street hack eked out his “copy” by calling on his imagination to furnish him with the material for some grossly libellous statement concerning him. He was called everything—from a drunkard to a Papist in disguise—and an American paper gravely assured its readers that the Heir-Apparent was in the habit of beating his wife when he had absorbed too much alcohol! For one fact I can vouch, and that is that many persons belonging to the best “set” in New York were perfectly convinced that the Prince had a strong partiality for gin! In such wise was history written.

Close on the heels of “The Prince of Wales’s Debts Scandal” came “The Prince and the Tranby Croft Baccarat Scandal,” which I will now deal with.



## CHAPTER V

### THE BACCARAT CASE

Poor England! I blushed for my native country when, in 1891, I saw its honour defended by distinguished and other publicists. If ever we were made the laughing-stock of the civilised world it was during the days when the papers—provincial as well as metropolitan—did their utmost to show us up as a nation of sickly, canting, whining Puritans, and all because the Prince of Wales preferred baccarat to billiards! What rivers of "morality," what oceans of "honour" rushed through the country! The amusing part of it all was that certainly not six of those who led this unexampled and monstrously unjust crusade against the Prince of Wales had the slightest inkling of the unwritten code of laws by which English Society is governed.

To go back for a moment to first causes: the ground was prepared by a popular "weekly," with its statements of the pecuniary difficulties of the Prince of Wales—statements which I had sufficient authority to contradict in their entirety, and which hundreds of influential papers assisted me to deny. Some of the poison, however, did its work, and the idiotic assertions of the "Sunday Times" did the rest.

I cannot say that I was surprised at the attitude of the Radical papers. To attack Royalty in any and every shape is their acknowledged mission, whether in

or out of Parliament. It has been so in the past ; it will be so in the future. But that Conservative papers should have aided in the work of besmirching the Heir-Apparent did amaze me ; and I could only account for it on the supposition that their conductors let their feelings temporarily get the better of their cooler judgment.

I read, I think, everything that appeared in the Press on this question. The most remarkable feature of the attacks on the Prince was the extraordinary family likeness which characterised them ; they might, indeed, have been all written by the same pen, with the exception, perhaps, of dear old "Reynolds'."<sup>1</sup> I derived more amusement from its "leader" on the Prince than from any Gaiety burlesque. The "rogue and vagabond" speech of the redoubtable Mr. Cobb, M.P., ran "Reynolds'" very close. It was cruel of Mr. Summers to cut the ground from under Mr. Cobb's feet when Mr. Stanhope conveyed to the House of Commons the Prince's frank admission that he had committed an error of judgment.

Apart from all questions of the morality or immorality of gambling in any shape or form, would not one have thought that the London Press, seeing the future King of England so cruelly, almost savagely, treated, would have hastened to do its utmost to cheer him in his hour of need by keeping the plain, matter-of-fact, common-sense view of the case uppermost, and thus stemming the tide of hypocrisy, the swirl of cant,

<sup>1</sup> During his reign King Edward was treated very courteously by "Reynolds' Newspaper." His Majesty subscribed to its fund for the sandwichmen. He had been a regular reader of the paper all his life.



and the torrent of "gush" which we witnessed in 1891? But no! it was far otherwise, with the solitary exception of the "Daily Telegraph," whose leading article I quote from—

If the hungry calumniators of high rank mean to cry a crusade against Baccarat and other games of chance, played in private houses for moderate stakes, it cannot be too quickly understood that, in regard to this, the Prince of Wales simply does what thousands, and tens of thousands, of other Englishmen do. Baccarat . . . amuses people, so they play it; and whatever the game, be it whist for penny points or baccarat, there is only one thing to be usefully or practically declared on this head: It is that be he the prince in his palace, or peasant in his beer-house, the man who meddles with cards is unwise, and will surely rue his unwisdom, if he either play beyond his means, or play with those who cannot afford to lose. In this instance it would be ridiculous to dub the amusements of Tranby Croft "gambling"; narrow-minded Puritans who hold every little dissipation a mortal sin may do this, as they might style a glass of champagne an orgy.

The Prince was disappointed at the comparative coolness of the "Morning Post's" "leader" on the verdict in the baccarat case, and correspondingly pleased with the chivalrous article published by the "Daily Telegraph." One paper (which nobody in Pall Mall had ever before heard of) was accorded what schoolgirls call "a Roman burial"—that is, consigned to the flames, the rash individual who introduced it being snubbed for his pains.

The Prince took the unusual, and not otherwise, step of sending to the papers a communiqué on a subject of very little importance to the public at large, or, indeed, to anybody, except certain individuals, whom it would be invidious to mention. The Prince's paragraph, probably drafted by himself and copied by one of the numerous clerical staff at Marlborough

House, was to the effect that Mr. Arthur Stanley Wilson was proposed as a member of the Marlborough Club in March, 1889, and elected on the 16th of February, 1891. "The Prince of Wales neither proposed nor seconded him, nor was his Royal Highness even acquainted with him at the time his name was entered." "Even acquainted with him" was decidedly good, and no doubt the individual in question was flattered at the reference—more flattered, perhaps, than the choice spirits of the "Marlborough" felt at the presence of the gentleman.

Nobody would have thought any the worse of the Prince if he *had* proposed Mr. A. S. Wilson for the "Marlborough," which was started by the Heir-Apparent and the Duke of Edinburgh in 1869, and was ever thereafter regarded as emphatically "the Prince's club." I may point out, since the matter was foolishly given as much prominence as a Cabinet Council paragraph, that, although H.R.H., on his own showing, neither nominated nor seconded Mr. Wilson, that gentleman would never have been elected without the tacit acquiescence of the Prince. This being so, I was at a loss to understand why all the bother should have been made about so unimportant an incident. The rooms of the "Marlborough" are of such limited dimensions that to be a member of the club without being a personal friend of, and "hail fellow well met" with, the Prince, would have been simply unendurable.

I recollect a picture painted by the Spanish artist, Zamacoïs, who called his work "A Prince's Education" (the English title as nearly as possible). The Royal infant is represented in a squatting position, hurling





*Photo]*

*[W. & D. Downey.*

KING EDWARD IN 1891.





oranges at a line of lead soldiers drawn up on the carpet. The kinglet's prowess is watched by (of course) an admiring throng, including a cardinal ; and not the least striking feature of the canvas is the spectacle of one of Heaven's Ministers smiling benevolently on the Charles the Fifth of the future, who revealed himself already under the guise of the little orange-thrower.

As everybody knows, the pastimes of infant princes have always been the prelude to what La Fontaine satirically terms " princely games," or, as one might be allowed to Anglicise it, " larks." The box of soldiers is, for most of us, but a toy ; but to boy-princes it is one of the elements of a military apprenticeship. The Prince's German nephew<sup>1</sup> had not reached his fifth birthday when he said to the Princess of Schleswig-Holstein : " Aunt, please scold my English governess for me ; she doesn't know anything about the German army ! "

On July 11, 1891, the " Pall Mall Gazette " published some extracts from an article in the " Review of Reviews " entitled " A Plea for the Prince of Wales," dealing with the already exploded fiction of his Royal Highness's alleged " debts " and his connection with the Baccarat Case. These extracts were thus prefaced by the Editor of the " Gazette"—

The principal feature in the " Review of Reviews " for July is a plea for the Prince of Wales. Mr. Stead begins by calculating the number of prayers which must have been said for the Prince during the last half-century : " 880,000,000 prayers, and as answer thereto the Baccarat Scandal of Tranby Croft." From this contrast the conclusion is drawn that " the nation has not helped the Prince to fulfil its prayers."

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<sup>1</sup> The Emperor William II.

This pietistic method of statement—this so-called “calculation” of the number of prayers offered up for the Prince (!), and the wild assertion that the “answer” to those prayers was “the Baccarat Scandal of Tranby Croft”—must have led many to turn aside from the “Plea” with loathing and disgust. It was suggestive of some frenzied “ranter” in a Little Bethel demanding of the Almighty: “Why, O Lord, hast Thou not heard these eight hundred and eighty millions of prayers, and so prevented the Baccarat Scandal?”

There could have been no more unfortunate beginning of an article professedly intended to “put the Prince right” with the saponaceous crowd which had spent its venom on the Heir-Apparent, to whose rescue the “Daily Telegraph” had nobly come.

The “Pall Mall” continued—

First, however, Mr. Stead defends the Prince [a sight for the gods this!] from various allegations which have been made in connection with the scandal. This part of the article is important, as being based on “the very highest authority,” and as coming from “head-quarters.” We believe that the information given in these paragraphs comes from some of those who are in the immediate entourage and enjoy the intimate confidence of his Royal Highness. We give, therefore, these refutations verbatim.

Two columns of extracts from the “Review” followed the “Pall Mall’s” introductory remarks, headed: “The Prince and Mr. Arthur Wilson,” “Did the Prince Tell?” “In Praise of the Counters,” “The Prince and Fair Play,” “Is the Prince in Debt?” “Bored into Baccarat,” “The Prince and the Labour Commission,” “What the Prince might do,” “The Prince at Sandringham,” and “The Prince and the Princess.”



The salient points in this amazing medley of comic-righteousness were these—

1. The Prince did not “force an unwilling host to allow baccarat to be played under his roof.” All Mr. Arthur Wilson “objected to was the playing of baccarat for high stakes. His wishes were respected.”

2. Was it the Prince “who had divulged the Tranby Croft secret?” The answer—

Every one knows that he has been saddled with that act of bad faith. . . . But, as a matter of fact, I am in a position to state that there is not a word of truth in the whole story from beginning to end. It was not the Prince who revealed the secret. Unfortunately the Prince was not questioned on this subject when he gave evidence. The moment the rest of the party for the defence were put in the box and examined on this point, the Prince saw the disadvantage in which he was placed, and appealed to his legal adviser to be allowed to re-enter the witness-box, in order that he might have an opportunity of rebutting on oath an imputation which he felt all the more keenly because it was utterly groundless. . . . The Prince’s urgent application was overruled, and so the trial came to a close, without any opportunity being afforded him of clearing up the suspicion which had gathered darkly over him on this particular point. Such is the statement which I am authorised to make.

3. “The most heinous crime committed by the Prince, it was said, was his carrying counters about with him.” But “the counters really were nothing more or less than a kind of pasteboard currency, one counter standing for £1, a different one for £5, and so forth . . . . Clearly, by bringing with him the plain unromantic counter as a substitute for gold and notes, the Prince did what could be done to render the game with which he amused himself as innocent as possible for the inexperienced onlooker.”

4. “Had the Prince, as many others would have

done under the circumstances, hushed it up, Sir William Gordon-Cumming " would have been still free to play "at the card-tables of society" (I have softened the "Review's" language here), "but his Royal Highness would have avoided an ugly scandal which has brought him no small annoyance. In a small matter he took the same stand against the offender, against his social ethics, as the Irish hierarchy took against Mr. Parnell, and as the Nonconformists of England have taken against Sir Charles Dilke. That assuredly ought to have been more generously recognised by the exponents of the moral sense of the community."

5. "I am assured on the highest authority that the Prince has no debts worth speaking of, and that he could pay to-morrow every farthing which he owes. . . . I am assured on the highest authority that there is not a word of truth in the oft-repeated tale of the mortgage on Sandringham, said to have been granted first to Mackenzie and then passed on through the Murrietas to Baron Hirsch. The whole story is a fabrication, and is on a par with similar tales which represent the Prince as being financed by Israelites of more or less dubious honesty."

"There had been no application to the Queen to supply funds for the Prince." It was untrue that "it might be necessary to apply to Parliament to defray the Prince's debts . . . for the simple fact that the Prince is not in debt . . . It is hardly too much to say that almost every one believed exactly the opposite, nor would I have printed the above statement if I had not received it from one who was undoubtedly in a position to know, and who, as a gentleman and a man of honour, is incapable of misleading the public."



6. "The Prince of Wales at Sandringham is a different man to the Prince of Wales at Marlborough House. . . . At Sandringham he is . . . less frivolous and more domesticated. . . . The Prince and Princess have more tastes in common than most people imagine, and no wife could be more indignant at the injustice with which her husband has been assailed the last few weeks than the Princess of Wales." [This fact I had made public weeks before the appearance of the "Review's" article.] "Certainly those good people greatly err if they think that in running down the Prince they are avenging the wrongs of the Princess. She is somewhat like her sister, the Tsaritsa. There is not in her the stuff of an Elizabeth or a Victoria. But perhaps on that very account they live on much more harmonious and affectionate terms than they might have done had she been otherwise."

In an "Occasional Note," following these extracts, the Editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette" wrote—

The article in the "Review of Reviews" takes, we see, somewhat the same line of defence for the Prince of Wales that was adopted in these columns. But Mr. Stead carries the argument a good deal further, we must confess, than we should care to do. The attacks on the Prince seemed to us largely hypocritical and absurd. If we maintain hereditary princedom and give our Heir-Apparent nothing whatever of an important or interesting thing to do, we must not pretend to be surprised and shocked if—to adopt Lord Coleridge's euphemism—the Prince does not spend his whole day in reading the Bible. But we cannot share Mr. Stead's conviction that the inevitable drawbacks of hereditary princedom would all be removed if the Government of the day would only devise a constant supply of Royal Commissions for the Prince to serve upon. The psychological theory that the Prince is a man who games and races only because he is pining for Royal Commissions, and who, if he were once set to

"elaborate what may be termed a normal standard of the necessities of civilization," would be happy and virtuous ever afterwards, does not seem to carry conviction on the face of it.

This preposterous "Plea" was not unanimously received by the Press at home, while in Australia it provoked general derision. Many London papers ignored it. The late Mr. Eaton Edeveaine, a member of the Bar, a Conservative, and a loyalist, publicly commented upon it in these scathing terms, which are refreshing to re-read in 1912—

The Heir to the Throne may have his shortcomings, but whatever they are H.R.H. little deserves the infliction of being whitewashed by Mr. Stead. The Prince may have strayed among Philistines, but surely he would not seek the whitewash of this chief of literary Philistines—a Philistine whose affection for noisome subjects has endowed him with a character which will never leave him. In Mr. Stead's treatment of most questions there is often seen a lack of a knowledge of the world absolutely lamentable. In his last contribution we read: "Is it not universally admitted that it is the glitter of the gold, or the massive 'cart wheels' of silver, to say nothing of the notes which, spread out before the eyes of the players, intoxicate them with frenzy that lures even the most astute to try their luck?" This idea would be very acceptable to the denizens of a pot-house, and may be generated in the mind of the writer by his intense desire to possess the tangible £ s. d., but we imagine few English gentlemen would be lured by the mere sight of the current coin or real bank notes. At public tables counters cannot be used, but in private houses, where fortunes have often changed hands, the representative—counters—of cash, and not cash itself, has been placed on the board. For Mr. Stead to attempt to vindicate the Prince for his habit of carrying counters by this plea is simply to injure his protégé by the use of an argument which is as abortive as it is superfluous. This effusive apologist, when his latest princely, not "maiden," tribute is read will again surprise, if he does not shock, his readers. He portrays the Prince as a kind of Stead in all his highly-varnished domesticity; he shows him to be in other matters quite a devoted family man. He is an admirable father, and is like unto many other Princes subject to an environment of feminine



fascination. Be it said he is better than what most men would be were they living under circumstances similar to his own ; but that he should be considered a kind of St. Anthony such as is painted by the holy Stead is too ridiculous.

The American press, said the " Pall Mall Gazette " previously, " is on the whole very severe in its comments on the Prince of Wales in connection with the baccarat case. But one or two of the more thoughtful papers point the same moral as that of the ' Figaro.' Thus the ' New York Nation ' says—

Neither his education, nor his mental powers, nor his place in the British hierarchy offered him assistance in abandoning the life of ' a man of pleasure ' which the English political and social conditions imposed on him almost as soon as he reached his majority ; in fact, the hereditary monarchy in England at present provides no serious pursuit for the heir to the throne. The example set by his father, even when very young, of trying to teach English statesmen how to govern England he could not follow, even if he had had his father's mental equipment. It would, in his father's case, have excited deep popular resentment had it been publicly known even between 1850 and 1860. Between 1880 and 1890 it would have been out of the question. The course of English politics during the last thirty years would have made the Prince of Wales's rôle purely ceremonial, even if the usages of constitutional monarchy and the Queen's continued health and activity did not do it.

" Similarly the ' New York Independent ' said—

It is a case which has moved more loyal Britons to ask than ever asked the question before what possible excuse there can be for keeping up such a prolonged, expensive, and dangerous sham as an idle Heir-Apparent with no duties, no responsibilities, and nothing in the world to do. Frederick of Germany, while he was Crown Prince, was kept full of care and responsibility which led straight on to the supreme duties of the head of the State. In England the actual royal responsibilities of the sovereign are not great, and those of the Heir-Apparent are still less. The Prince of Wales is past fifty, and has not yet had responsibility enough to have ceased to be frivolous. The whole system is bad,"

"Why did the Prince of Wales go to Tranby Croft *at all*?" This is the question which exercised the minds both of people "in" society, and those who, Peri-like, stand disconsolate without the golden gates. The fact was that H.R.H. had been for many years accustomed to stay at Mr. Christopher Sykes's for the Doncaster week. In 1890, however, Mr. Sykes was unable to extend his wonted hospitality to the Prince, and accordingly "passed him on" to Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, with disastrous results.

The American papers were quite wrong in attributing the "blabbing" to a well-known and popular English lady, for, as a matter of fact, she had nothing whatever to do with it. The tell-tale was quite another person, whose name was then only moderately known in English society. The statement of a London paper that it was one of the valetaille who "split" was just about as true as was the same journal's full-flavoured romance anent the Prince's "debts."

It was rather odd that, amid all this baccarat hubbub, not a public word of sympathy was expressed for the personage who, after all, was most to be pitied—I mean the Princess of Wales. As compared with the existence of the Prince, the life of the Princess was calm, devoid of excitement, almost colourless, and sometimes not too gay; but never once, since she came among us, did she utter a word of anything verging upon complaint concerning her occasionally isolated lot.

It is the simple truth that, during the whole of this Tranby Croft drama, the Princess maintained a calm reminding one of that admirable patience and heroic fortitude which she displayed when, in 1871, her con-



sort was lying on what we all feared would have been his death-bed at Sandringham, never doubting for one single instant but that the Prince would emerge from the ordeal triumphantly, and certainly never dreaming of uttering a word of reproach to her husband. The storm of indignation and reprobation which swept through the land was, therefore, all the harder for her to bear; and there was not a man or woman in the country who did not regret that that gentle lady should have been pained and grieved beyond expression by the vehement language of the papers generally.

After the Tranby Croft annoyance, the Prince of Wales must have rejoiced that at length (in mid-August) he managed to get away from London—and not only from London, but from England—for a spell. He reached Paris on a Saturday evening, and spent Sunday in the capital, it being the great day at Deauville races. Any other subject of her Majesty who had been making his way to a Continental spa—any one possessed of a sufficiency of funds—would have left London on Friday, and from Paris run down to Trouville-Deauville to see the Grand Prix de Deauville competed for, more especially as the favourite resort of the French monde (and not only the monde) was at the moment thronged by the people who would have been happy to have the Heir-Apparent to the English Throne as their guest. But it was Sunday! On that day it was considered sinful, not for all of us, but for the Prince of Wales, to be seen either on a racecourse or within the walls of a theatre; and for that reason H.R.H. never witnessed the race for *the* Grand Prix, nor the contest for the similarly-named

race at Deauville. The Prince in these matters, as in so many others of which the world knows nothing, deferred to the wishes of his Royal mother, whose prejudices as regards the keeping of the Sabbath Day holy were worthy of all praise; and yet—and yet I could not help thinking that it was almost time the Prince were allowed to use his own discretion as to where he might go and what he might do on Sunday. The Prince, then, did not pay a visit to Trouville-Deauville, but at eight sharp on the Sunday morning chatted with his Royal brother-in-law of Greece over their delicious croissants and coffee, lunched alone at the “Bristol,” drove out unattended, and left cards on people who were mostly in their châteaux or elsewhere than in Paris; dined alone, said “How d’y’e do?” to Sir William Gordon-Cumming’s American sister-in-law and her French husband (the Marquis de Breteuil<sup>1</sup>), and then drove off to the Eastern station for Homburg.

At an Eastbourne church the officiating clergyman did not *say* anything about the baccarat affair, but after the mention of the Prince of Wales’s name in the Litany he paused for about a couple of minutes, in the manner which is customary when prayers are “earnestly desired” for any one!

The Rev. Mr. Vincent, a popular dissenting minister of Plymouth, preached a sermon at his chapel à propos of that eternal baccarat case. At one point of the discourse Mr. Vincent must have raised a “cynic smile” among his congregation—if, indeed, cynically-disposed persons are ever found in the Baptist persuasion, which I very much doubt. Mr. Vincent

<sup>1</sup> The host of the Prince of Wales in 1912.



pointed out that, "unless the Prince reformed," he would, when he came to the throne, place the clergy of the Establishment in a position of some difficulty, "for how," said Mr. Vincent, "could they read prayers for their most *religious* and gracious King? What would they do—insult him by leaving out the word 'religious,' or insult God by retaining it and applying it to such a chief governor?" Surely Mr. Vincent was unduly hard upon H.R.H., and overlooked the fact that the sacred adjective has for ages been freely applied to "chief governors" of all descriptions.

The "Church Times," not content with saying that the Prince of Wales's action "had done more to risk the continuance of the monarchy in this kingdom than could have been accomplished by all the demagogues in England," was of opinion that the best reparation the Prince could make was to sign in the presence of the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Salisbury a document promising never again to play cards, gamble or bet!

An official shorthand note was taken of the evidence, but not of the speeches, in the baccarat case for the exclusive use of the Field-Marshal Commander-in-Chief<sup>1</sup>; and a copy of this "note" was furnished the Queen, by her Majesty's command. The *précis* stated by an imaginative, but unveracious journal to have been sent to her Majesty, was simply a long letter written by the Prince of Wales to his royal mother daily. It was of but slight, if any, use, as the evening papers published in Scotland were dispatched by express to Balmoral directly they were issued; and a telegraphic summary of the Prince of Wales's

<sup>1</sup> The Duke of Cambridge.

evidence and cross-examination was in her Majesty's hands at the earliest possible moment.

Letters between the Queen and the Commander-in-Chief on the subject of Sir William Gordon-Cumming's removal from the Army List were conveyed between Balmoral and London by special service messengers. While the Queen consented to the erasure of Sir William's name without reluctance, her Majesty was greatly grieved at the impossibility of retaining that officer in her service. Gordon-Cumming knew his fate long before the appearance of the "London Gazette," as he received a private intimation informing him of the step which had been taken with the Queen's sanction.

The costs incurred in the baccarat case were taxed down to something like £4,300, if not still further reduced, as nothing in the shape of "fancy fees" was allowed by the taxing master. The bulk of the costs went in counsels' fees, the briefs on both sides being unusually heavy ones. The witnesses' expenses were exceptionally slight.

I read in a paper which prides itself on its Conservatism—

The Prince of Wales has been singularly unfortunate in his friends, and this is the more strange as *his circle of intimate friendship is naturally exceptionally restricted*. Two of these are in exile for cheating at cards, and a third is now charged with a similar offence. A fourth is in exile for a detestable charge, and it would be difficult to say how many have passed through the Bankruptcy Court. The annals of the Divorce Court, moreover, would furnish several accounts of misfortune having overtaken the male and female companions of his Royal Highness, and altogether it would seem as if Fate had somehow not acted kindly in this respect to the Prince.

As to the assertion that the Prince was "singularly



unfortunate in his friends," I should be disposed to say it was precisely the reverse, considering the enormous number of men whom his Royal Highness had known from first to last. The number of those friends and acquaintances of the Prince who fell into evil ways was, in truth, remarkably small, so that to visit the sins of the delinquents upon the head of the long-suffering Heir-Apparent was unjust. The reference to the Divorce Court was ridiculous, remembering that the Prince knew practically everybody who was in any sort of society at all, and that (unfortunately) it is from the ranks of "society" that the more notable petitioners, respondents and co-respondents are principally recruited.

The Prince did about the best thing he could do under the circumstances in making a frank public apology for his lâches in the matter of military etiquette, if not discipline.

Had the game played at Tranby Croft been, not baccarat, but whist, loo, piquet or écarté, even accompanied by cheating, would there have been all this hullabaloo? It may be doubted. But "baccarat," a "foreign" game, hitherto scarcely heard of by the public, had an evil sound, and spelt the rankest wickedness. "What's in a name?" Everything. Baccarat was doubtless one of those swindling games on a level with the "thimble-and-pea" and the "find the lady" of the racecourse. That our future King should play it! Shocking!

Some gobemouche hoaxed the Paris "Figaro" and "Gaulois" into asserting that, as a consequence of the baccarat business, the Prince was about to renounce his rights as Heir-Apparent and to retire from the

army! There was good reason to believe that the publication of those Munchausen-like statements (which were reproduced by some of our scandal-loving papers) would have led to a "remonstrance" with the French Government by our Foreign Office on the ground that the circulation of such false "news" was highly prejudicial to the Royal Family. But the incident "blew over."<sup>1</sup>

In the House of Commons, a few days later, the Prince of Wales, through the Secretary of State for War, expressed his regret that "he had not required

<sup>1</sup> What is known as "the Baccarat case" was an action for slander, brought by Sir William Gordon Gordon-Cumming, Bart., against Mrs. Arthur Wilson, Mrs. A. S. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Lycett Green, and Mr. Berkeley Levett, who were alleged by the plaintiff to have accused him of cheating at baccarat at the residence of Mr. Arthur Wilson, Tranby Croft, near Hull, in the autumn of 1890. The action was tried in June 1891 by Lord Chief Justice Coleridge and a jury. Sir William had signed a document (which was "witnessed" by the Prince of Wales, one of the players) practically admitting that he had cheated. His explanation, in cross-examination, was "that he was hopeless of convincing the players of his innocence, and desired for the sake of all concerned to avoid a scandal." The Prince of Wales went into the witness-box, and said, "at the time when, as 'banker,' he questioned the plaintiff as to the largeness of his winnings, he did not think Sir William had been cheating." In cross-examination by Sir Charles (afterwards Lord) Russell, the Prince said that, "in advising Sir William to sign the document, he considered he had acted most leniently." The document was drawn up by General Owen Williams and the Earl of Coventry. The General said in evidence that "he believed Sir William was guilty of cheating," and that "the Prince of Wales had objected to Sir William placing his hands on the table in such a way that the counters" [which were the Prince's property] "could not be properly seen." It was given in evidence that the plaintiff's total winnings were £225, which sum was paid to him by cheque. The verdict (given on June 9, 1891) was for the defendants.



Sir William Gordon-Cumming to submit his case to the Commander-in-Chief." Sir William was at the time Lieutenant-Colonel 2nd battalion Scots Guards. As a result of the scandal his name was removed from the Army List—a melancholy termination of a brilliant career.

Shortly after the termination of the baccarat case, which, from first to last, was a dire misfortune for the Prince of Wales, I expressed to a Radical M.P. my regret that H.R.H. had ever gone to Tranby Croft. He laughed. "What do you expect of the Prince?" he asked. "Do you expect him to do anything but amuse himself?"

The journal in which I deprecated the attacks on the Prince received numerous congratulatory letters,<sup>1</sup> and from these I give a selection—

*Kensington, May 17, 1891.*

I beg to offer you my thanks for your brave defence of the Prince of Wales in the last issue of your admirable paper. It is, unfortunately, far too common nowadays to see these disgraceful attacks—for attacks they are—on the Royal Family in papers which do not blush to call themselves respectable and Conservative. Heaven only knows where this pandering to the scum may eventually lead us, but it seems to be the endeavour of every one holding a public capacity, and who is able to make his voice heard, whether statesman or journalist, to debase himself to the worst side of the most ignorant and brutal in the land. It is disgraceful to see that a paper with even the uncertain reputation of the "Sunday Times" should demean itself in this manner, and of all the papers that I have read yours alone speaks out boldly in defence of our Prince and future king. The others content themselves with saying that the article in the "Sunday Times" is "bad form" or "vulgar," but none step in to take up the challenge and refute the lie.

W. T. H.

<sup>1</sup> A letter of thanks came from the present Lord Knollys on behalf of the Prince.

*Aldershot, May 19, 1891.*

As you justly say in your last number, "to suppose" (that the income of the Duke of Clarence was not paid regularly) "would be to accuse the Prince of Wales of conduct which would be unbecoming of *any* gentleman, let alone the Heir to the Throne of the United Kingdom," and, I would add, of an officer. Only army men, I think, fully appreciate how greatly respected as an officer and a gentleman the Prince of Wales is by his brother officers, and all those to whom I have spoken regard the insinuation conveyed in the article of the "Sunday Times" as an insult to the army generally.

I have on more than one occasion been in the company of the Duke of Clarence, and in a friendly manner, and although he is far too well bred a gentleman to say one word of complaint, even if he had cause, yet the constant tone of affection and respect which he always maintained when speaking of his father warranted one in the certainty that there could be nothing between them which could possibly be a cause of embarrassment, such as the one suggested most certainly would be.

Thanking you for your straightforward denial, I remain, sir, yours faithfully,

BRITISH OFFICER.

*Camden Town, N., 19 May, 1891.*

Excuse me writing to you, but I thought as you would be pleased to learn that me and my friends was very pleased with the way which you stuck up for the Prince. Of course I hear all sorts of queer things said about him, mostly by the Radicals, but I don't believe a word of them. I suppose people who write things like the "Sunday Times" said think us working men like that sort of thing. Some of us may, but I am sure not the best of us. I think you'll find us working men as loyal to the Queen as anybody and we don't want stupid lies told about the Royal Family, but we do like to hear about what they are doing all the same. I always have a good read at your paper at my club on Saturday evenings, because it always have a lot of good stuff about the Queen and the Royal Family.

J. M.

(A Conservative Working Man.)

*Plymouth, May 17.*

I happened to see your paper last week, and read all what you said about the Prince of Wales. I could not get the "Sunday Times" of the week before, though I tried to borrow it. But I am



sure what you say is quite true, and does credit to you. Some of us never get a chance of seeing the Prince, but we hear all about him, and are glad to, but we don't want to be told what he owes or what he doesn't. I don't see what business that is of anybody else's. Some of my mates has often said to me he is very hard up, and I always reply that is no business of yours and it don't make him a worse prince, and I don't believe it. Many of us has had the honour of being commanded by his son, Prince George, and a better officer was never in the service, and if he is like his father that's good enough for us.

MAN-O'-WAR.

*North Kensington.*

It is so good and nice of you to say a manly word in defence of our dear Prince that I must write to tell you so, and my sister joins me in thanking you so much. We see the Prince, and more often the Princess, as often as we can get an opportunity, and I am sure the stupid gossip which one hears about their being in embarrassed circumstances and all that nonsense is a pure invention, imagined by people who must talk scandal and have not got any real scandal to talk about.

Considering what the Prince has to do, and knowing what a comparatively small income he has to do it on, I think the way he and the Princess manage is wonderful.

I'm sure I should want much more than that.

But I don't want to bother you with a long letter ; I am sure your time must be enough occupied with things of much more importance ; only I felt, and my sister, too, that we must write and thank you.

K. C.

THE PRINCE TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

"R. Yacht 'Osborne,' Cowes,

"August 13, 1891.

"MY DEAR ARCHBISHOP,

"Your kind letter of the 10th instant has touched me very much, as I know the kind feelings which prompted you to write to me on a subject which we have discussed together, and which you are aware has caused me deep pain and annoyance.

"A recent trial, which no one deplores more than I

do, and which I was powerless to prevent, gave occasion for the Press to make most bitter and unjust attacks on me, knowing that I was defenceless, and I am not sure that politics were not mixed up in it! The whole matter has now died out, and I think therefore it would be inopportune for me in any public manner to allude again to the painful subject which brought such a torrent of abuse upon me, not only by the Press, but by the Low Church, and especially the Nonconformists.

"They have a perfect right, I am well aware, in a free country like our own, to express their opinions, but I do not consider that they have a just right to jump at conclusions regarding myself without knowing the facts.

"I have a horror of gambling, and should always do my utmost to discourage others who have an inclination for it, as I consider that gambling, like intemperance, is one of the greatest curses which a country could be afflicted with.

"Horse-racing may produce gambling or it may not, but I have always looked upon it as a manly sport which is popular with Englishmen of all classes, and there is no reason why it should be looked upon as a gambling transaction. Alas! those who gamble will gamble at anything. I have written quite openly to you, my dear Archbishop, whom I have had the advantage of knowing so many years.

"Thanking you again for your kind letter, and trusting that you will benefit by your holiday,

"Believe me,

"Sincerely yours,

"ALBERT EDWARD."



## CHAPTER VI

### EDWARD VII

HE who was one day destined to take his place in the long line of the Kings of England as Edward VII was born at Buckingham Palace on November 9, 1841. The following Sunday the Rev. Sydney Smith preached at St. Paul's Cathedral, adding to the "Bidding Prayer" the following solemn invocation: "We pray Thee also on behalf of that child of Royal birth whom in Thy provident goodness Thou hast lately vouchsafed to us to be our future King. We beseech Thee so to fashion his heart and soul that he may become a blessing and not a misfortune for the land of his birth. May he grow in favour with men, allowing the energies of a free people to seek their own force and direction! May he grow in favour with God, preserving the Faith in Christ with fervour and piety, without weakness, without fanaticism, without foolishness! As he will be the First Man in this Kingdom, so may he be the best, scorning the concealment of evil acts behind a lofty station, and endeavouring ever by the example of his life to recognise those gifts so gladly offered to a good King by a loyal people out of its most urgent needs."

It is as yet too early to inquire or pronounce in what measure these prayers have been granted, and how far that newly-born child succeeded in

realising that ideal of human and kingly perfection to which the Rev. Sydney Smith aspired for him. For Edward VII history has not yet commenced. It is being to some extent prepared by the various testimonies offered to his memory since his unexpected removal from the stage of the world. Neither in his own country nor abroad has there been any lack of such testimony, nor have his truly great qualities been overlooked. May it be permitted to a Frenchman to add his voice to the rest, from a purely French standpoint? Not that this Frenchman had the honour of closely approaching Edward VII, or of living in his presence, as did some of his countrymen, upon terms of respectful intimacy. But, upon the evidence of those who had that honour, he learned enough about him to be certain that he is committing no error in the sentiments he ascribes to his Majesty about our country. And besides, did not King Edward always play a part in our foreign relations? Our diplomatic records, during these latter years, would present a notable void were the place he occupied in it not tenanted. The French owe him a debt of gratitude. The writer of these lines would be glad if, in his humble way, he might contribute to the payment of that debt.

It was in 1855 that the Prince of Wales (we will call him by that name until his accession) first came into touch with France. The Crimean War, in which the French and English armies had fought side by side, had just come to an end. Queen Victoria desired to show some recognition of the support afforded her by the Emperor Napoleon III in a conflict in which British



interests had been weightier than French. She came to Paris *en famille*, with her husband, Prince Albert, her son, and her eldest daughter, who was one day to be the Empress Frederick. It was the first royal visit that Napoleon III had received since his accession, and it was also the first occasion that a British sovereign had entered Paris since the time that little King Henry VI had been forced to leave it, cast forth by the wave of freedom that had been stirred up by Jeanne d'Arc and had outlived her. Under Louis-Philippe Queen Victoria had only come to Eu.

Like a wise mother, Queen Victoria was unwilling that such young children—the Prince of Wales was not yet fourteen—should join in all the parties and ceremonies, or even in all the amusements, with which the royal pair were entertained both in Paris and at Compiègne. She had requested to have a separate establishment at St. Cloud. Every day they were taken to Paris to be shown something new; every evening they were taken back to St. Cloud, not, perhaps, without some regrets on the part of the young Prince. He had acquired such a keen taste for as much as he had been able to divine of Paris life that, as the time for the departure of the Queen drew near, he begged the Empress to obtain for him permission to stay a few days longer after his parents' departure, alone with his sister at St. Cloud; and when the Empress objected that the Queen and Prince Albert could not possibly do without their two children in that way, he answered petulantly: "Don't you believe it! there are six at home without us, and they don't want us at all."

At the review at which he had been present in

Highland costume and at the ball given at Versailles the Prince of Wales had charmed all hearts by his graciousness, and Prince Albert was able to write with truth that every one had found him "so charming."

The Prince of Wales returned to Paris in 1863, bringing with him for the first time the charming Princess whose beauty all Paris delighted in admiring. Since then she has several times again honoured France with her presence, and towards her now, in her mourning, the respectful sympathy of all is directed. The Royal pair took up their quarters in the Palace at Compiègne. Entertainments were given in their honour, during which the Prince of Wales nearly became the victim of a hunting accident. On their return from a trip in the East, in 1865, the Prince and Princess again passed through Paris. But it was not until during the first few years after the war that the Prince of Wales formed the habit of coming, almost regularly, to Paris for the purpose of making there a more or less lengthy stay.

From the year 1872 scarcely a year passed without the Prince of Wales staying in Paris for some time, sometimes in the spring, sometimes in the autumn, whether he was undertaking a Continental trip, or going to Biarritz, which had then become one of his favourite resorts, and in which the last weeks of his life were spent. During these stays he always kept up his incognito, from a diplomatic point of view, usually assuming the title of the Duke of Lancaster.

In 1878, however, he undertook the functions of President of the British Executive Commission of the Paris Exhibition, and on that occasion was officially



received by Marshal de MacMahon. But, with the exception of that occasion, and until his second visit in 1903, to which I shall refer again, he never permitted himself to be received with the honour due to his rank. There were no receptions got up in his honour, no reviews or gala performances; possibly a private visit to the Chief of the State, that was all.

It was precisely that liberty enjoyed by the Prince of Wales in Paris that attached him to the place. While he knew better than any one the rules of etiquette and how to conform to them and even enforce their observance when it was necessary, or when he thought right, nevertheless they were little to his taste. They harmonised ill with his simple habits and lively disposition. He disliked constraint, and, without encouraging in his entourage a familiarity unsuitable in them and which, had the need arisen, he would have known how to repress, yet he liked them to feel at their ease in his company, gracefully combining a certain hauteur of manner with courtesy towards women and geniality with men. The Prince in him was never entirely to be forgotten, though all the while one was aware of the good fellowship.

This life of a private citizen that he led in Paris during his frequent stays there allowed him to choose his friends as he liked, to cultivate them, to become intimate in certain sets, and even to form a set of his own. As was natural, it was in the society of the Imperial Court that he had formed his first friendships in the French world; but, that world having been partially destroyed by the disappearance of the old régime, the circle of his Paris acquaintances had become widened. It would hardly be permissible to

name the men and women whom he admitted—in no great numbers—to the honour of his intimate acquaintance, and with whom he mixed regularly on each of his visits. They were men, for the most part, belonging to the old French aristocracy, and, consequently, little in sympathy with the new régime France had adopted; they were linked by tradition to former modes of government, yet they had open minds, grasped the needs of the present, and were without narrowness or prejudices: they were women who by their grace and elegance were worthy in his presence to revive the best traditions of the old French Society. To this little group, which he enlarged and rejuvenated little by little in the course of years, the Prince of Wales remained ever faithful. Those who had the honour of belonging to it are unanimous in affirming that he was the surest, most attentive, most obliging of friends, incapable of a bad action, of forgetfulness or neglect. The friendships formed by him in his youth were kept up until the end, and no one of the men or women he had distinguished had ever to complain of the caprices of his favour or of unjust treatment.

But the Prince of Wales did not confine himself exclusively to this social circle when he came to Paris. He had too large a mind not to interest himself in all the manifestations of intellectual life which in Paris is more intense than in any other capital. He liked having men of letters, authors and artists presented to him. One of our greatest painters was also one of his intimates. While holding aloof from the official world, towards which he felt no attraction, he was



nevertheless interested in rising people whom he foresaw to be destined to play an important part in the political life of our country. It was thus that he felt the wish to make Gambetta's acquaintance.

It was at the time when Gambetta, as President of the Chamber, was wielding a dictatorship—brilliant, though occult—without bearing any of the responsibilities of power. The Prince of Wales, being incognito in Paris, was not called upon to exchange visits of ceremony either with the President of the Chamber or the President of the Senate. A luncheon was therefore arranged. The story of that lunch has been told by him who initiated it. At first it was rather chilly. The Prince of Wales seemed to be unfavourably impressed by Gambetta's costume; he was, in fact, wearing an ill-fitting frock coat, with a little black tie—tied crooked—and boots with varnished toes. It was obvious that the Prince thought the Tribune vulgar. Gambetta, on the other hand, appeared awkward, and even the host felt half inclined to regret having got up the party. With the introduction of coffee and cigars, however, things began to improve. Gradually Gambetta became more at his ease and showed himself—what he really was—a marvellous talker, witty and brilliant. Little by little the conversation, which had been general, became a *tête-à-tête*, the few persons present falling back discreetly. At six o'clock that evening the two were still talking: the Tribune had charmed the Prince and the Prince had fascinated the Tribune.

A few years later the Prince of Wales had another strong desire—to make the acquaintance of General Boulanger. While the unfortunate General was spend-

ing a few months in England at the time his lawsuit was being fought before the High Court, a so-called fortuitous meeting was arranged on a race-course behind the grand stand. It only lasted ten minutes. Boulanger tried his utmost to be sparkling and agreeable, but did not succeed, and his efforts were fruitless.

It required all the Prince of Wales's tact to hold the balance between his occasional relations with the official sets, imposed upon him by his position, and his much more frequent intercourse with Opposition circles; and within these, again, it was no light task to hold the scales between the faithful adherents of the two dynasties which formerly reigned over France, and between the representatives of the dynasties themselves. But at this he shone. He was never guilty of the slightest slip in his behaviour towards the Government; he was never taxed with the utterance of one compromising word. It was only his intimate friends who knew that he preferred M. Loubet, who had charmed him by his simple geniality, to M. Félix Faure, who rather irritated him by his pompous manners and assumption of semi-royal bearing. Similarly, when the constitutional question in France was still a subject of the fiercest contention, there was no means of telling which side held his sympathies nor towards which dynasty he inclined. The most faithful servants and the most exacting friends of the Bonapartes or the Orleanses were equally indebted to him for the attitude he assumed towards the Princes representing both these dynasties. It was just in such ways that he knew how to make use of his rare quality of fidelity.



The Empress and the Prince Imperial after Sedan, and the Emperor Napoleon on his return from captivity, had, in England, accepted the hospitality that that great nation delights ever in offering to exiled Sovereigns. From the English Royal Family the welcome was particularly cordial, and the friendliest terms were kept up. The recollection of Napoleon III's loyalty to the alliance with Britain assuredly counted for much, and the graciousness of the Prince Imperial did the rest. His youth and personal charm conquered English society. His popularity reached its zenith when he joined the British army and went to Zululand. His tragic end plunged the nation into mourning, of which the Prince and Princess of Wales solemnly constituted themselves the interpreters. When the body of the ill-fated Prince was brought back from the Cape the Prince of Wales desired to be one of the pall-bearers at the funeral ceremony celebrated at Chislehurst. The Princess sent a crown of violets, with this inscription in her own handwriting: "In affectionate and sorrowful remembrance of him who lived a spotless life and died the death of a soldier fighting for our cause."

The Prince of Wales encouraged the movement to raise a monument to the Prince Imperial in Westminster Abbey—a movement that came into being immediately after his tragic death. The scheme met with great opposition and fell through, but he did not abandon the feeling that had inspired it. Four years later, in 1883, he made a speech at Woolwich at the unveiling of a monument raised by public subscription to which officers, soldiers, sailors and volunteers had all contributed. This speech gave him the opportunity

of holding up the life and death of the Prince Imperial as an example to the young Englishmen about to enter the Military Academy. Those who were still devoted to the memory of the Prince Imperial—and they were many—never forgot this public tribute to his memory.

Four years later the vicissitudes of French politics again brought to England the representatives of another dynasty. The childhood and youth of the Comte de Paris had been spent in the neighbourhood of London. His acquaintance, therefore, with the Prince of Wales was of old standing, and he had always been fortunate in the kindness shown him by the Heir to the British Crown. The latter, on his part, held the Comte de Paris in great esteem and felt for him a real friendship. He knew how much the Comte de Paris loved and admired England, and was grateful for this feeling. After his return to France in 1871 the Comte de Paris had taken up his residence at the Château d'Eu, and rarely went to Paris during the Prince of Wales's frequent, though short, stays there. They had therefore necessarily fallen rather apart. An incident brought them together again.

At the end of October 1885, at the Château d'Eu, was celebrated the marriage of Prince Waldemar, third son of Christian VII, King of Denmark, with Princess Marie of Orleans, eldest daughter of the Duc de Chartres, who has lately been removed by an early death, regretted by all in the country of his birth and in the land of his adoption. The Princess's future spouse was brother-in-law to the Tsar Alexander III and to the Prince of Wales. The Tsar was represented by the Grand Duke Alexis. The Prince of Wales determined to come in person, accompanied by





*Photo]*

*[W. & D. Downey.*

KING EDWARD ABOUT 1885.





the Princess of Wales and two of his daughters. With the three Princesses he spent several days under the Comte de Paris' roof, and appeared much to enjoy the lavish hospitality where intimacy reigned, yet where, at certain times, etiquette resumed its sway. I speak of what I know, for the Comte de Paris had chosen me from among the members of his entourage to perform, in a manner of speaking, the office of Master of the Ceremonies. It was a position most unsuited to me, and I should never have extricated myself from the difficulties of questions of precedence had not the Comte de Paris, who knew Court etiquette quite as well as the Prince of Wales, constantly come to my assistance.

At that time we spent some happy days at Eu. It was but a few weeks after the elections at the beginning of October, and these, under the skilful management of the Comte de Paris, had resulted in the return to the Chamber of two hundred opposition Deputies. This marriage, which caused his niece to become related to two great European dynasties, attracted the attention of all France to him. The question of brilliant marriages for his own daughters, the Princesses, began now to be discussed. It looked as if the Monarchy was being favoured by a fair wind. On the day of the marriage all the Princes who had been present at the ceremony met together at a sumptuous wedding-breakfast in the great gallery of the Château. When the toasts came on, the Prince of Wales rose, with his glass uplifted, and said in accents of emotion: "I drink to the health of our host and all the illustrious Princes of his House." It was brief, and, from a constitutional point of view, perfectly

correct. But from the vibrating tones in which these words were spoken, and from the passion in the voice, we all felt that this allusion to the glorious past of the French House was not without significance in his mouth, and that he was not very far from sharing in the hopes which were then causing our hearts to beat high.

When, in the June of the following year, that is to say in 1886, the Comte de Paris was exiled and again came to seek an asylum in England, he found there the courteous hospitality that country offers—as we have recently had another proof—to all those in banishment. The Prince of Wales welcomed his aforetime host with deference and cordiality. He set his heart on showing him at Sandringham the same hospitality that he had himself received at Eu. The Comte and Comtesse de Paris stayed there several days with their daughters, the three young Princesses, and every one in England knows the motherly affection that Queen Alexandra has always felt towards one of these Princesses in particular. When, in 1887, the Jubilee of Queen Victoria attracted to London representatives of every European dynasty, the Prince of Wales was anxious for the Comte de Paris to be present at a dinner—which was both official and private at the same time—at which he assembled at Marlborough House all the foreign Princes. But without success. The simultaneous presence at the same table of the head of the Royal House of France, of him who was destined one day to be the Emperor William, and of the direct representatives of several reigning sovereigns raised delicate questions of etiquette and precedence. We never knew exactly how these had been



settled, but the Comte de Paris's smile, upon being indiscreetly questioned, might have been taken as an intimation that he had had no cause to complain of the rank assigned to him.

Relations between the Prince of Wales and the Comte de Paris remained as cordial and affectionate up till the Comte's death. At his funeral the English Royal Family was represented by the present King, who had previously represented it in Lisbon at the marriage of Princess Amélie with the Duke of Braganza, and the Prince of Wales went a few days later to pay a personal visit to the Comtesse de Paris at Stowe.

It was by this unfailing observance of due respect and attention, and, when circumstances required it, of tokens of sympathy and affection, that the Prince of Wales was able to keep up relations so diversified, without ever wounding or alienating any one, while attracting to himself the devotion of all.

The kind of life led by the Prince of Wales in Paris allowed—though sometimes less completely than he would have wished—him the satisfaction of two tastes equally strong, though very different—his taste for the theatre and for racing.

The Prince of Wales was passionately fond of theatres. The variety of our theatrical performances was assuredly one of the greatest charms that he experienced in Paris. No first-night was given during his stay at which he was not present; there was never a popular piece to which he did not go as soon as he arrived, sometimes, indeed, a box being reserved for him several days before his arrival. He had a

predilection for the *Comédie Française*, and rarely failed to spend an evening there whenever he passed through Paris. His presence, always noticed by the actors, seemed to excite them to do their best and endowed their acting with more life and pathos. "When he is in the house every one is talented," said Coquelin. He led the applause, and, when the performance was over, he never failed to go to the foyer, under the guidance of my colleague, M. Claretie, to offer his congratulations to the actors and actresses. He loved to smoke a cigar and drink a glass of beer in the Director's private room. But if he appreciated at its true value the fine, delicate, refined acting of the company of the *Comédie Française*, which, as a company, has not its equal in all Europe, he also found pleasure in performances of a less lofty character. He was a hearty spectator of farces, even when they were rather pointed. The Prince of Wales enjoyed laughing, even at his own expense, and it was said that he never took exception to the boisterous fun at the *Chât Noir*, where for some moments he played a somewhat laughable part. Possibly he had allowed himself to be invested with it.

He was less at his ease when he desired to follow his taste for racing. In England he was the owner of a large stable. His colours had often appeared successfully on great courses—at Ascot and Epsom. He had won the Derby three times. Doubtless the owner of *Persimmon* and *Diamond Jubilee* would have liked to bring forward on a French racecourse one of those "cracks" that had won so much fame for his stable to take its chance in the *Grand Prix* of Paris. But as the principal races in France take place on Sunday,



British Puritanism forbade such a thing. He could not even attend. His presence at one of the great Longchamp meetings had been announced beforehand in the papers, and feeling in England ran so high that he received a formal prohibition from Queen Victoria forbidding him to appear there. He submitted as a respectful son.

The Société d'Encouragement, to which, as a member of the Jockey Club, he belonged, had the opportunity of offering compensation to him, however, and he seized it eagerly. At the time of his famous visit to Paris, in 1903, when he had become Edward VII, a day's racing was organised in his honour on Saturday, the 2nd of May. Every prize offered by the Society bore the name of a horse which had belonged to the King. Of these four prizes one was won by a mare, a daughter of Persimmon, and another by a horse named John Bull, to the great delight of the English who were there.

By dint of being associated so frequently with the incidents and amusements of Parisian life, the Prince of Wales had come gradually to form a part of "Tout Paris." He had become a well-known figure. The crowd smiled on him. It was grateful to him for loving Paris, and it lost no opportunity of demonstrating its gratitude. But among his associates there were very few who ascribed this love of Paris to any other feeling than that of a very pronounced taste for pleasure. Paris was reputed as one of the spots in Europe where one can get the greatest amount of amusement, just as Biarritz was thought to be one of the pleasantest seaside places to go to in winter ; so most people ascribed his repeated stays at these places

to his pursuit of personal pleasure. People saw in them no political meaning. Even those who placed him highest in their estimation were convinced that he would doubtless some day make an excellent Constitutional Sovereign, representing the British Monarchy with dignity, opening Parliaments, holding Court levées graciously, making speeches in well-selected words at the unveiling of public monuments; in a word, acquitting himself conscientiously of his trade as King; but the most sagacious suspected in him nothing beyond these professional qualities. They looked upon him as an amiable man who would make an excellent Sovereign. The worth of the man was hidden from them by the somewhat careless seeming that had clung to him, spite of years. Even among his most intimate friends no one had discovered Edward VII in the Prince of Wales.

When, on January 22, 1901, Edward VII succeeded Queen Victoria, England found herself, as regards foreign affairs, in a difficult position. It was the period of "Splendid Isolation" of which the Marquis of Salisbury was so proud. But since the Transvaal War the isolation in Europe had become malevolence. Particularly with France relations had been strained since Fashoda. This is not the place to inquire which side was in the wrong in that deplorable incident. Even admitting that on the part of France there had been some imprudence in having neglected sufficiently to take note of the formal warning given by Sir Edward Grey some years previously to the effect that any activity in the Nile Valley would be considered by Great Britain as an "unfriendly act," and that our



diplomacy had exaggerated the significance of the explanations and assurances given by Lord Kimberley, the chief of the Foreign Office, to our Ambassador in London, M. de Courcel, still the fact remains that England had acted with unnecessary harshness in demanding the evacuation of Fashoda previous to any negotiation and compensation. This unfriendly procedure had been keenly felt in France, and the wound was bleeding still for a people in so much the more sensitive and susceptible in proportion as it had been unfortunate. Many Frenchmen who had not even heard the name "Fashoda" until the day when Colonel Marchand had planted our flag there, when the daring explorer was compelled to retire, believed in good faith that England had robbed us of an ancient possession. After the first reverse sustained by the English in their war against the Boers popular fury had free rein, and the loud demonstrations of sympathy shown to President Kruger were, so to speak, the aftermath of the ovations that had greeted Colonel Marchand on his return. The personal popularity enjoyed by the Prince of Wales in Paris was affected. One evening, when he had gone, as was his custom, to the Théâtre Français, there was some whistling in the square as he came out. "It is Gavroche," said he to my colleague, M. Claretie, who was seeing him into his carriage; but he was more sensitive than he had allowed to appear to this hostile demonstration.

When Edward VII mounted the Throne he was conscious of this position, and he resolved to end it. Despite his respect for his duty as a Constitutional King, he had not been educated in vain in the school

of his mother, Queen Victoria, who never ceased to take an interest in England's foreign policy. He set himself to break up by his personal action the hostile clique by which he felt that his country was hemmed in, and he determined to commence with France.

This resolve was entirely his own act ; it did not fail to be fiercely opposed by some of his ministers, who doubtless did not hesitate to remind him of the sorry reception accorded in Paris to King Alfonso XII, on his return, be it said, from Strasburg. However, Edward VII persisted in his project, the accomplishment of which was skilfully prepared.

To commence with France, and to go from London straight to Paris would have seemed, perhaps, rather sudden. His intended visit should rather mark the end of a round trip, during which he should visit first Lisbon, then Gibraltar, then Rome. Public opinion was adroitly prepared by the Republican Press, which was always flattered by the presence of a king in Paris. The Opposition was favourably inclined by the visit paid by Edward VII to Leo XIII in great state during his stay in Rome. They saw in the act of homage paid by a Protestant sovereign to the head of Catholicism a contrast to the discourteous behaviour of the French Government, and they were grateful to him. The ground had been well prepared ; nevertheless, it was full of pitfalls, and among the adherents of the régime and, I dare swear, among the members of the Government themselves, as well as among those who are jealous for the good fame of French courtesy, there was none who did not observe without apprehension the dawn of April 13, 1903, the day on which Edward VII was to make his entry into Paris.



I had the good fortune to be present at that entry, which I watched from the windows of one of the hotels on the Place de la Concorde. Methinks I see again, turning the corner of the Avenue des Champs-Élysées, the open carriage in which Edward VII was seated beside M. Loubet. He was dressed in a scarlet uniform, the brilliancy of which threw into relief his beard, still fair, though commencing to turn grey. He seemed rather pale. The crowd was not very dense; his reception was polite, but somewhat cold. All hats were doffed, but there were no acclamations. The King turned now to the right, now to the left, returning the salutes in an almost exaggerated manner, smiling whenever he was cheered. One divined his carefulness to neglect nothing, to reply to all. At the window where I was we were glad to watch the procession pass into the Rue Royale; we were relieved, but not quite satisfied.

The same day Edward VII received the British Chamber of Commerce. To them he addressed the first words uttered by him upon French soil. They were singularly happy ones. He did not fear to allude to the difficulties that had arisen between the two countries. "The days of enmity," said he, "are, I am firmly convinced, happily over, and I hope that in the future historians, when they study Anglo-French relations during the century in which we live, will be unable to find anything but a friendly spirit of emulation in the commercial and industrial worlds. There may have been misunderstandings and causes of difference in the past, but all that is, I know, fortunately done with and forgotten. The friendship

of the two countries is the subject of my unceasing thought, and I rely on your Chamber and on you all who are enjoying French hospitality in this magnificent city to help me to attain this end."

These flattering words, among which already there stood out the word "friendship," were repeated that same evening by the thousand voices of the Press; for around the kiosks the papers were being scrambled for. Their success was great, and assuredly contributed much to the warm reception accorded to Edward VII, on the very evening of his arrival, at the Théâtre-Français. The whole audience rose and cheered him. He appeared deeply moved, and, if any remembrance of the unfortunate evening when he had heard in the Square some hooting crossed his mind for a moment, he had a right now to experience a thrill of pride within him, for this change in his welcome was entirely his own work.

The next day there were a review at Vincennes and a reception at the Hôtel de Ville. To reach Vincennes Edward VII had to cross crowded districts. As he passed the cheering was much stronger and warmer than it had been the day before in the Champs-Élysées. Already the people of Paris were half won. The scrupulous manner in which he gave a military salute to every flag during the passage of the procession was particularly noticed. At the Hôtel de Ville he spoke only a few words, but they were full of kindness. "I shall not forget my visit to your charming city," he said, "and I can assure you that I return each time with the greatest pleasure to your capital, where I am treated exactly as I am at home." But the decisive words had been reserved by him for



the toast at the dinner in the Elysée. "I am glad," he said, in reply to M. Loubet, "of this occasion, which will strengthen the bonds of friendship and contribute to the rapprochement of our two countries in their common interest. Our great desire is that we may march together in the path of civilisation and peace."

This word "friendship," uttered for the second time, and on a solemn occasion, bore a meaning that it was impossible to mistake. The Parisian crowd, so quick to understand, had already grasped the fact that this royal visit was not an act of meaningless courtesy which would bear no fruit. Rapidly men had seized its whole significance. And the throngs became joyful. The gaiety in the streets recalled the visit of the Tsar. The amusements of the people added to the brilliancy of the illuminations. As on the day of the National Fête, dancing took place that evening in the streets to the strains of improvised orchestras. Paris was decidedly and entirely conquered.

There are in France certain prejudices which have been translated into formulæ repeated confidently by successive generations and transmitted from one to the other, their meaning being imperfectly appreciated. "Perfide Albion" is one of these formulæ. After the visit of King Edward—returned in the following July by that of President Loubet—there were not wanting those who said that this rapprochement of England with France concealed a trap; that England had wished to ensure our support in case of a quarrel with Germany into which she would drag us against our will; that we had nothing to gain from this entente; that, as we were quite resolved not to seek a conflict with Germany, it was not apparent what

interest we could have in this rapprochement. Events were destined to demonstrate what their use consisted of, for us also, sooner than might be expected.

The year 1904 opened with an Agreement concluded in London, April 8, between France and England, on the subject of Morocco. By this "protocole de désintéressement," as it was so well named by M. Tardieu in his remarkable work on the Algeciras Conference, "England, in exchange for concessions in Egypt, left us a free hand in Morocco, on condition that we maintained, from an economic standpoint, the 'open door.' In fact she withdrew politically and commercially from a region in which she recognised that our interests were predominant; and there was an important gain, to start with. But soon events were to develop which all but threw us into conflict with Germany: the sudden landing of the Emperor William in Tangier; the resignation—one might almost say the dismissal—of M. Delcassé under the pressure of Germany; finally, the assembly, forced upon France, of a Conference at Algeciras at which were to be argued questions of interest and national honour, of vital importance to her. And it must not be forgotten that this same period had been marked by the crushing of the military and naval power of Russia. Algeciras had been preceded by Mukden. Had not England thrown her weight into the scales, Germany and Austria would have destroyed the entire equilibrium between the balances of European Powers."

Those who desire to know how England behaved during the whole time that the Conference lasted should refer to the work of M. Tardieu. They will see there the proofs of loyalty and straight dealing



given by the "perfidious Albion." "Edward VII was no stranger to this conduct. 'Tell us,' he said to our Ambassador, M. Paul Cambon, 'what you wish for on each point; we will be beside you, without restriction or reserve.' The presence in Algiers of Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, the usual *Missus dominicus* of Edward VII," said M. Tardieu, "will define the sense of the Royal will for Sir Arthur Nicholson (the official representative of Great Britain)." And M. Tardieu adds: "We owe much to the sympathy of this realistic, wise and clever Sovereign, who had, on mounting the Throne, the valuable ripeness of long experience, and who, since his accession, served alike British interests and the cause of general peace."

It is not too much to say that to Edward VII is partly due the comparatively happy termination of the Algiers Conference. The support of Russia, reduced to impotence from a military point of view, would not have sufficed to outweigh Germany's ill-will. From that day the beneficence of the "Entente Cordiale," to use an old expression current under the July Government, has not been disputed by any one.

The beneficial influence of Edward VII from the standpoint of the restoration and preservation of the balance of power in Europe made itself felt less directly, but still favourably, to France, when he contributed by his personal act to an Agreement between England and Russia.

The conclusion of that Agreement was the realisation of a scheme long planned by him. Those who remember the Parliamentary debates will not have forgotten certain speeches uttered—though long ago

—by the Marquis de Breteuil,<sup>1</sup> at the time of the discussion of the budget on foreign affairs. It was when the Russian Alliance was yet young. In that speech, which aroused great attention and was uttered with great graciousness, the Marquis de Breteuil drew attention to the fact that this Alliance, which had just materialised, was not sufficient to re-establish the European equilibrium; that it was necessary that England should join; and he sketched out an Agreement between these two Great Powers, the one maritime, the other Continental, but Asiatic both, on defined lines, between which France should act as a hyphen. He met the Triple Alliance by a Triple Entente.

This speech made some stir and caused some astonishment. The old diplomatists, who believed that the rivalry between England and Russia was, so to speak, classical, shook their heads and smiled at the idea of an agreement being possible between the whale and the elephant. They called the young Deputy's dream chimerical. They did not know that the speech of this young Deputy was but the echo of his conversations with the Prince of Wales. When, the year before, the Marquis de Breteuil had gone to Russia, bearing a letter of introduction from the Prince of Wales to his sister-in-law, the Tsaritsa, Consort of Alexander III, whom he held in high esteem, she had said to him: "There are only, at bottom, between England and Russia misunderstandings which it would be easy to clear up." And when the Marquis de Breteuil returned from his journey he resumed and worked out with the Prince

<sup>1</sup> The host of the Prince of Wales in 1912.



of Wales this thesis in several conversations which inspired the orator in his speech.

After the happy conclusion of his French journey, Edward VII undertook the realisation of a scheme which he had evidently conceived a long time back. Accompanied by Queen Alexandra, he paid a visit to the Tsar Nicholas at Reval, in June 1908. It would be quite foreign to our subject to specify the terms of a rapprochement by which England and Russia put an end to their competition on the Indian frontiers and drew up the terms of an arrangement regarding Persia. Although these Agreements only bear upon Asiatic questions, yet a possible cause of conflict between two Great European Powers has been thereby eliminated. The reconciliation with Russia following upon the declared friendship with France completed Edward VII's work. The Triple Alliance was opposed by the Triple Entente. The balance of power was restored, not only in Europe, but throughout the world.

How long shall this work last, the continuity of which appears for the moment ensured by the accession of a young Sovereign steeped in the wise traditions of his father? Even if it were destined to last but as long as is usual for man's handiwork, that is to say for a few years, it would none the less have been beneficial, by putting off the terrible struggle, the prospect of which, since the events of 1870, has been weighing on the destinies of Europe. Who can tell whether the mere fact that this struggle would extend to-day to the whole of Europe will not contribute to postpone it indefinitely and to bring about some friendly arrangement which shall put an end to the madness

of armaments? In any case, Edward VII has well deserved the homage accorded to him by a grateful England when she named him "The Peacemaker;" and France has every reason to associate herself in this homage, for she has partly owed to this friendly sovereign, during these latter years, that blessing with which, for lack of a nobler and stronger dream, her children have learnt to be contented—peace with honour.

COMTE D'HAUSSONVILLE

(de l'Académie Française).



## CHAPTER VII

### THE HOME-RULERS OF MARLBOROUGH HOUSE

IN the spring of 1889 a surprising piece of news reached me. I was assured that the Prince and Princess of Wales were of opinion that Home Rule, in some form or other, must be given to Ireland. "You can take it as correct," said my friend,<sup>1</sup> "that the Prince and Princess of Wales would willingly occupy the Vice-Regal throne." And I was asked if I thought this proposition would solve the problem—

1. A local Parliament, without representation at Westminster, with a power of veto reserved to the Imperial Legislature ;
2. The Prince and Princess of Wales as the nominal rulers of Ireland, endowed with similar powers to those enjoyed by the Queen ; and
3. Mr. Parnell as President of the Irish Parliament.

I felt fairly certain that the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Dublin Castle, as the nominal heads of Ireland, would go a very great way towards smoothing the difficulties of the situation—perhaps even reducing them to a minimum. When, in the natural course of events, the Heir-Apparent and his Consort were called upon to assume the higher rôles of King and Queen, the then Prince of Wales

<sup>1</sup> My informant was my old friend, Edward Walford, M.A. (well known as a contributor to the "Times"), who assured me that Mrs. Gladstone had given him the news.

would replace his illustrious father at Dublin Castle, with every prospect of a continuance of that peace and happiness for Ireland which would have been initiated under the rule of his parents, supplemented by an Irish Parliament and an Irish President.

This idea of placing the Prince of Wales on the Viceregal throne of Ireland was not a new one; it was originally mooted, although not publicly, in 1875, and occupied the attention of the Government for a lengthened period; in fact, the subject was constantly discussed between 1875 and 1878.<sup>1</sup> The idea originated with that well-remembered Irish Parliamentarian, Mr. Isaac Butt, whose scheme was—

1. A local Parliament in Dublin, with the right of veto reserved to the Imperial Parliament.

2. The Irish members to come to London for three months to vote in the Imperial Legislature on foreign and colonial questions, the army and navy, and matters affecting Imperial interests.

3. The Prince of Wales to be Viceroy with an allowance of £100,000 a year (the Lord Lieutenant receives £20,000 and "Supplements").

The whole question was thoroughly thought out and brought before Mr. Disraeli, who was, I believe, in favour of some such plan as that proposed. The adoption of the proposal would have removed the Viceroyship from the pale of party politics—no slight benefit. The Prince and Princess of Wales would have had as residences the Viceregal Lodge and the Castle, besides a country-place, either Powerscourt

<sup>1</sup> In 1872 Mr. Gladstone suggested to the Queen that some of the duties of the Lord Lieutenant might be delegated to the Prince, and a Royal residence purchased. Lord Hartington (Irish Secretary) favoured the proposal, but the Queen was unconvinced.—"Dictionary of National Biography" (1912).



or "Tom Connolly's Castle," both within easy reach of Dublin, or the celebrated Martin property in Connemara, known as "the Joyce country," famed for its avenue of wondrous length.

The persons responsible for bringing Mr. Butt's idea to the notice of the Queen and the Royal Family were Lord and Lady Francis Conyngham and Lady Jane Churchill, and it was very favourably regarded at Court, not the less so, perhaps, because Mr. Disraeli countenanced it. There is little doubt that Mr. Butt's plan would have been adopted but for the opposition of the Gladstonian economists of the period, who, unable to see beyond their noses, condemned as grossly extravagant a proposal which might have spared both England and Ireland the tragic troubles of many years. Of course, Queen Victoria and "the Prince" could only have yielded to the greatest possible pressure, but it is a fact that they viewed the proposal most favourably.

"The Quarterly Review" (and I can quote no higher or sounder authority) wrote (April 1889)—

The Prince of Wales has very wisely done all that is within his power to avoid the Irish Question, but sometimes it has been forced upon him in various shapes. It was so, and in a very unpleasant manner, during his visit to Canada, when he was only nineteen years of age. The Orangemen were then the main cause of all the trouble. . . . His Royal Highness, as we have said, has kept aloof from the deep and dark abysses of the Irish problem, but he has occasionally let fall some wise words on the subject, which might guide the long controversy to a satisfactory issue, if the spirit which animates them, happily, became general. In presiding at the dinner of the Benevolent Society of St. Patrick, in 1868, he expressed his strong conviction that "the people of Ireland generally are thoroughly true and loyal," and that the disaffection which exists "has not been engrafted on the minds of any portion of the Irish

people by the Irish people themselves." . . . On a later visit in 1871 His Royal Highness made a cautious, but distinct, allusion to another great source of bitterness, especially in the past. "I am assured," he said, "that if the many gentlemen and landlords who very often find some difficulty in leaving England, but who have large interests and large estates in this country, would contrive to come over here more frequently, it would do more good than anything else I could imagine." Perhaps, if a Prince of Wales had talked in this strain long ago we might not now have an Irish Question on our hands, or, at least, we may fairly say that it would not have reached its present acute stage.

It is evident that the proposal made by Mr. Butt, and laid before Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales by Lord and Lady Francis Conyngham and Lady Jane Churchill<sup>1</sup> [one of the Queen's most intimate friends] had also infected the mind of the writer in "The Quarterly Review."

I wrote at the time—

Long ere the Irish people clamoured for Home Rule they demanded the presence in Ireland of one of the Princes of the blood in permanence. "A Royal Residence" was the cry raised regularly every session, and I heard numerous debates on the subject—debates in which the Irish members advocated their panacea for the very mild dissatisfaction which then prevailed amid the laughter and contemptuous sallies of the English, Scotch, and Welsh representatives. Successive Governments were alike in their treatment of this initial phase of the Irish Question: they ridiculed the idea. I mention this to show that, no matter which party was in office, the legitimate and natural demand to be ruled over by a Prince of the Reigning House has always been treated disdainfully and contemptuously, with the result that one-half of Ireland is in a chronic state of revolt. . . . When considering whether the Prince of Wales shall or shall not go to Ireland, we must remember how long the Sister Island has lain in the cold shade of neglect, and be prepared to make some sacrifices as a tardy act of justice to poor Erin. Looking at the whole question broadly, there seems every reason why the Prince of Wales should become Viceroy of Ireland,

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<sup>1</sup> Mother of the present Viscount Churchill.



and no tangible reason why he should not. There was a time when, in the interests of the country, both the Prince and Princess of Wales were quite ready to fulfil the Viceregal duties.

In 1889 the question was a burning one. Why? Because when "the Home-Rulers of Marlborough House" were ready to step into the breach they were prevented from doing so.

In May 1889 it became known that the Marquis of Londonderry intended to resign the Lord-Lieutenancy. In a speech which he made when dining with the College of Physicians in Dublin he left no doubt as to his intentions.

Lord Londonderry (wrote to me one of the best-known Irishmen<sup>1</sup>) turns his back on the Lodge and the Castle in July or August next, and the question arises, Who is to succeed him? Or will there be a successor at all? . . . It is said, on what seems good authority, that already half-a-dozen of the *dii majorum gentium* have declined an honour which the present tenant only accepted to help his government and party, at a considerable sacrifice of private interests. This apparent impasse suggests a far more excellent way to solve the difficulty—

A Royal Prince,  
A Royal Residence, and  
A real Court,

that would be acknowledged at other Continental Courts, which the Dublin Viceregal Court is not.

The hour and the man seem to be in happy combination. The Prince of Wales appears to be the only possible Prince. He is no stranger to Ireland, and both he and his Princess have been ever welcomed most cordially in Ireland, even in her darkest days of gloom. . . . Nor would this be a new departure. The Plantagenet Princes were constantly domiciled in Ireland, where, as at Trim, the ruins of their castles preach a sermon in stone. Milton declaimed against cloistered virtue. Cloistered Royalty is, to say the least of

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<sup>1</sup> The late Mr. O'Connor Morris ("Triviata"), who knew all the "best people" in Ireland.

it, a misfortune, and in Ireland this reality of Royalty would draw forth a corresponding reality of loyalty, for her Majesty has no more loyal subjects *au fond* than the Irish. But, alas! for the majority of them, Royalty has been an absolute abstraction. . . . Of course money must be spent, and the income of the Viceroyalty doubled or trebled, for mean majesty would not be understood in Ireland. But in this case "*le jeu vaut la chandelle*," and a Prince en permanence might, even at the eleventh hour, make a wonderful revolution in the attitude of the distressful and discontented country to Eastern Britain, to whom the princely link would bind her more closely than ever. To the official duties of the Lord-Lieutenancy H.R.H. would bring a tact and *savoir vivre* which have been conspicuous in a larger field, as well as a command of the minutiae of functional arrangements that is supposed to be an hereditary gift. He would maintain in Ireland, as he has in England, the strictest independence of, or freedom from, party influences; while the graciousness of the Princess of Wales might thaw even irreconcilable ice. That part of the appanage of the Court can easily be moved across the Channel is proved by the fact that a battalion of Guards is now quartered permanently in Dublin, and many of the officers delight in Ireland, for most of the Foot Guards are "horsey." Oh! how Grafton Street, the Bond Street of Dublin, would rejoice, from Mrs. Manning, the queen of costume, to Forrest's emporium of fashion! With the Princess of Wales as Vice-Queen, Ireland would no longer pose as the Niobe of Nations, but might again be styled the—

First flower of the Earth—first gem of the Sea!

That the Prince of Wales, or at least one of the Royal Princes, would go to Dublin as Viceroy of Ireland was, in 1889, almost a certainty, for the leaders of the London Press strongly advocated the idea first mooted by me, and the First Lord of the Treasury solemnly stated that "*the Government would give their most careful consideration to the matter.*"

I may, perhaps, be pardoned for referring to my efforts to improve the relations of England and Ireland. The "Times," "Standard," and "Morning Post" favoured my proposal to place the Prince of



Wales at the head of social affairs in the sister island. The Parnellite-Separatist paper, the "Freeman's Journal," supported my suggestion, while the influential "Belfast News-Letter," at quite the other pole, was equally ardent for giving the plan a trial. The only papers of any account which opposed the proposal were the "Pall Mall Gazette" and the "Star," which then ran a neck-and-neck race for the favour of the Parnellites and Republicans; and the "Daily News."

It may amuse the reader if I thus formulate the supporters and the opponents of the proposition I made :

FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES AS  
VICEROY.

*Times.*  
*Standard.*  
*Morning Post.*  
*Freeman's Journal.*  
*Belfast News-Letter.*  
etc., etc., etc.

AGAINST.

*Pall Mall Gazette.*  
*Star.*  
*Daily News.*  
*Evening News !*  
*Evening Post ! !*  
*Land and Water ! ! !*

After perusing this list I think most people agreed with me that "The ayes had it." It must be admitted that the great majority of papers, startled, I suppose, by the audacity of the proposal to send the Prince of Wales to Ireland, and unable to form any opinion of their own on the subject, refrained from committing themselves by endorsing my views.

The "Star," which, like the "Daily News," was bitterly hostile to the proposal, said it was generally agreed in the Lobby that the Government would try their hand at a scheme. Mr. O'Connor's organ was altogether beside the mark in stating that "the general opinion was that, the Prince of Wales

*having been sounded and having declined*, young Prince Albert Victor might be the subject of an experiment in petty king-making," on an allowance of £30,000 a year.

I repeat that the Prince and Princess of Wales from the first liked the notion of going to Ireland, and that the Queen also approved of the idea that the Heir-Apparent should assume the duties of Viceroy. Lord Salisbury was well aware that he had only to ask the Prince of Wales to get an emphatic answer in the affirmative.

I should not have ventured to write so strongly on the subject had I not known that one of their Royal Highnesses had informed Mrs. Gladstone that "they would be glad to do the utmost in their power to improve the relations of England and Ireland by assuming the duties of the Viceroyalty."

The London correspondent of the "Leeds Mercury" (one of the most influential of the provincial dailies) wrote—

The Queen has been consulted as to the suggested changes in the Irish Viceroyalty, and she is friendly to a change of the existing system. So also is the Prince of Wales. Indeed, it is said that his Royal Highness is quite prepared to spend a portion of every year in Ireland, and to become the active leader of social life on the other side of St. George's Channel. Whatever form the proposals of the Government will ultimately take, it is quite certain that they will include the abolition or transformation of the existing Viceroyalty and the establishment of a Prince in Ireland.

I read in the "Pall Mall Gazette"—

À propos of the Prince of Wales's supposed views on the subject of the Union, a London correspondent states that Mr. Parnell is aware of them, and that he has consequently supported the increased grants and used his influence with his party to induce them to do



likewise. Mr. Parnell and the Prince have met more than once in the somewhat exclusive but luxurious rooms of the Marlborough Club.

And that was the last I heard of the great scheme for pacifying Ireland with the promised aid of the Prince and Princess of Wales.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Thaddeus, the artist, in his sparkling "Reminiscences" (1912), notes that the Duchess of Cambridge, when ninety years old, said to him with emphasis, "Home Rule must come some day, and I should rather see it given to-day, with a good grace, than grudgingly to-morrow." We may assume that the Duchess knew the opinion of Marlborough House in 1888-9.

## CHAPTER VIII

### A COURT AND CABINET IMBROGLIO

KING EDWARD held with Cavour, who said to Lord Clarendon, "I believe that in political affairs one should be excessively reserved in words and excessively decided in deeds." He certainly, as Prince, applied this principle in the course he adopted when the late Marquis of Queensberry caused a curiously amusing Court and Cabinet imbroglio in August and September, 1893. It was characteristic of the eccentric "Q," that, as will be seen, he should have dragged into the Kelhead Peerage *mêlée* Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales, Mr. Gladstone, and Lord Rosebery. The circumstances, as here printed, were narrated to me by Lord Queensberry at "Carter's," Albemarle Street, where he lodged.

In August–September the Prince was at Homburg for his "cure." There also was Lord Rosebery (Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs); and thither went Lord Queensberry, boiling over with indignation. Mr. Gladstone was Prime Minister. In August the London papers published an official paragraph announcing, for the benefit of all whom it might concern—not very many—that the Queen had been graciously pleased to confer the dignity of a peerage of the United Kingdom upon the eldest son of the Marquis of Queensberry. This converted the Marquis's then



heir from Lord Drumlanrig (his courtesy title) into Lord Kelhead, and, of course, gave him a seat in the Upper House—a privilege of which his father had been deprived a few years previously on account of his unorthodox opinions.

To enable the reader to gauge the importance which this peerage question assumed, I may point out that it had been the cause of a correspondence between the Queen (through her Majesty's representative, Sir Henry Ponsonby), the Prince of Wales, the Prime Minister ("Mr. G."), the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs (Lord Rosebery), and the then Marquis of Queensberry. Prior to the actual conferring of the peerage letters had passed between Lords Queensberry and Rosebery. The last-named had, in a measure, consulted the Marquis on the subject, and the Marquis had replied that, "If he were left out in the cold, he would consider it a most gratuitous insult."

In the only letter which Mr. Gladstone addressed to Lord Queensberry on the subject, the Prime Minister (through Mr. Murray) stated that he was under the impression that the creation of the English peerage would be not only unobjectionable, but agreeable to the Marquis. "But," asked Lord Queensberry, "on what fact, or circumstance, did the Prime Minister base that 'impression'?" Was not the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs the source whence the Premier obtained his information? If not, then who *was* Mr. Gladstone's informant? Lord Rosebery was the only official who, in a way, did consult Lord Queensberry."

Who (asked the Marquis persistently) was directly

responsible for the creation of his son's peerage? Lord Rosebery had put it in black and white, previous to the creation, that, in effect, he neither suggested it nor even encouraged the idea. Seeing the noble Earl's very explicit denial of all participation in the matter, and bearing in mind that the Prime Minister had put on record his "impression" that "the creation of the English peerage would be agreeable to the Marquis," the question Lord Queensberry naturally asked was, Who was at the bottom of it all? For what reasons was it found necessary to create the peerage in face of the Marquis's protest, uttered before the patent was made out, and while there was yet time to forgo the operation?

Peerages, Lord Queensberry argued, are not created without some show of reason. And Mr. Gladstone's followers had been for many years desirous of destroying the Upper House. Towards the end of the month (September) which witnessed the episode at Homburg now to be narrated, Mr. Gladstone, at the Albert Hall, Edinburgh, had denounced the Upper House "with bell, book, and candle." His great speech on that occasion (September 28) was all about those wicked members of the Hereditary Chamber who had rejected his scheme for the "union of hearts." Mr. Gladstone said "there was no such thing on record as a dissolution brought about by the House of Lords. It was a gross and monstrous innovation, a new-fangled doctrine," etc. He added: "I hold this: that the doctrine of allowing the House of Lords to have a prerogative bringing about a dissolution is nothing less than high treason to a great nation's title to be a self-governing country and to regulate in every



matter where it chooses the course of public policy." Mr. Gladstone had, however, made a large number of peers in his time, and his last act before the prorogation of Parliament in 1893 was to create yet one more peer—Lord Kelhead, whose tragic death, some time after his elevation to the Upper House, will not have been forgotten. Needless to say that his son's untimely end was a great grief to Lord Queensberry.

The Marquis's next step was to address a very respectful letter to Queen Victoria; and I may note en passant that his father had been a member of the Royal Household. In this communication to her Majesty Lord Queensberry directed the Queen's attention to the "variance of facts" elucidated.

The Queen, with that fine sense of justice which was one of her prominent characteristics, commanded Sir Henry Ponsonby to write a reply to Lord Queensberry's letter of complaint. This letter was shown to me by the Marquis. It stated that "Her Majesty had understood that the new peerage had been created with his lordship's full knowledge and approval." The Marquis wrote to assure the Queen that "it was not so, but that he had unavailingly protested against such creation." In reply to this Sir Henry Ponsonby wrote that "The Queen regretted that Lord Queensberry had not been consulted, but she understood that Mr. Gladstone had explained the circumstances to him; and her Majesty regretted that there should have been any misunderstanding."

Lord Queensberry's comment upon that gracious letter was, "It is evident that her Majesty was not in complete possession of all the circumstances under which the new peerage was created when she caused

Sir Henry Ponsonby to write that reply to my letter."

Lord Queensberry then wrote to the Prince of Wales, who, through Colonel Stanley de Astel Calvert Clarke, C.M.G., returned a very courteous reply.

Lord Queensberry's object in going to Homburg was, he told me, to ask the then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs publicly for that explanation of preceding events which he had been unable to obtain privately in England; "Lord Rosebery," said the Marquis indignantly, "having declined to give me any explanation of any sort by letter, or, indeed, in any other way."

Some commotion was caused at Homburg when it became known that the author of "The Queensberry Rules" had arrived. A breach of the peace was feared by those who knew the Marquis's disregard for the conveniences, and his exasperation with those who, he maintained, had "put this affront upon him." Some people even hinted at the possibility of a duel! The Marquis strolled about among the "cure-guests" in the endeavour to find Lord Rosebery, but his quest was unavailing. It was an anxious time for the Homburgers. I fear that a selfish regard for their own interests actuated the ediles rather than a loftier feeling. They doubtless thought that their next season might suffer were the English Milords to indulge in a "meeting"—of the "pistols for two, coffee for one" description.

"Q.," with many chuckles, and in his quaint way, related how the head of the police "waited upon him," and cap in hand, and in Ollendorffian phrases, humbly entreated the belligerent nobleman not to do anything





*Photo]*

*[W. & D. Downey.*

THE FOUR GENERATIONS: TAKEN IN 1894.





rash, "iv only for de zake ov de down." "Q." wasn't, as he might have put it, a "flyer" at the languages himself, but he was comically severe upon the worthy police-officer's English. The appeal to his chivalry and his "honourability" proved irresistible; he gave his word that he would refrain from fisticuffs, but reserved the right of expressing his feelings verbally in any way he chose. This was quite enough for the chief of police, who departed beaming, pluming himself, I doubt not, upon his success as an apostle of peace and order.

"Q.'s" next step was an important one. "I went up to the Prince, and, making an obeisance, requested permission to explain my position. His Royal Highness did not accede to my request, but graciously said, 'You may write to me.' The ridiculous statement published in the papers that I signed any 'paper' of any kind is an utter fabrication. Having waited at Homburg forty-eight hours without meeting Lord Rosebery, I left Homburg; but there was never any proposal, request, or suggestion that I should quit the town. I went to Monte Carlo, where I wrote and dispatched to the Prince of Wales the following letter—

MONTE CARLO,

*August 24, 1893.*

SIR,

Availing myself of the permission you gave me at Homburg to write a letter of explanation *to you*, I sit down to do so immediately on my return from my long journey, the short preliminary note I wrote at Homburg being scarcely of the nature of an explanation.

I think your Royal Highness's keen sense of appropriateness and justice will scarcely have approved of the act of which I complain, and no person would, I think, if placed in a similar position himself, feel anything else but deeply wounded by such an affront. Not only is there no ground or precedent for such an elevation, but the very

principle of an hereditary chamber is not only violated, but crushed by such a creation. The independent Press has been unanimous in its judgment of the matter.

I felt quite sure that this creation must have been obtained by some misrepresentation in high quarters, and this feeling was not only confirmed but rendered certain by a communication which her Majesty graciously ordered General Ponsonby to make to me in answer to a letter from me to the effect that my letter had been forwarded to Mr. Gladstone to consider ; and in a subsequent letter from General Ponsonby I had the satisfaction to hear that her Majesty regretted that I had not been consulted, and that there had been a misunderstanding in the matter.

I was naturally anxious to ascertain who was the author of this misunderstanding.

Mr. Gladstone, in answer to a letter addressed by me to him, told me, through his secretary, that he was "under the impression" that the creation in question was not only unobjectionable but agreeable to me.

Now, Sir, why should Mr. Gladstone have been under this impression?—an impression so distinctly at variance with the facts of the case. By a process of elimination I now arrive at Lord Rosebery, my son's hierarchical chief, and the Minister at whose instigation and recommendation Mr. Gladstone would have submitted this abnormal creation to her Majesty's approval.

Now, could Lord Rosebery possibly have been under any *bonâ fide* erroneous impression himself? If so, I should have been bound to give him the benefit of any possible doubt on the subject, but unluckily for Lord Rosebery this was impossible. It so happens that when there was first a question of this creation it was the subject of a correspondence between Lord Rosebery and myself, in which I distinctly told him that I should regard my son's elevation to the Peerage, if I was myself left out in the cold, as a gratuitous insult and slight to me.

If, therefore, Lord Rosebery, passing over my strong-written protest, not only concealed its expression from Mr. Gladstone, but actually represented the contrary as the facts of the case, the source of Mr. Gladstone's "erroneous impression" and of the "regrettable misunderstanding" becomes *quite clear*, and I have no alternative but to regard Lord Rosebery as the author and abettor of what he knew on the very best authority would be regarded *by me* as a gratuitous insult to myself.



In consequence of this I wrote very pointedly to Lord Rosebery, which invited an explanation from him, and it was only on his thinking and feeling himself justified in taking no notice that I became angry and expressed my full mind to him without reserve, speaking some home truths to his lordship.

I will, therefore, ask your Royal Highness, whose goodwill and friendship I have always much valued, what course was open to me—who had exhausted every other—but either to submit tamely to the insult, or to seek an occasion to fasten publicly on Lord Rosebery, as I still intend to do, the stigma of the part he has acted in this matter?

It is beyond my purpose, and beside the question, to trouble your Royal Highness with conjectures and suggestions as to the private motives that have actuated Lord Rosebery in this matter. Your Royal Highness is probably aware that Lord Rosebery is a connection of my family, and it is not extravagant to suppose, in the absence of any other reasonable conjecture, that he has made himself the instrument of a family cabal against myself, herein making a most unjustifiable use of his political influence and distorting the facts which it was beyond his power to ignore. But, all considerations of motive apart, the act remains, and I have traced it to its source, and I look confidently, if not for the open approval, at any rate for the sympathy and indulgence of your Royal Highness in the protest which I considered myself bound, much against my will and inclination, to make the other day at Homburg in the matter.

Your Royal Highness's,  
Obedient faithful Servant,  
QUEENSBERRY.

From what Lord Queensberry told me more than once (for I had several long talks with him on the subject at Carter's Hotel, at the Raleigh Club, and chez moi) I gathered that he was firmly of opinion that the creation of the Kelhead peerage had been brought about (in his own words) "by some direct misrepresentation in high quarters." In his opinion, he was strengthened in that view of the affair by the communication which Queen Victoria graciously

caused Sir Henry Ponsonby to make in reply to the Marquis's letter; Sir Henry stating, in effect, that "Lord Queensberry's letter had been forwarded to Mr. Gladstone for the Premier's consideration." The Marquis complained that Mr. Gladstone had taken no notice of the Queen's letter; at all events, "the Prime Minister," said "Q.," "has made no further communication to me on the subject."

The incident was closed.

[Calling at the Raleigh Club to inquire after my friend one day in 1900, I was told that he was seriously ill and unable to see anybody. The end soon came.]



## CHAPTER IX

### THE FRIEND OF KINGS

THE sovereign whom King Edward had known longest survives him—Francis Joseph I, Emperor of Austria and Apostolic King of Hungary, senior by eleven years of our King. Seven years after Albert Edward's birth, Francis Joseph ascended the Imperial throne; he is now (1912) in his eighty-third year, more than four years the junior of the Empress Eugénie, the friend of both monarchs. The English and Austrian sovereigns met for the last time in 1907, at Ischl. There was a tie between them in the long friendship of King Edward and the Archduke Rudolf. Probably Edward VII was the only foreign Prince to whom the truth of the tragedy at Meyerling in 1889 was revealed by the Emperor; the facts have certainly never been, and may never be, made public. How many besides the King knew that the Emperor, who at first thought Rudolf had committed suicide, telegraphed to the Pope: "Is my poor son to have Christian burial? I leave it entirely to you, Holy Father." The Pope replied: "Yes, certainly."

While the Archduke's death was deplored here, it had no perceptible effect upon the London season, although the Heirs-Apparent of Austria-Hungary and England were bound together by strong ties of friend-

ship. It led, however, to a postponement of the season in the Irish capital, the levée and drawing-room at Dublin Castle having been deferred for a week. The Archduke was not unknown in Ireland. He paid his mother, the Empress-Queen, a short visit during the viceroyalty of the Duke of Marlborough, and drove from Dublin to a meet of the Ward Union Hounds, when two fast "outsiders" were provided for himself and his party, the life of the young Prince being considered too precious to be imperilled over the yawning chasms that abound in the Ward country sung by Whyte-Melville, who knew it so well in the first term of the Spencer sovereignty.

Innumerable were the reasons given for Rudolf's death. One was to the effect that he received two letters—one from his father (found unopened) and one from the Archduchess Stéphanie, who asserted that she had discovered his faithlessness and declined to live with him any longer, having made all her arrangements to return to her parents immediately. The most startling of all the rumours was that the Crown Prince was *épris* of the pretty wife of a gamekeeper and caused the husband and his fair spouse to be taken from the Castle of Masse to Meyerling. It was affirmed that the gamekeeper shot the Prince and then blew out his own brains. Nobody believed in the official version of the tragedy.

The King got more repose and more real enjoyment as the guest of the genial Kaiser of Austria than he could possibly obtain at Marienbad. The King and the Kaiser were great friends, and never out of harmony with each other. Perhaps the shooting parties in the vicinity of Schönbrunn were a little



trying to the King, but everything was made as easy for him as possible, and the Kaiser's frank kindheartedness made amends for all.

When Edward VII, as Prince of Wales, knew Vienna best the three principal salons were those of Princess Richard (Pauline) de Metternich, Princess Dietrichstein, and the Comtesse de Clam Gallas ("Clam"). People were, and are, spoken of by their Christian names. The Prince would be told by one or other grande dame that she wanted to see "Tony," or had an appointment with "Franz" or "Tassilio," or was going to "Pauline's," or had just left "Mimi" or "Lori"; and the Royal visitor knew that those familiar names designated the Esterhazys, Metternichs, Schwartzenegrs, Festetics', Dietrichsteins, and so on. Madame de Metternich made it a grievance that there were only two men in Vienna—Otto de Walderskirchen and De Marcovics. She excepted, however, her old friend, "Natty" Rothschild, whom she humorously spoke of as "my house-Jew" ("Mein Haus-Jude").

In his younger days the Emperor was an inveterate dancer, and, with the assistance of Baron von Berlichingen, introduced in the cotillon the fashion of presenting the ladies with bouquets and the men with knots of ribbon. The Prince of Wales discovered that the Kaiserstadt boasted the possession of some exceptionally pretty women—the Comtesse Hoyos (née Larisch), Madame Irma de Palla Vinci (one of the Hungarian Szechenyis), Comtesse Kinsky, Comtesse Wilczek, and Comtesse Marie Larisch (a niece of the Empress). People in London and Paris used to say that no love was lost between the

Emperor and Empress; but, as a fact, they were a very devoted couple, although Francis Joseph was an admirer of pretty women in general and of a popular actress in particular. That the Empress took scarcely any notice of her consort's little indiscretions was proved by the fact that she carried in her pocket until the day of her death the sprig of edelweiss given to her by the Emperor when he asked her to be his wife. The Empress certainly had her peculiarities. She thought her position as Empress of Austria and Queen of Hungary the highest in the world. She would not permit anything approaching intimacy between herself and great families like the Liechtensteins and Schwartzēnbergs, yet she would publicly associate with the actress, Frau Wolter, and the circus-rider, Elisa, who gave her Imperial friend riding lessons. It was hardly surprising that King Leopold once asked the Duc d'Aumale to tell him, in confidence (!), if he thought the Empress was in her right mind.

At the period of the Crown Prince's death the principal dignitary at the Hofburg was Prince Constantine Hohenlohe Schillingsfürst, à propos of whom the Duc de Ratibor once said: "These Hohenlohes have got on wonderfully well. Here is one of them managing the affairs of the Emperor of Austria, another doing the like for the German Emperor, a third is a successful Ambassador" [the author of the famous "Memoirs"], "and a fourth is a Cardinal, and thus able to absolve his family from any little sins they have committed!"

The Austrian aristocracy, among whom the King had so many friends, is the most exclusive in the



world, and would not tolerate the existence of what is vulgarly spoken of here as the "smart set" for a single moment. The men are gay and sparkling, and the women more than charming, as anybody at all conversant with Vienna society knows. Thanks to the Austrian Kaiser's partiality for Edward VII, our sovereign was kept well informed for years of the political situation at Vienna, that forcing-house of newspaper canards; so that here again, if, after all that has been said on the subject in the preceding pages, it is necessary to reiterate it, we have another example of the King's practical, not theoretical, knowledge of foreign affairs, drawn from a source available only occasionally even to an Ambassador. We know the King's receptivity, his exceptional memory, and his insatiable thirst for everything pertaining to statecraft and to what he humorously described to the Russian and Italian Ambassadors in 1905 as "our trade," the *métier* of Kings; and with this in our minds we can brush aside all the talk we have been hearing, two years after his death, touching his "lack of initiative," mental poverty, and (for it is the only applicable word) *gaucheries* of a similar character. The Emperor of Austria would have found it one of the pleasures of his saddened life to "coach" his English friend, whether as Prince or as King, in the details of every subject calculated to interest and instruct him, more especially after he had settled down to the practice of his "trade."

Edward VII was intimate with all the French Presidents, from Adolphe Thiers (1871) to Armand Fallières. With the Bonapartist-Orleanist Marshal de MacMahon he was on specially good terms; less

so, perhaps, with Jules Grévy—talented, well-meaning, but the victim of misfortune in the person of his son-in-law, M. Wilson, whose complicity in the Decorations scandal ruined the President. Our Prince got on well with M. Carnot, the murdered Chief of the State ; and also with M. Casimir Perier, the owner of that beautiful château of Vizille, transcendently picturesque, and, strange to say, never visited by our King, who sympathised with his friend in his complaint of the “slavery” of the occupant of the Elysée. President Félix Faure amused the tolerant Prince and King, who, himself of the genus muguet, would have thought it “bad form” to smile at Faure’s dandyism. Loubet and Fallières he admired and respected for their genuine worth and conspicuous talents. Himself “every inch a King,” Edward VII regarded each of them as “every inch a President.” We in London saw Loubet’s eyes dance with delight. Fallières’ stoical gaze expressed, as clearly as words, the feeling, “I greatly respect and admire you, Sire ; but, really, I am as good as you !”

Armand Fallières is not an Emperor. But, being merely Head of the State for a definite period, he will, when he presently gives place to another president, escape the fate of the Napoleons and some of the kings who were sent packing with scant ceremony. He will retire to his vineyards, as Cincinnatus returned to the ploughshare, and—be forgotten, like Thiers, MacMahon, Grévy, Sadi Carnot, Félix Faure, Casimir Perier, and Emile Loubet. MacMahon the soldier, Grévy the unfortunate, Carnot the inheritor of a great name, Perier the landed



proprietor, Faure the Havre tanner (the muguet, or "swell," of the Presidential bunch), Loubet the lawyer, and Fallières the vigneron, and ex-provincial solicitor, yet eight times President of the Senate, all enjoyed their brief spell of power. No, not all enjoyed it—MacMahon only accepted the Presidency on compulsion; Casimir Perier loathed it—could not "stand it" for more than a year, and hastened to shake the dust of the Elysée from off his feet; while Faure died during his term. Emile Loubet, who came of yeoman stock, won laurels at the Bar, and was Prime Minister before he was President, was the delight of all who met him in London. His beaming, ruddy face, his pleased smile, and his cheery manner made him a great favourite here; and it amused others to see his own amusement.

Armand Fallières is certainly the antithesis of MacMahon and Faure, and almost the exact opposite of Loubet. He takes life seriously, and will welcome the arrival of the day when he quits the Elysée for his modest abode (an appartement of five rooms, with two maid-servants only) and his cherished home among his vineyards. He is slightly sententious, has no liking for the gewgaws of the Presidency, feels fettered by the stiffness of etiquette and the wearisomeness of ceremonial, and is only at home when he is watching the grapes ripen in the sun at Loupillon. But, like so many of his countrymen, he is the conscientious functionary, the type of Frenchman we all admire for his uprightness and his devotion to duty. And it is those who know him best who can most appreciate his sterling worth and his love of country. His massive head, good-humoured face, and bonhomie

will be remembered by our people long after the Franco-British Exhibition fêtes of May 1908 have been forgotten; and they inspire the hope that the successor of Armand Fallières, whoever he may be, will tread in the footsteps of the man to whom England, from the King and Queen downwards, in the interests of both countries did honour in 1908.

The President was received *en grand apparat*. Housed at St. James's Palace, banqueted at Buckingham Palace and at Marlborough House, sumptuously entertained in the City, applauded to the echo at the "Franco-British," and the object of every polite attention at the hands of London's millions—nor Tsar nor Kaiser could have been more magnificently greeted. On the last day of his visit the President stood on a bit of French territory, for at the Embassy at Albert Gate he was the host of the sovereign whose guest he had been. I wonder if anyone told M. Fallières that the two great houses facing each other at Albert Gate were long known as "Gibraltar," because no one was bold enough, or rich enough, to "take them"? At what is now the French Ambassador's domicile George Hudson, the "Railway King," who made a bad ending, once lived in splendour; and here, too, there was that "scene" in which a quick-tempered Ambassadors lost her temper in the presence of a Royal lady, to the chagrin of the Ambassador, who was Persigny, and the undisguised amazement of the august personage, who was Queen Victoria.

When the President of the French Republic drove down St. James's Street alongside King Edward on the afternoon of his arrival, his smileless face reminded one of Crassus, who was seen to laugh only



once, when the sight of a lowly animal browsing on thistles stirred his risible faculties. M. Fallières, then, looked as grave as a judge; on the following afternoon, at Shepherd's Bush, if he did not actually smile, his features relaxed, and, personally conducted by his Majesty, he seemed to be enjoying himself in his serious way. Perhaps the fine collection of pictures had pleased him, as they might well have done, for there were some gems among them. King Edward and M. Fallières strolled leisurely through some of the courts; but, as a ceremony, there was nothing dazzling about it. The King did not bother the President by continually pointing out this and that; the two Rulers sauntered along at their ease, the Sovereign in a single-breasted frock coat, M. Fallières, in an overcoat, looking as if he appreciated the comparative calm of Shepherd's Bush after the boisterous welcome of the day before. King Edward's mot is not forgotten. As the President was looking at a picture of the then uncompleted Victoria Memorial, the King laughingly said: "We shall all be in our graves before it is finished!" M. Fallières did not quite "seize" the little joke, and when it was explained to him he did not seem particularly struck by it. He must have remembered it two years later.

The King had for friends and relatives three Tsars. The only daughter of the Emperor Alexander II married the Duke of Edinburgh, Alexander III was Queen Alexandra's brother-in-law, and Nicholas II wedded the King's niece, a daughter of Princess Alice. Upon Alexander II and Nicholas the English papers and not a few English people lavished abuse—a mild word for it. In the "Jingo" period the Conservatives

lost their heads. London drawing-rooms rang with—

We don't want to fight, but, by Jingo, if we do,  
We've got the men, we've got the ships, we've got the money, too.  
We've thrashed the Bear before, and we'll thrash him once again—  
The Russians shall not have Constan-ti-no-o-ple !

Was the like of such fustian ever heard ? Had "Society" ever so lowered itself ? Mr. Gladstone was insulted daily. He was too Russian. It was said Madame de Novikoff inspired him. The Stafford House fund for the Turkish wounded is still remembered.

Had there been anything of the cynic about King Edward he would have looked on amusedly at all these ravings against Russia. But they distressed him. His brother Alfred had married the Grand Duchess Marie and his Danish sister-in-law was the wife of the then Tsarevitch, so there was a double link between the reigning families of England and Russia. And the King remembered all the fine talk in 1873-4 engendered by the Anglo-Russian marriage—how it was to cement the unity and concord of the two countries, and so forth. Only four years later we were on the brink of war with Russia.

In 1906-7 the Russian relatives of King Edward and the Queen came under the ban of England. The principal victim was Nicholas II. We were with Japan all through the war. Russia's fate had been very similar to that of France in 1870 ; and revolution had followed the defeat. I need not say that everything concerning the Russian Imperial Family published by our papers came under the eyes of King Edward and the Queen. Their Majesties



read in one journal an abusive article (July 28, 1907) headed "The Feeble Tsar. Combination of mean Monk and spiteful Woman. Despised by servants." The writer said: "One of the most striking proofs of the Tsar's littleness is furnished by the contempt he invariably inspires in those who are brought into close contact with him"; and much more to the same effect.

A serious paper like the "Pall Mall Gazette" does not, it may be assumed, publish anything in the shape of news which it cannot justify. Doubt need not, therefore, have been cast upon its statement in 1907 that the Emperor of Russia had appealed to King Edward for advice. "Quite recently, according to a well-informed correspondent, an autograph letter from the Tsar to King Edward was brought by special courier to the Russian Embassy, and was delivered personally by the Russian Ambassador, who made a special journey into the country for the purpose." The Tsar was "understood" to have asked the King's advice on the situation. "A reply was sent, and almost immediately the meeting with the Kaiser was arranged." Furthermore, it was "expected" that King and Kaiser would send a joint letter to Nicholas II containing their advice.

The "courier of the Tsar," it was affirmed, also brought letters from the Empress of Russia to "a Princess cousin" here. These epistles may or may not have been supplementary to the "recent letter to a Princess cousin in England" previously referred to by the same journal. In that communication, it was said, the Empress alluded pathetically to her family. She feared lest some harm should befall them before

they could leave Russia, and told her cousin that the Imperial Family would make their home among us "should the Empire be overthrown." The possibility of such a catastrophe had long been discussed by the Imperial couple, and a decision arrived at. This reminded students of the papers that, during 1906-7, many assertions of this description had been made, a particularly illuminating one being that "an old English baronial mansion" in the Midlands had been secured for the prospective fugitives; while mention was made of the "secret villa" in Denmark which was ready for the occupation of the Tsar and Tsaritsa—the house in question being really one acquired by Queen Alexandra and her sister, the Dowager Empress of Russia, for their joint use when they visit Denmark. In the letter alleged to have been written by the Tsaritsa to her "Princess cousin in England" she was reported to have said that the uncertainty of their existence was "like waiting for the Executioner"—a passage which must have raised a smile on the faces of those who knew the facts, including the members of our Royal House, Count Benckendorff, and a number of other people who do not necessarily believe everything they see in print.

On the 6th of April, 1907, King Edward and the Queen saw in one of the daily papers this announcement: "The Tsar. Abdication reported imminent. Grand Duke Michael as Regent. Russian Ambassador's Denial." Count Benckendorff smiled as he told a "Daily Mail" reporter that he had "heard nothing about it," and even went so far as to say that "he did not believe it, but, on the contrary, entirely discredited it." It was only natural for the Ambassador to deny



the story ; the " Daily Mirror," however, knew more than his Excellency : " We have the highest authority for stating that the information is correct, and that the details of a scheme which has been decided upon in outline for months have now been definitely settled." After this, what was left for a mere Ambassador to say?

Queen Alexandra's brother George was elected to the throne of Greece in 1863, and, with the single exception of the Emperor of Austria, has reigned longer than any other European monarch. In his days of difficulty, which have been neither few nor far between, King George could always reckon on the sympathy and the advice of his English brother-in-law.

With one or two exceptions, King Edward had among his friends all the sovereigns of Europe and their families. With successive Presidents of the United States, from Mr. Buchanan downwards, he was on the best terms, despite the occasional friction between the two countries. American citizens, their wives and daughters, whom he met at home and abroad, discovered in him " a grand man," " a lovely (!) man "; as a rule, he went out of his way to be civil even to the most " pushful " of them. His excessive good nature led him to tolerate their little solecisms of speech and eccentricities of manner, and he appreciated their frankness, although it occasionally verged upon obtrusiveness. He had read " Miss Bayle's Romance," with its highly diverting indiscretions.

Hints have been dropped that of all the American Presidents Mr. Roosevelt had the least esteem for England. We need not credit such rumours, especially

in view of what I am about to relate. After an interview which Mr. Roosevelt had with King Edward his Majesty presented him with a very finely executed miniature of the patriot John Hampden, from the Windsor collection. This made a great impression upon Mr. Roosevelt, who fully appreciated the delicate thought which had inspired the King to make this appropriate present.

If Edward VII did not meet the late King of the Belgians very often, it was not from anything approaching dislike of that Sovereign, who was "tomahawked" by the papers just as the Prince of Wales and Queen Victoria had been in long-past years. Some two decades back, King Leopold and his youngest daughter, Clémentine (Princess Napoleon), visited Queen Victoria, and passed from Windsor to Sandringham. The Prince escorted them to London, an act of courtesy which he would have been pardoned for shirking. But this was one of those little attentions which he delighted in.

As he had been the friend of three Tsars, so he had been on good terms with three Kings of Italy—the Rey Galantuomo, Humbert, and Victor Emmanuel III—as well as with the leading Italian statesmen and the various Ambassadors here. Edward VII had also known three Kings of Portugal; for two of them—the murdered Dom Carlos and his son Dom Manuel, who is still indulging, it would seem, in the hope of a restoration to power—he had an affectionate regard. King Edward was so intimately acquainted with the political affairs of Portugal that, like the King of Roumania, he may, with prophetic eye, have foreseen the possibility of the assassination of the easy-going Carlos and the



speedy overthrow of the dynasty. He had visited King Charles and "Carmen Sylva" at Sinaia, where he met his niece (a daughter of his brother Alfred), who, the wife of the present Heir-Apparent, will, in all likelihood, wear the Roumanian crown.

King Edward's legion of relatives by marriage included three German Emperors—William I (whom our sovereign had known as King of Prussia), Frederick, and William II. Some French authors have given currency to the assertion that King Edward's affection for his ill-fated brother-in-law diminished for the trivial reason that, at the Jubilee of Queen Victoria in 1887, the German Crown Prince preceded him in the procession. The story is not worth contradicting.

Edward VII had no stauncher friends than his father-in-law and his brother-in-law, successively Kings of Denmark. Although he enjoyed the reposeful life at Fredensborg and Bernstorff, during the annual family gatherings, he was possibly a shade less appreciative of those réunions than his Russian brother-in-law, Alexander III, who was in his element when he was romping with the younger members of the Danish, English, Greek, and Russian Royal families, buying cakes of pedlars in the country roads, and fishing.

In 1869 (the year of the opening of the Suez Canal) the future King made a new friend at Constantinople in the person of that Sultan whom Mr. Gladstone, less than ten years later, wished to see deported to some remote part of the world, harem and all. Abdul Aziz may not have been a man after Mr. Gladstone's heart, but certainly "the Wales's" (to quote the Duke of Cambridge's diary phrase) had no reason to be other than deeply gratified by the reception accorded

to them by the Sultan, and it is a safe rule of conduct to "speak of a man as we find him." Before their visit to the Sultan the Prince and his consort had been entertained by the Khedive of Egypt. Ismaïl Pasha was not then in imminent dread of bankruptcy, and he scattered his, or other people's money without thought of the morrow, in the effort to do all possible honour to Queen Victoria's eldest son and his wife.

Edward VII could count among his friends on thrones the late King of the Netherlands (William III, who died in 1890), that monarch's consort (Queen Sophie, the amie intime of the Empress of the French), and their son "Citron." With Queen Wilhelmina's mother our King was, of course, well acquainted, as she is a sister of the Duchess of Albany, widow of the King's brother, Leopold.

The father of the King of Spain was a protégé of King Edward, who showed him many kindnesses when he was a Sandwich Cadet in the early 'seventies under the "governorship" of Count Mirasol and Colonel Velasco. Edward VII saw the future Alfonso XII at Queen Isabella's Paris home, after she had ceased to reign, mainly, it must be said, through her own misconception of a sovereign's duties. As the husband of King Edward's niece "Ena" Alfonso XIII's development as a ruler was closely watched by his English "uncle," who was always ready to advise the young monarch when wise counsels were necessary, which perhaps was not seldom.

Prince Charles, second son of the late King Frederick VIII of Denmark, and nephew of Queen Alexandra, became King Edward's son-in-law (marrying Princess Maud) in 1896 and King of Norway in



1905. Edward VII's grandson, Olaf, was born in 1903, and is a King of the future. King Edward's niece, Princess Margaret of Connaught, will be Queen of Sweden. The late King of Siam (Chulalongkorn) was one of King Edward's newest friends, and was seen at a garden-party at Windsor.

Of three Kings of Servia—Milan, Alexander, and Peter—he had perhaps personal cognisance of one, Milan, whom he could hardly have failed to encounter at one or other of those Paris restaurants affected by sovereigns in that exile which Victor Hugo described as “the moral death of Kings” (*cette première mort des rois*).

Edward VII highly valued the friendship of the late King of Saxony, whose prowess (when Crown Prince) as commander of an army corps in 1870-1 never failed to extort the admiration of our sovereign; but the late and present King of Wurtemberg and the eccentric King of Bavaria scarcely came within our ruler's orbit.

Ferdinand of Bulgaria had in King Edward a friend of long standing, owing in a measure to the persuasiveness of the venerable Princesse Clémentine, daughter of Louis Philippe and mother of the King and Tsar of the Bulgarians. The King of Montenegro was a month and two days King Edward's senior; I do not think they were personally acquainted.

## CHAPTER X

### TOMAHAWKING THE ROYAL FAMILY

"SATIRE," said Andrew Lang, "is almost never sincere. The writer is always in a fatiguing state of virtuous indignation about matters for which he really cares very little, except when his virulence is brewed out of personal spite." These wise words of our great writer aptly illustrate the fustian homilies and exhortations to which Queen Victoria's eldest son was treated soon after he came of age. He was vilely lampooned in the "Tomahawk," edited, as its readers gathered from its front page, by Mr. Arthur à Beckett, and illustrated by an artist named Matt Morgan. The first number of the paper appeared on May 11, 1867, and its issue of June 29 contained the first open pictorial attack on the then Heir-Apparent. This was a cartoon, representing the Ghost scene in "Hamlet." The Prince of Wales, in the character of the gallant Dane, sees the Ghost of George the Fourth disappearing from the Terrace, and exclaims, "I'll follow thee!" To depict the Prince of Wales as emulating his notorious predecessor was a daring act; and it was the prelude to the innumerable attacks made from time to time on the Prince.

Another member of the Royal Family frequently assailed by the Press was the Duke of Edinburgh, who, on the eve of his marriage with the only daughter



of the Emperor Alexander II, in 1874, was taunted in print with his partiality for certain minor divinities of the stage. The Duke of Connaught escaped the attacks of the journalistic francs-tireurs; not so, however, Queen Victoria, whose experience of a certain portion of the Press must have been anything but gratifying, for, after the death of the Prince Consort in 1861, her Majesty was grossly calumniated. The writer and the artist referred to set themselves, "in a fatiguing state of virtuous indignation," to defame her Majesty in the "Tomahawk" cartoons entitled "Where is Britannia?" and "A Brown Study," both published in the summer of 1867. The first picture represents an empty Throne, on which are carelessly tossed the royal robes of ermine; the crown is facetiously jerked on the top of the chair of state; and the British Lion is squatting under the Throne. In the other cartoon the late John Brown stands in a meditative attitude, leaning on the Throne; the Royal Crown is placed under a glass case, as being seldom or never required by its owner; and the Lion looks mournfully into the face of the overbearing and generally disliked Scotsman.

In the same year the caricaturist took as his text for another cartoon this extract from a daily paper: "There is reason to believe that her Majesty has resolved to emerge from the comparative seclusion in which she has lived for so long a period, and that the next season will be one of the most brilliant on record during her long and beneficent reign." Morgan saw in the words the germ of an idea for his weekly cartoon, and he produced on November 16, 1867, a drawing called "God Save the Queen or, the Past and the

Future." In the foreground, and on both sides of the Throne whereon is seated the Queen, are grouped representatives of the services and the professions doing homage to the Royal Lady, whose figure is very cleverly drawn so as to give the idea of a Queen of Brobdingnag holding a levée of the dwellers in Lilliput. In his praiseworthy desire to produce a figure of idyllic beauty and sweetness of countenance, Morgan drew largely upon his imagination, for no one would have supposed the youthful head and the slim form to be intended for those of the Queen. In the background of the picture are the familiar empty Throne, covered with the familiar ermine robes; and a cleverly-contrived bust of the Queen in shadow—all typical of the past.

That was the kind of thing that "went down" at the end of the 'sixties to the extent of 50,000 copies a week, for that was the circulation of the "Tomahawk" at the time it was issuing such cartoons as "Where is Britannia?" "A Brown Study," and "I'll follow thee!" The times have changed since then, and those pictorial attacks upon the Sovereign which were so widely circulated in 1867 have, happily, no counterparts in the year 1912.

However loyal we may be, we cannot disguise the fact that for several years Queen Victoria's comparative seclusion was one of the main topics of conversation, not only in "Society," but in the homes of all classes; and if her continued absence from the metropolis was more bitterly commented upon and more unsparingly denounced by one section of the public than another, that section was the shopkeeping and trading classes, as distinguished from those who practise the various professions.



Following in the wake of the "Tomahawk," which came to an unexpected end, several "Annuals" made their appearance. Two were particularly vulgar and offensive—"The Coming K——" and "Worthy a Crown?" John Brown was a foremost figure. The sale of such garbage would not be permitted now, but no attempt was made to check it in the early 'seventies.

Unpalatable to the Court as the publication of countless ribald articles and paragraphs must have been, especially during the life of John Brown, it would have been unwise of the Sovereign and her Family to have attempted to subdue

" . . . that fierce light which beats upon a Throne  
And blackens every blot "

by directing the prosecution of the offenders. When Wilkes revived the "North Briton" he attacked Mr. Greville, then Prime Minister, and sharply criticised the Royal Speech from the Throne, taking his cue from Mr. Pitt's *vivâ voce* comments on that document. Wilkes was arrested on what was called "a general warrant"—"an infamous proceeding, for the document did not contain the name of any one person, but was directed against the authors, printers, and publishers of the 'North Briton,' No. 45." Wilkes was only in custody six hours, for, the matter being immediately brought before the Court of Common Pleas, Chief Justice Pratt declared that "to enter a man's house by virtue of a nameless warrant, in order to procure evidence, is worse than the Spanish Inquisition—a law under which no Englishman would wish to live an hour. It is a daring public attack upon the liberty of the subject, and in violation of the 29th chapter of

Magna Charta ('Nullus liber homo,' etc.), which is directly pointed against that arbitrary power." Wilkes decidedly scored, for he brought an action against the Secretary of State who had countersigned the "general warrant," on which he had been taken into custody, and recovered £1,000 damages for his illegal arrest. Wilkes's alleged offence was a political one, and consequently differed considerably from the malevolent attacks on Royalty which were first made in the "Tomahawk" and occasionally repeated in the more reputable newspapers of the period.

At the period referred to the satirists and caricaturists made a target of the Prince of Wales; then, for a long spell, they let him alone—perhaps because they considered that, as a topic for their muse and their barbed shafts, they had got their money's worth out of him. In the 'seventies Christmas seldom made its appearance unaccompanied by an "Annual," wherein the faiblesses of the Prince and his family were satirised, and themselves caricatured. I have preserved several of these publications. Although the humour is somewhat forced, they are not devoid of cleverness, while the pictorial portions are often broadly comic. In one the fitness of the Prince to wield the sceptre is discussed at length, and a leading episode ("The Row") is a conversation between royal mother and son concerning the "goings-on" of the latter. It did not say much for the patriotism of the producers of these vulgarities that some of them were clerks in Government offices.



## CHAPTER XI

### THE RELIGION OF THE ROYAL FAMILY

THE absurdities to which certain journals have given currency for many years make some reference to this subject imperative. It was often my good fortune to be present when, as Prince and as King, our great Departed assisted at services of the Greek Church (in St. Petersburg and in London), the (Roman) Catholic Church, and those of the Synagogue. I saw him in the Synagogue in Great Portland Street when Mr. Leopold de Rothschild married Miss Perugia—to mention only one occasion.

I say, as emphatically as type will permit, that King Edward was a sturdy Protestant, as were, and are, all the members of his family, with the exception of three of his nieces—two of whom, daughters of Princess Alice, were, in consequence of their marriage, received into the Russo-Greek Church. The present Tsaritsa was received into that communion three weeks before her marriage—her sister, the Grand Duchess Sergius, did not change her faith until nearly seven years after her marriage. The Queen of Spain entered the Roman Catholic Church just over three weeks before her marriage. Who does not remember the vulgar criticisms to which the poor girl was exposed for her conscientious change of faith?

I hasten to add that the Protestantism of the Royal Family is a cheerful creed, with life and colour in it.

The religious services preferred by Queen Victoria were, we know, those of the Scottish Kirk. That did not matter, for she followed the promptings of her conscience, as, I suppose, is the case with us all.

King Edward was not only the broadest-minded and most tolerant of men, but he had, to an unusual extent, the courage of his opinions. In February, 1908, his Majesty attended the requiem for the late King of Portugal at St. James's, Spanish Place, accompanied by Queen Alexandra, their present Majesties, Princess Victoria, Prince and Princess Christian, and Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll; and thus furnished the Protestant Alliance with an opportunity of pleasantly announcing that it "viewed with astonishment and distress his Majesty's attendance at a Mass for the dead." King Edward's first attendance at Mass was in the early 'seventies, at the wedding of Miss Marie Fox, the adopted daughter of Lord and Lady Holland, with Prince Aloys Liechtenstein. The Princess of Wales accompanied her consort on that occasion. This is said to have been the first time since the days of James, Duke of York, that an English Heir-Apparent had been present at Mass in this country. Many will remember that the then Prince of Wales was among the congregation at the Brompton Oratory, in 1889, on the occasion of the marriage of Lord William Nevill (a son of the Marquis of Abergavenny) with Miss Luisa Maria Carmen de Murrieta (daughter of the Marquise of Santurce), the bride having been known to the Prince from her childhood. The Prince was also present at a requiem, at a Catholic church in South-West London, solemnised at the funeral of a lady whom he had known.



At the Jesuits' Church in Farm Street, one February morning in 1889, the Reverend Fathers celebrated a solemn requiem Mass for the repose of the Archduke Rudolf's soul. I noticed that the seats near the altar and in the nave were reserved for the members of the Royal Family, the Corps Diplomatique, and others, who were admitted by ticket. In the centre of the church, surrounded by burning tapers and candelabra, stood a catafalque, draped in black velvet, richly embroidered in gold, and surmounted by the Imperial crown and arms. The Austrian Ambassador (Count Deym) and his suite received the diplomatic corps (who wore full uniform) and other distinguished personages, and showed them to their seats. The Prince of Wales (who wore an Austrian uniform) and his two sons, attended by Sir Francis Knollys and Colonel Stanley Clark, arrived last, and were conducted to their seats near the catafalque, where also were Prince Christian, Prince Henry of Battenberg, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the Duke of Teck, the Marquis of Lorne, Count Gleichen, Lord Salisbury, etc. Sir Henry Ponsonby and Count Seckendorff represented the Queen and the Empress Frederick. The Ambassadors, dressed in deepest mourning, and headed by the Countess Deym, wearing a thick crêpe veil which quite concealed her face, sat on the opposite side of the catafalque.

In August 1909 King Edward attended Mass at Marienbad on the Emperor of Austria's birthday, "and our late King," remarked the "Tablet," "had previously kept the anniversary with the same observance."

Except to his intimates—and not, perhaps, to all of

those—the King's spirituality was rarely revealed. Of this side of his nature I venture now to speak. The intensity of his grief for the dead was always most unaffectedly shown. On one occasion in particular, at the funeral of an old friend, it was painful to watch his sorrowful face. Death, as well as life, was a reality for this large-hearted Prince. Even when the departed was a stranger, his emotion would sometimes strangely move him, as, for example, when he rode by the side of the Emperor Alexander II, and the then Tsarevitch (his consort's brother-in-law, afterwards Tsar), as the body of the Stadthalter of Poland (Count Berg) was borne past—one of the most striking pageants I have witnessed. At the Prince Imperial's funeral I stood sufficiently near the then Prince of Wales in the church at Chislehurst to see tears in his eyes.

At the ordinary services of the Church the King's devoutness was apparent—an example to all and sundry. His religion was real, not a sham; and I can imagine him often thinking, if not saying, with Massenet,<sup>1</sup> whose works, as Prince and as King, he was familiar with—

*J'avais quitté notre planète pour vivre dans la splendeur scintillante des étoiles. Ah ! si je pouvais donner à mes amis le conseil de me rejoindre là où je suis, je n'hésiterais pas à les appeler près de moi. Mais le voudraient-ils ?—“ Pensées posthumes.”*<sup>2</sup>

Historians dismiss the religious leanings of a man as bagatelles, too trivial for record. Let them follow

<sup>1</sup> Jules Massenet, composer of many operas. Died August 1912.

<sup>2</sup> “I had left our planet to live in the dazzling splendour of the stars. Ah ! if I might give my friends the advice to rejoin me where I am, I would not hesitate to call them to my side. But would they [listen] ?



their bent. I saw in Edward VII a man who did not, as used to be said of many a churchgoer, "worship his Maker" by burying his face in his hat for ten seconds. He had, as I suppose we all have, a "favourite hymn"; and very beautiful it was, that Sunday afternoon,<sup>1</sup> to hear, "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide," played by humble "Salvationists" in the Palace courtyard, and to know that the sorrowing Widow and her fatherless children were listening.

King Edward's "faith" was often the subject of discussion in "Low Church" and Nonconformist papers, and many grotesque statements were made in the absurd endeavour to show that his Majesty, if not actually a Roman Catholic (!), had decided Papistical "leanings."

Speaking at the annual convention of the Evangelical Alliance at Plymouth on the 18th of October, 1906, Mr. H. Martyn Gooch, general secretary, referred to the agitation in the cause of religious liberty at Malta, and read a remarkable letter from one whom he described as one of the most prominent missionaries in that island. The writer said: "The fight is not yet through. The intolerant and bigoted Archbishop is now appealing direct to his Majesty the King. From private information I may tell you that the Roman Catholics here claim our King as a secret Roman Catholic. As I have written, the Roman Catholics here are trying to move heaven and earth to regain their hold on Malta. It is not in the least likely that Lord Elgin will recede from the position he has taken up."

The "Low Church" organ, the "Record" (September

<sup>1</sup> May 8, 1910.

8, 1910), enlivened its columns with an article so worthy of permanent preservation as to be given here textually :—

We have received from a native pastor of the Church Missionary Society in South India a cutting from a paper published in the Cochin State and conducted, he says, by a Roman Catholic, in which it is stated that "Protestant England is greatly agitated by strange and persistent reports crediting King Edward not only with having had leanings towards Catholicism, but actually having died in that faith." The paper goes on to mention "various circumstances" which it supposes "gave colour to the reports."

Some of these are palpable untruths, as, for instance, the statement that "there is no doubt that he steadfastly declined in his last illness to see the (Protestant) Archbishop of Canterbury." There was, however, another statement which could only be refuted by those in close attendance upon the late King. It was to the effect that on the day before he died his Majesty was asked by "a throat specialist," who had been called in to examine him, to "loosen his collar so as to leave the breast free." "The King," we read, "reluctantly permitted his chest to be bared" for the examination, and, as he did so, "the doctor and attendants saw around his neck a scapular . . . such as is worn by devout Catholics." "It had been sent to the King," the newspaper adds, "by a nun, and had been worn by him for a considerable time."

No one in England would pay the slightest heed to such a cock-and-bull story; but as the native pastor who sends us the cutting says it is causing a deal of misconception in India, we thought it well to clear the matter up. Accordingly we sent the cutting to Sir Francis H. Laking, who was in closest attendance upon the late King all through his last illness, and we have received from him the following reply—

BALMORAL CASTLE,  
August 30, 1910.

DEAR SIR,

In reply to your letter of the 29th inst., I beg to inform you that there is not the slightest foundation for any of the statements mentioned in the enclosed cutting, and that you are at liberty to give them an authoritative denial.

I am, yours faithfully,  
F. H. LAKING.

*The Editor of the "Record."*



The "Record" adds—

We shall take care that a copy of this letter is sent to the Indian paper, and, perhaps, it may then be good enough to disclose its authority for these mischievous untruths.

Even Bardoux emphasises King Edward's churchmanship ; and it is noted that he was the first sovereign who, at his coronation, declined to be anointed—

It would be wrong to conclude that he was an aggressive Voltairian. He saw in religious rites a useful tradition and a moral habit. He never failed to attend Divine service, and he exacted the attendance of others. Father Vaughan has narrated how certain guests at Sandringham, taking advantage of there being no Roman Catholic church there, made Sunday morning a holiday, and were roundly rated by their Royal host. There were motor-cars ; they had only to ask for them . . . The King did not shrink from discussing religious subjects with French politicians, notably with M. Clemenceau, to whom his Majesty once said : " We have a horror of anti-religious struggles."

Six weeks after the Prince's birth, Baron Stockmar drew up a memorandum on the true manner of bringing up children of Royal blood ; the next year the Baron returned to the assault ; and three years later he prepared a final document, in which it was maintained that " the education of the Royal children must be, from first to last, a truly moral and English one." Whenever the Prince took a step in the direction of independence he received a letter from the Queen and her consort reminding him of a new duty and a new ideal. At the age of fifteen the future King, who had been previously given a certain allowance to enable him to buy his hats and scarves, was authorised to choose his own clothes, but " not to pay the tailor's bill." The Queen wrote—

" We do not wish to control your tastes and ideas ;

on the contrary, we want you to follow and develop them : but 'we expect' you not to wear anything 'extravagant' or in 'bad taste.'"

This "sermon," says M. Bardoux, was not altogether essential, for King Edward's taste was always exceptionally good and showed itself from his youth. On his sixteenth birthday he was made a Colonel and a Knight of the Garter, and, in lieu of a "tutor," was given a "governor." The Prince was told, in a letter from his parents, that "Life is made up of duties, and it is in fulfilling them respectfully, regularly and gladly that one shows oneself in the eyes of all a true Christian, a true soldier, and a true gentleman. . . . The Church Catechism enumerates the duties which you owe to God and to your neighbour. Let your conduct always be in conformity with those principles, and remember that the first and chief of them was formulated by our Lord, by the Saviour Himself : 'Love your neighbour as yourself, and do unto others as you would they should do unto you.'"

Those words "went home."

Never was there a more human sovereign than Edward VII. On the day of his death a poor woman took the faded flowers from her old bonnet, and, as a token of supreme homage, laid them on the threshold of the Palace. The King knew how to utter the smiling word which went straight to the heart of the poor. And when he visited hospitals and asylums, or spoke to a cottager about his little garden, perhaps he remembered the letter written to him by his parents on the 9th of November, 1858, which, it is said, brought tears to his eyes.

In October 1907 the Imperial Protestant Federa-



tion issued copies of correspondence which had passed between its secretary and Lord Knollys. It appeared that, on the 31st of August, the secretary wrote to Lord Knollys inquiring if it were true that when he was at Marienbad the King attended Mass and was seen bowing profoundly at the elevation of the Host, and that on the same evening the King attended Benediction and Vespers. Lord Knollys replied that the report was unfounded, and that on the same evening the King attended his own church.

The "Daily News" of February 1, 1912, published this choice morsel—

"Popish Altar."—Pastor Primmer and the King Edward VII Memorial.—From Our Own Correspondent.—Aberdeen, Wednesday night.—There were stirring proceedings at the meeting of the Presbytery of Kincardine O'Neil at Aboyne to-day, when Pastor Jacob Primmer presented his petition denouncing as an "illegal Popish altar" the memorial erected by King George in Crathie Parish Church in memory of the late King Edward.

The petition urged that "unless this setting up of a Popish altar under the influence and authority of his Majesty the King in Crathie Parish Church be at once reversed, we may expect marble Popish altars to be set up all over Scotland, and the way prepared for the introduction into our Church of the superstitious, idolatrous, blasphemous sacrifice of the Mass, and the pretence that it is a memorial of the late King Edward only aggravates the offence, as the Protestant Church concerns itself, like the New Testament Church, only with the living and never with the dead."

The complaint was discussed by the Presbytery,

and eventually a committee was appointed to inquire into the question and report to another meeting.

A rather curious story told of King Edward before his accession had, I think, its origin at Lourdes, and was fathered, no doubt incorrectly, upon Cardinal Lavigerie. The narrator, whoever he was, asserted that there was once in the Royal Family a lady of high rank who intended to make a pilgrimage to the celebrated Grotto as an act of thanksgiving for her recovery from a serious illness. In a reported conversation with "the Prince" the Cardinal was said to have been asked by his Royal Highness, "Will your Eminence conscientiously tell me if the priests who are the guardians of the sanctuary of Lourdes believe in the 'cures' which they say they have witnessed, and if their statements can be relied upon?" The Cardinal replied, "I vouch for the guardians of the Grotto as for myself. I have ascertained with my own eyes certain marvels which have been worked in that blessed place." "In that case," remarked the Prince, "it only remains for me to visit the Grotto and learn for myself what is said about the 'cures.' I shall, of course, go in the strictest incognito." It was said that "the Prince" visited the Grotto; if so, the secret was well kept, for no record of it is in existence. What we do know, however, is that the King *was* at Lourdes in 1909.

On the eve of the arrival of King Edward and the Queen at Malta in April 1907 the Most Rev. Peter Pace, Bishop of Malta and Archbishop of Rhodes, issued a pastoral letter to his clergy and people. After reminding Roman Catholics of their duties towards authority, for reasons temporal and spiritual, according



to the Gospel, he ordained that on the arrival of the Royal yacht the Pro-Cathedral of St. John should peal a signal for all the churches in the diocese to ring, and continue to do so for half-an-hour. On the landing of the King and Queen the same programme to be followed until their Majesties reach the Palace. The peals to be repeated on their Majesties' departure. The 15th to be observed as a holiday by the Episcopal Court, the Seminary, the dependent schools, and industrial institutions. Bells to be rung whenever the King and Queen pass.

The Archbishop concluded: "In fine, I warmly exhort the faithful heartily to accord the best they can, solemn and festive, to the august person of our well-beloved sovereign and his august consort, and to pray our good Jesus to preserve them to us safe, and that He may make their reign prosperous and extend their Empire, and finally lead them happy and safe to that Kingdom which is not of this world."

## CHAPTER XII

### THE KING AT HIS BEST

WHEN was Edward VII, whether as Prince or as sovereign, seen "at his best"? Many people thought him "quite at his best" at the dinner-table; and perhaps they were not very far wrong. He certainly did not agree with General Gordon that dinner-parties were "horrid and wearisome" affairs, occasions for "saying what we do not believe, eating and drinking things we do not want, and then abusing one another. I would sooner live like a dervish with the Mahdi than go out to dinner every night in London." King Edward enjoyed dining out, and liked a good dinner. His geniality enabled him to enjoy what most men dislike, dining in public, with, for him, its inevitable speech-making. In these after-dinner addresses few equalled, and still fewer surpassed, him. In my journalistic days I saw him at scores of "banquets," and was nervously apprehensive lest I should misreport him. His speeches never required any "touching up." If you took down his words as he spoke them, and faithfully transcribed your shorthand notes, you could not go wrong. Behind the Prince's chair stood one of his own tall servants, who attended to all his wants. Now and again H.R.H. said a few words to those on his immediate right and left, but only in the brief intervals of the courses. For the time the good



cheer before him claimed his attention. He knew what Talleyrand said : " Parlez-moi d'un autre plaisir qui se renouvelle trois fois par jour et qui dure une heure chaque fois."

Others insisted that he was "at his best" at Sandringham. He filled the rôle of a country gentleman as though he thoroughly enjoyed it. All his geniality had full vent for its display ; and he could move about untrammelled by the etiquette and ceremony which surrounded him at Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle. His Majesty, like his brothers, was in reality the most natural of men, and had the knack of setting at their ease all who were brought into immediate contact with him. There was never a moment's dullness when he was present. He talked as if it were a joy to him, and he liked everybody else to talk—when they got an opportunity to open their lips. His conversational powers were remarkable ; and his training, his experiences of many countries, and his natural humour combined to make his every word pleasant and interesting to listen to. Could some active stenographer have been occasionally at his elbow, what a wealth of interesting and diverting talk might have resulted ! That, however, in the nature of things, could never be ; and we had to content ourselves with the scraps of conversation which we got from time to time from those who were privileged to hear them. He crowned his merits by being the best of listeners, never interrupting the person who was speaking.

Indifferent as the talker might have been—often, too, nervous—he was listened to with what appeared to be, and perhaps was, an absorbed interest. W. H. (" Billy ") Russell's store of anecdote and racy talk

made him a prime favourite for forty years. Algernon Borthwick, apart from his "connections," came, to a great extent, in this category, for he also had many good stories to tell, and all the piquancy of the Frenchman in the telling of them. Edward Lawson (Lord Burnham), as one of the few men who "knew everything," was *au mieux* with the First Gentleman, who ungrudgingly bestowed all manner of social favours upon the eminent journalist. All three were likewise in the good graces of Queen Alexandra. With these exceptions, very few journalists had a "look in" at Marlborough House or, later, at the Palace or Windsor. A few people who write books were more favoured—that stupendous genius, Miss Marie Corelli, among them. As a sort of return compliment, she vigorously denounced Princess Ena's conversion to Catholicism, the author of "The Sorrows of Satan" being herself of the Protestant faith. Two artists who drew for "the papers" were in favour: Mr. Sidney Hall (the "Graphic") and the late Mr. Melton Prior (the "Illustrated London News"). The late Mr. Labouchere was on the best terms with Edward VII for many years; other "social" journalists were less fortunate.

Until quite recent years there was a famous French soldier for whom King Edward conceived a great liking. He was Gaston Alexandre Auguste, Marquis de Galliffet and Prince de Martigues, an active participant in that Mexican campaign which cost the Emperor Maximilian his life, and one of the leaders (for there were others) of the cavalry charges at Sedan. The Duc d'Aumale—another of the King's friends from the 'sixties—said of De Galliffet that he was "like Luxem-



bourg" (the great captain of Louis XIV), "ready of wit, ready in action, a bit of a rake, and a poor hand at his prayers"—a witty and an accurate summing-up of this beau sabreur.

During the King's illness in June 1902, the Marquis penned this very frank appreciation of his Majesty, addressing it to M. de Nalèche, who passed it on to the gifted author of "L'Oncle de l'Europe," a daring collection of caricatures accepted by the King—

At a moment when the illness of King Edward is disquieting all England you ask me for some reminiscences. Be it so! But I will only speak of him who was Prince of Wales. As regards the King, I confine myself to wishing him a speedy recovery.

It was, I believe, in 1862, that, being in London for the Universal Exhibition, I had the honour of being presented to the Prince of Wales. Since then I have very often seen him in Paris, in London, or at Sandringham. His very lively intelligence, his curiosity to know all, both men and things, his courtesy, and his great kindness rendered relations with him as easy as they were agreeable. In France he *especially* liked "society." Of his relations with the Emperor Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie he had preserved the happiest recollections. After the fall of the Empire the Prince of Wales lavished upon the unfortunate sovereigns, as well as upon the Prince Imperial, the most touching attentions. He spoke of them only in terms of the deepest sympathy.

The Prince of Wales being, to a greater extent than people in France were aware of, condemned by the Constitution of his country to a political inactivity most strictly defined, was unable to intervene in the policy which England thought fit to adopt towards France. But it must not be forgotten that he has always been the most "Anglo-Saxon" of his future subjects. Who, then, would blame him?

Besides, his birth, his education, the very great admiration which his parents showed for Germany, and especially for the King of Prussia, could not but have their effect upon the Prince of Wales. Nor was he, I presume, indifferent to the brilliant successes achieved by the Germans in 1870-1. He could not reasonably have been otherwise than pleased at the humiliation of a Power which had

triumphed more than the English under the walls of Sebastopol, and which had gained in Europe a position which England must sometimes have found irksome. I may, perhaps, also be permitted to *suppose* that since then the Prince of Wales has seen, not without regret, that Germany, in its turn, and from all points of view, has become stronger than England had desired in 1870-1.

I have every reason to believe that the Prince of Wales, when called upon to reign, having for the Constitution of his country an admiration as sincere as it is justified, would, *tous bas*, have pitied us for living in a Republic such as we understand it. As a thinker, he would have considered that such a Republic was not the most fruitful form of government for a great country. As future King of England he would perhaps have very easily consoled himself. In any case, we cannot forget what the Prince of Wales did in 1870-1 to help our sick and wounded. To him, as to his august mother, we must be grateful.—GALLIFFET.

Bismarck once said, "The Prince of Wales is the only Prince whom one is never likely to meet on the field of battle." The Man of Blood and Iron might have added, "But that is not the fault of the Prince." Now, no one has ever questioned the deep interest which all our Princes take in the army. It was the Prince of Wales's misfortune rather than his fault that he was not allowed to make militarism enter even more deeply into his life than it did. I will show "H.R.H." in a new character.

As ill-luck would have it, General the Marquis de Galliffet was taken prisoner by the Germans at, or immediately after, the crowning disaster at Sedan. That happened on September 1, and on the 7th of the same month the Marquis petitioned General von Bittensfeld to exchange him for a German officer of equal rank. That request would have been granted, only no German General had ever fallen into the hands of the French! The General now despaired of



ever wielding his sword again during the campaign. His spirits, however, rose in the following December, when there arrived at Ems, the place of his captivity, a confidential agent of the Prince of Wales, charged to see the prisoner and ascertain how his friend, the English Heir-Apparent, could serve him. General de Galliffet was immensely gratified that the Prince of Wales should have displayed this striking proof of friendship, and desired the Prince to forward to King William (he was not yet Kaiser) through his Royal Highness's brother-in-law, then Crown Prince, a fresh request—namely, to be exchanged, not for an officer of his own rank, since that was impossible, but for a simple soldier. And the General gave his word of honour that, could such an exchange be effected, he would renounce all the privileges of his rank and serve for the remainder of the war as a private soldier!

Through the Prince of Wales's efforts General de Galliffet's request was made known to "Unser Fritz," who lost no time in sending it on to the King, urging his illustrious father to accede to the captive's petition. All would have gone well but for Moltke, who declared that it would be most unwise to make the exchange—in fact, vetoed the request; so the General remained a prisoner until the signing of peace. The incident showed "the Prince" in the light of a man who, as we say, "sticks to" his friends "through thick and thin"; and we may be sure that the gallant General never forgot what King Edward did on his behalf in the "Terrible Year."

The author of "L'Oncle de l'Europe" (a work which highly amused King Edward and his entourage) requested the late General the Marquis de Galliffet,

among others, to define "the characteristics of the modern sovereign," the questions formulated with particular reference to Edward VII being these—

1. Does King Edward, despite the traditionalism with which he is surrounded, fulfil one's idea of what a modern sovereign should be?

2. Which predominates in King Edward—the man or the sovereign? Or (if preferable) has the King, in Edward VII, silenced the man?

3. Can King Edward be considered a convinced partisan of the peaceful union of peoples?

4. If so, can we reckon upon his powerful assistance to oppose every new European conflagration?

5. Has not King Edward VII, "the most Parisian of all Englishmen," been the most effectual agent in the reconciliation of France and England? And was this reconciliation desired by himself personally, or was it the wish of his people?

De Galliffet excused himself from answering the questions, but wrote—

I only know King Edward VII from having had the honour of lunching, dining or supping with him in France or in England. I know nothing about politics. I am only an old soldier, very French, who regrets that he was not dead when a very wise law compelled him to retire.

When the General sanctioned the publication of a few extracts from the "Memoirs" which he had begun to write, he was so much annoyed at their chilling reception that he was supposed to have thrown the remaining manuscripts into the fire. M. Jules Claretie, however, noted in 1910 that the extracts were merely discursive "mems.," to which the General attached no importance. Later, he set to work seriously upon his reminiscences, which, as he told his friends, were to be published only after his death. Several years previously he wrote to M. Claretie, "I have begun my fifth volume."



"Galliffet's memoirs of Paris, the Court, the army, and of life in general—what a mine of information these pages will be!" said M. Claretie. "A world which has disappeared will live again; it will be a procession of phantoms, another 'Revue nocturne!' I have heard him describe the death—the suicide—of Mme. Bazaine, a story the Empress Eugénie wished had not been told. His private recollections of Prince Jérôme Napoleon and his conversations with Gambetta were living and astonishing passages of history. It would be regrettable, indeed, were these reminiscences not to see the light." But they had not appeared at the time of writing (1912).

Of those who found most favour with the Prince in the old days I will refer here to one only—Heneage Finch, seventh Earl of Aylesford, who was with the Heir-Apparent on his tour through India, a tour which has yet to be described. I do not mention that nobleman's name to condemn either it or him; far from it. "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*" But at one time few of all the golden youth in London Society were half as popular as "Jo" Aylesford, the Lord of Packington, that fairy spot in the story-full Forest of Arden visited by the Prince and Princess of Wales during the coming-of-age festivities of Royalty's young host. Neither would it be becoming on my part to dwell on the trouble which soon afterwards destroyed the peace and happiness of more than one family. One of the saddest chapters in our social history has yet to be impartially narrated; I leave to others the task of putting on record the fateful story, which from first to last was as distressing as, to certain of the *dramatis personæ*, it was discreditable. But I never

wander through those quiet glades, or under those ivy-clad monarchs of the forest, or on the banks of the glassy mere, where the moorhen's shrill notes are the only sounds which break the wondrous silence of the place, without calling to mind the wild revelry in which, to a greater or a lesser extent, all the county plunged with a recklessness which is even yet gossiped about with bated breath by the steady-going dwellers in Shakespeare's legendary Forest of Arden.

But the times changed; the leading actor in the comedy changed, too, and the Prince who so often "heard the chimes at midnight" with the companions of his hot and riotous youth became the sober-minded, steady-going, business-like *père de famille*, who, as the potent ruler of London Society, not only earned the grateful thanks of the community generally, but gave ample proof that he possessed those rare qualities which later made him a successful and popular monarch.

King Edward was a master of the art of hospitality and gratified his guests by the most delicate attentions. When he was Prince of Wales it was admitted that no one excelled him in his endeavours to make all his *invités*, no matter what their rank, feel at home. It was the same when he came to the throne. Whether he was talking to people in the hunting-field, on a yacht, at a regimental mess, at a public banquet, or at a private dinner-table—his own or some friend's—he made them feel that, for the time, they were on an equality with himself. It was etiquette to address him simply as "Sir." The predicates, "Your Royal Highness," or "Your Majesty," were banished. In these fine shadings he was unrivalled, and, thanks to



his supreme tact, he never "gave himself away," or surrendered his dominance. But woe unto those who abused the hospitable liberty, equality and fraternity which prevailed under his roof! The rare occasions when, as Prince or King, he exercised his prerogative were those where he deemed it necessary to rebuke the "forwardness" of some guest at the expense of another. This he did in a manner not to be misunderstood.

Many years before his accession he was a Prime Minister's guest at dinner. Two Ambassadors were present, and among the convives was one who, although he had not then occupied public attention, had been honoured with an invitation. Conversation was, as usual, carried on in a subdued, but perfectly unrestrained, tone. No lowering of the voice, no movement, betrayed the fact that the uncontested autocrat of the Anglo-Saxon world sat at the table. After the meal no circle was formed, as is the rule abroad, but the Prince approached the guests in turn and honoured each one with a talk, during which the others continued to converse among themselves. The evening passed quickly, and the Prince, going round the room, had reached the door, and was evidently about to take his departure. He threw one last curious sweeping glance round the room. Far away, a solitary guest stood near the fire-place—the only person with whom the Prince had not conversed or taken leave. The man stood there deep in thought, probably wondering if he could afford a cab to take him home. The Prince walked straight up to him, shook hands and wished him a friendly "good-night." The King of the future may not have asked himself if his kindly thoughtfulness

was appreciated, but I have every reason to know that it was. Yet, in Voltaire's words, "On est assez cruel pour persécuter sa mémoire!"

In May 1908, in advance of M. Fallières, M. Ruau, the French Minister of Agriculture, and one of his Ministerial colleagues, M. Cruppi, came over to take a peep at the "Franco-British." "We received," he told a friend, who met him at the exhibition of the Cent Pastels which was then drawing all Paris, "the most delightful welcome in London. We owe to our eminent Ambassador, M. Paul Cambon, a most agreeable time, very usefully employed. We had many opportunities of talking to English statesmen, Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey among them; and the King was good enough to accord us a private audience. The illustrious and attractive personality of Edward VII is, happily, too well known in France to render it necessary for me to even refer to him. But I may tell you that I saw in his Majesty's cabinet a 'Napoleon' which, if I mistake not, is a replica of a justly-celebrated picture by Delacroix. You know the historical culte, the admiration, of the English for their great adversary. You have read Lord Rosebery's book? In the country, too, chez Lord Jersey, I saw a veritable museum of Napoleonic relics. Naturally, I had several interviews with the English Minister of Agriculture, Lord Carrington, one of the King's friends, and, like his Majesty, a fin connaisseur of everything French. Lord Carrington told me that one of the liveliest recollections of his childhood was hearing Rachel. 'Later,' said Lord Carrington, with a smile, 'I went to Paris and applauded Schneider.'



This grand seigneur, I found, appreciated the very different talents of those two great artistes as fully as if he were a Parisian *le plus raffiné*. But let us return to agriculture. King Edward is the first agriculturist in his country, as he is the first politician. He personally superintends his private estates. The questions appertaining to the breeding of stock have no secrets for him. I regretted the necessity of returning to Paris, as the King had told me what agricultural establishments I ought to visit. As, however, I was obliged to leave London, King Edward very graciously invited me to return to England, on June 15, for the annual show of the Agricultural Society. I should much like to see it, but on the 14th I must accompany M. Fallières to the Grand Prix."

Immediately after his accession the King laid his reforming hand upon Windsor. He found that an army of parasites had been for many years living upon kind-hearted Queen Victoria. In the days that had vanished long before January 1901 John Brown had done as he liked at the Court. Hence many of the good things went to the Windsor shopkeepers, including the best places at the great spectacles. Shameful was the waste. Queen Victoria's income was inadequate to the demands so frequently made upon it. The reckless distribution of broken victuals alone cost a small fortune. But I will not dwell upon the details. All the Queen had at her own disposal was £60,000 a year, despite the farcical statements of what she left at her death. £60,000 a year! Why, upon such a pittance your South-African millionaires—"magnates," as they are called—would be unable to make both

ends meet. I know of a case where a man with an income of £80,000 deems himself next door to a pauper, and has dreams of being "broke."

As Hercules cleansed the Augean stables, so King Edward purified Windsor Castle, and made it a place of sweet savour. Three men—I have named them—carried out the work, and earned the King's esteem and gratitude.

Both as Prince and as Sovereign King Edward enjoyed "chaffing," and usually, but not invariably, took the "chaff" of others very good-humouredly. When it came to a combat of wits, he generally contrived to "score." One of his companions in Paris in the old days—the very old days—was the Prince of Orange, son of the late King of the Netherlands (Queen Wilhelmina's father by his second marriage). The two Princes were at a well-known cabaret one night, when the Hollander, in festive mood, referred to the Prince of Wales as "Galeux," an indescribably offensive word. Our Prince, however, took it in good part, and, assuming the manner and tone of a real "gavroche," exclaimed, in the choicest argot of Montmartre, "Va donc — eh ! Citron !" ("Shut up, Citron !") The sobriquet stuck, and as "Citron" the stepson of Queen Emma and uncle of Queen Wilhelmina lives in the legends of the Boulevards, although probably few are aware that the nickname was conferred upon the Prince of Orange by King Edward, but only, as one might say, after provocation. "Citron" was not the most temperate of mortals. As Hawker of Morwenstow once said of Tennyson (who had confessed that his chief reliance for bodily force was on wine): "I should conceive he yielded to the



conqueror of Ariadne ever and anon." With more directness the Prince of Wales, commenting upon this weakness of "Citron," used to say: "It is very annoying to be exposed to ill-natured criticism merely because one is occasionally seen with men who know so little how to behave themselves."

That he was *vif à la riposte* is exemplified by this little story. At Marlborough House one night in the 'eighties the Prince and some of his guests were playing billiards. "H.R.H." was not in particularly good form, and, after a rather bad "shot," one of the younger men shouted, to the amazement and disgust of the others: "I say, Wales, pull yourself together!" The Prince made no reply, but, beckoning to a servant, said: "Call Mr. ——'s carriage!"

When King Edward was with his intimates he did not mince his words. One day when, as Prince, he was strolling near the great lake in the Bois de Boulogne, the Reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, brother of our Prince Consort, drove past. "There goes my uncle Ernest," said the Prince to his companion. "When I see him I look the other way; there are always some impossible women with him."

"An ex-Diplomatist," writing in 1889, in the "New York Tribune" (Mr. Whitelaw Reid's powerful paper), credited the Prince of Wales with "extraordinary tact," which, as we know, developed with years; and asserted, rightly enough, that the possession of that quality was "one of the principal sources of his power in England. For, although jealously debarred by his queenly mother from any active share in the government of the nation, he wields a sovereignty of his own creation, which is far more powerful and autocratic

than hers. Its character is of a social nature, and he is able to decree either the social success or the social death of any one that may attract his notice. A few quiet hints as to the fact that he objects to some particular individual are sufficient to cause the social ostracism of the latter, whereas a word of commendation from his lips is all that is needed to become a leader of society. It is he alone who has made the social position of the Rothschilds in London, and that, too, within the last fifteen years. Before that they were kept outside the pale of the social world, whereas now they are becoming its leaders."

So seldom did the average Briton get a glimpse of the Prince in the 'eighties, that his appearance in any part of the West End, save Pall Mall, caused people to stop and gaze amazedly after him ; it was, moreover, an indisputable and striking fact that one might, like myself, have resided in the very heart of the St. James's quarter, and been a constant frequenter of the clubs, without encountering the Heir-Apparent more than half-a-dozen times between the first of January and the thirty-first of December. Now was not this a curious trait in the character of the First Gentleman in the land, this apparent repugnance to show himself to the lieges, this seeming disinclination to step down from the pedestal of his high rank and mingle occasionally with the plebeian crowd?

All this may have seemed somewhat in the nature of a paradox to those who read of the Prince's innumerable engagements when he was in the Metropolis ; and I hasten to explain that every day of his Royal Highness's life was so fully occupied as to render it well-nigh impossible for him to indulge in those "con-



stitutionals" to which he was so partial at Sandringham and during his visits to the Continent. When he was on some public or private mission bent, we caught a glimpse of him as he was bowling along in a single or double brougham, or a closed landau, seldom an open one. Should he have been going to one or other of the railway stations, the victoria was selected; and then we saw the Prince usually wearing a "reefer," or some kind of morning coat, and a hard or soft felt hat—the latter was a "Homburg" if his destination were the Continent.

Seldom was the Prince seen mounted. He had got rid of some of that adipose tissue whereof he had a superfluity, and to that fact we may safely attribute his disappearance from the ranks of the riders in the Row. Once, and once only, in the season of 1887 was the Prince seen ambling along the "Route du Roi." To many it must have seemed as if he had made up his mind to reappear in the Row, "for this occasion only," in order to give a much-needed lesson to some of those habitués who had set the bad example of turning out in garb very suitable to country highways and byways, but inappropriate when worn in London. The most abbreviated of jackets, "butcher" boots, and "bowler" hats—the latter varied by hideous soft caps and white "straws"—were fit and proper for the early morning canter, but for the mid-day and late afternoon ride a little more regard should have been paid to the conveniences. Life in London is made up of such small things that the fact of the Prince appearing in the Row in the traditional "topper" formed the liveliest subject of dinner chat for many evenings.

As he exchanged cheery greetings with any number

of friends at the "Marlborough"—the club whereat he spent most of his spare time when he was in town—everybody noticed the vast improvement in his health as compared with what I remember it to have been in the early 'eighties. In 1888, unless those who ought to have known were guilty of a *suggestio falsi*, the Prince's "trouble" was very similar to that which placed the Tsar (Alexander III) temporarily hors de combat. The intelligence of the real nature of the Prince's ailment, first made publicly known by me, in 1888, caused much talk. He returned from Homburg a new man. The Prince was rather severely dieted in 1888, and for some time afterwards; later he was allowed a more generous regimen, and was considered to be as good a "life" as the Queen herself. His only worry was his constitutional tendency to obesity.

"L'Oncle de l'Europe," to which reference has been made, presented King Edward in all the guises the fertile brains of the cream of caricaturists of Europe and the United States could devise, the producer-in-chief of the work being a Frenchman, M. John Grand-Carteret. You must, needless to say, be either very popular, or the reverse, to come within the range of the caricaturists of the wide world; and, of course, "notre bon Roy" was in the first category. When the King was Prince he was fairly well caricatured; but after his accession he was seized by the deft limners of all countries, so that Grand-Carteret had not to complain of a paucity of material for his volume.

Edward the Seventh's frank and genial countenance and well-set-up, commanding figure appealed strongly to the higher-class caricaturist—the Pellegrini of the period—who revelled in the *je ne sais quoi* of our Chief



of State. In the majority of Continental and American caricatures which were published of late years, King Edward was treated with, for this description of art, some slight approach to refinement, although the essence of caricature is, of course, breadth, which need not necessarily degenerate into blatant vulgarity. Your English caricaturist is too often so intent upon producing a "portrait" of almost photographic fidelity that his work frequently fails of its effect—a blemish avoided, in the main, by the French, Germans, and Italians. The Americans, on the other hand, with one or two exceptions, err in the matter of breadth, with the result that, to European eyes, much of their work appears coarse and vulgar. Doubtless, M. Grand-Carteret's native good taste led him to rule out all pictures to which exception might reasonably be taken by the least fastidious of King Edward's subjects.

In the Berlin "*Lustige Blätter*" of August 1, 1906, there were two very curious caricatures. One, printed in colours, was called "*Eduard bei der Taufe*" ("*Edward at the Christening*"). A burly nurse held in her arms the Kaiser's new grandson. King Edward was depicted in a yachting suit—blue serge jacket, white trousers, and white deck shoes; his cap well back from his forehead. He leant forward gazing at the Imperial baby, and said: "That's right! The more Princes the fewer ships to christen!" The second picture formed the centre of several other "skits"; the general title for all being "*Hof und Gesellschaft*" ("*Court and Society*"). King Edward, a big cigar in his mouth, a pencil in one hand, was bending over a table, on which was spread out a map. He was about to start on his autumn tour, and was

selecting the route. This was evidently a puzzling business, for his Majesty said: "How can I get to Marienbad without meeting my dear nephew? Flushing, Antwerp, Calais, Rouen, Madrid, Lisbon, Nice, Monaco—all extremely unsafe! Ha! I simply go *viâ* Berlin; then I am sure not to meet him! All right!" In all this there was humour. King Edward's portrait was framed in by a circle, round which was inscribed the Garter motto, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*" The likeness was by no means bad, and, taking them as a whole, the caricatures were successful—the second one particularly so. Any way, they were evidence of the King's wide popularity. Roughly Englished, as few will require to be told, "*Lustige Blätter*" means simply "*Joyous Journal.*" It is largely read in Germany, and its caricatures are distinguished by that breadth of view to which I have referred.

Edward VII had a vivid recollection of the dynamitards of 1891 and 1892, and how they tried to wreak their vengeance upon two of the best-known members of Paris Society—of that section, indeed, which used to be spoken of as "*the Prince's set.*" A shriek of horror greeted the announcement one March day (it was in 1892) that a dynamite bomb had exploded in the courtyard of the Princesse de Sagan's magnificent residence in the Rue Saint Dominique. Early in the morning, as a man-servant was sweeping the courtyard, he saw on the ground a little tin box. This he swept into the gutter (rain was falling in torrents at the time), and the next moment came the explosion. The man was knocked down, and sustained much injury to one of his eyes; otherwise no damage was done, but the alarm in that modish quarter was in-



describable, and in every salon and every club the narrow escape of "poor Jeanne de Sagan" from the dynamitards was discussed as feverishly as if that most delightful woman's house had been blown into the air, and all its occupants buried in the ruins. People remembered, too, that less than a year before the attempt on the Princesse de Sagan's residence there had been a somewhat similar outrage at the house of another popular lady (also well known to the Prince)—I mean the Marquise de Trévisé. That was on May 1, 1891, and it was supposed that Spanish anarchists were the perpetrators of both attempts. It is to Madame de Sagan that we owe the cruel mot: "A husband can only hope to be a hero in his wife's eyes for two months—the month before he is married and the month after his death!"

As on June 26, 1909, the procession entered the Park through the gates named after her Majesty and swept along the Ladies' Mile, King Edward's thoughts could not fail to have reverted to that memorable First of May when, child as he was, he formed a prominent figure in the splendid pageant enacted on this same ground eight-and-fifty years previously. The Heir-Apparent was then midway between nine and ten; his sister, the Princess Royal, a year older; and both accompanied their parents to the opening of Paxton's glass Palace, erected in record time on the expanse of greensward faced by the cavalry barracks. The Royal party (so Queen Victoria has told us) "Drove up Rotten Row, and got out at the entrance on that side. . . . It was, and is, a day to live for ever. God bless dearest Albert! God bless my dearest country,

which has shown itself so great to-day. One felt so grateful to the Great God! Who seemed to pervade all and to bless all!" To Queen Victoria the event faintly suggested her coronation; "but this day's festival was a thousand times superior." Going into the Exhibition the Prince Consort was observed (wrote her Majesty) "leading me, having Vicky at his hand, and Bertie holding mine." Stoic, indeed, would the King have been (and we all know that he was the most sensitive of men) had he not dwelt upon these fond memories that afternoon, less than a year before his death, as he and the Queen skirted the tree-lined Row between a hedge of cheering humanity. Nor would his Majesty, with his keen recollection of everything and everybody, have forgotten this stanza from a "May Day Ode" (it was Thackeray's)—

"But yesterday a naked sod,"  
The dandies sneered, "from Rotten Row,"  
And cantered o'er it to and fro;  
And see, 'tis done!

It was not until the procession reached the "Dell"—the home of black and brown rabbits, blackbirds and thrushes, dabchicks and moorhens, ducks and, let them not be omitted, water-rats—that the full beauty of this pleasaunce revealed itself. All the way from Albert Gate to stately Apsley Gate and the historic "Corner" the cortège defiled between overhanging trees, emerald lawns, and clumps of parti-coloured, full-blossomed rhododendrons. Here the spectacle attained its culminating point. Here, too, the crowd was the proverbial "well-dressed" one, and the gaze lingered on features and forms "Faultily faultless, icily régular . . . dead perfection." To all these the crimson and



mauve and white blossoms were everyday sights. That afternoon they had eyes only for the Lady in their Majesties' carriage. Not a few among that gay concourse could have borne ocular testimony to the fact that on the Twenty-Sixth of June, 1909, the Queen looked even more winning than on the Tenth of March, 1863. Never before had the Sovereigns been the objects of more tumultuous enthusiasm and affection.

As Prince of Wales King Edward was often seen at Baden-Baden when the races were on and the beautiful Black Forest resort was at its best. At a certain well-known shop the Prince, at each of his visits, made numerous purchases, and the worthy trader was soon on excellent terms with his Royal patron; indeed, he so ingratiated himself with his illustrious customer that on two or three occasions his Royal Highness said, "Whenever you are in London be sure you call upon me."

Herr —— considered this merely as an amiable pleasantry, and thought no more about it. His friends, however, took a different view of the Prince's invitation and advised him not to further neglect it. Business took him to England every year, and one summer, being in London, he plucked up his courage and left a card at Marlborough House, in the full belief that nothing would come of it. On the following day, to his great surprise, he received a formal "command" to Sandringham. In the room to which he was conducted were the Royal host and hostess and some of their relatives. Nothing could have been more cordial than the welcome given to his plebeian guest by the warm-hearted Heir-Apparent, who presented him in

turn to "my wife," "my brother, the Duke of Edinburgh," and "my brother's wife, the Duchess of Edinburgh." In this charming fashion was the Baden-Baden shopkeeper (he was really not the proprietor, but the manager of the business), who told me the story, made the welcome guest of the future King and Queen, from whom he received the most kindly consideration during his two days' visit.

Etiquette prescribes that those who are invited to meet Sovereigns, or their Heirs-Apparent, should wear, when they possess them, the Orders of the visiting Monarch, or his representative for the time being. The Marquis de Soveral, who was asked—or commanded—to Sandringham, where some of the members of the Royal Family of Greece were staying, was seen by King Edward at the dinner to be wearing the wrong decoration. His Majesty quietly removed his own Greek order, and, under cover of the tablecloth, affixed it to the nether end of the Marquis's waistcoat. None of the party perceived this timely, good-natured action, the amusement being divided between the King and the then Portuguese Minister.

"The Prince" as a clubman is an attractive theme, but I can only deal briefly with it. There was a time when he was to be seen at White's—sometimes at the famous bow window. Then he founded the Marlborough, and thenceforward the cosy little club opposite the Royal residence in Pall Mall became his favourite resort. No other clubs, save the "Unionist," owned a bowling-alley. In Paris "the Prince" was emphatically a clubman, and for many years he was a member of the Cercle des Champs Elysées, the "Jockey," the



"New," the "Patineurs," the "Rue Royale" (Don Carlos being a fellow-member), the "Union Artistique" (which had the late Emperor of Brazil on its books) and the Yacht Club de France. In all likelihood "H.R.H." was also a member of other Paris clubs, those known to what was then the fine fleur of the French capital, for, as a wit said of him in the 'sixties, "Son Altesse aime la grande vie, et elle adore le Boulevard, où elle peut flâner incognito."

The Marlborough opened its doors in 1869. Several years later "the Prince" was mainly instrumental in forming the New Club. The home of the "New" had been "Evans's," the resort of all the well-known men who were to the fore in the 'sixties and 'seventies. To the Heir-Apparent of those days "Evans's" was not altogether unfamiliar. In the congenial company of Lord Alfred Paget, "Aylesford," "Dupplin" (a prime favourite at Marlborough House), and a few others, the Prince must often have heard "Paddy" Green's choristers (the boys were little Catholics, from St. George's, Southwark) warbling "All among the barley." When "Evans's" had vanished into the Ewigkeit the Prince and his friends established the New Club, which had an immense vogue. Yes, the violins went merrily for a long time, and both in and out of the season the old market echoed with the rattle of carriages whose fair owners had come from Belgravia and Mayfair to "chase the golden hours with flying feet" to the melodies of the "Blue" or the "Red" Hungarians. What wonder that invitations to the soirées of the New Club were eagerly sought for? . . . Gone is "the gracious dream." Nevermore will it . . .

. . . lure us back among the ways  
Of Time's all-golden Yesterdays.

To the "Revue Hebdomadaire" a masterly appreciation of King Edward was contributed by M. Jacques Bardoux, who, although professedly dealing with "the Man," presented an attractive picture of the Sovereign from his cradle to the period of his adolescence :

Looking at the photograph taken by Mayall on the day of the marriage of the Prince of Wales—representing Albert Edward, Princess Alexandra, in a white bonnet and shawl, and Queen Victoria, in a widow's bonnet and fichu, grouped round a bust of the Prince Consort—one is struck by the son's resemblance to the father: the same nose and forehead, even the same whiskers. He got from his mother only the expressive mouth and the blue eyes; in reality, he owed much more to her. This resemblance increased as years passed, and towards the end of his life it was impossible to look at Edward VII, leaning on his cane, slightly stooping, without recalling the figure, the attitude, and the gestures of Queen Victoria. There was nothing about him of the idealistic and methodical German, his father. The English stamp which characterised him increased with time.



## CHAPTER XIII

### ENGLISH AND GERMAN CRITICS

About the time that the public had got excited anent the card affair at Tranby Croft, which, as we have seen, ended so disastrously for Sir William Gordon-Cumming, Bart., the "Weekly Dispatch" allowed a correspondent to run riot in its columns concerning what was mysteriously shadowed forth as "another Royal scandal." The Prince of Wales was plainly and unmistakably pointed at, while it was not very difficult to still further unravel the puzzle, and "find the lady." Months elapsed; many things happened; but we heard nothing of the "terrible scandal" which the "Dispatch" pleasantly informed us was about to startle Europe, sadden England, confound the Heir-Apparent and bring grief and shame upon an honoured family.

The "Star" was the first, indeed almost the only, paper to reprint the appetising morsel from the "Dispatch," but I am not aware that it ever had, I will not say the grace, but the manliness and fairness, to retract the malevolent insinuations which it fathered. It took the first opportunity of borrowing from the same journal what was termed "a diary of the Prince of Wales's movements for the year," prefaced by the naïf remark that "our contemporary has again rendered a national service by publishing" that precious concoction. Now this was yellow journalism with a vengeance, and I dare-

say commended itself to those Radical newsmongers whose chief mission would appear to have been the reviling of one or other members of the Royal Family—the Prince of Wales for choice.

The aim and intent of the two journals in question was obviously to show the Prince of Wales in the character of a slothful Heir-Apparent, and they printed excerpts from the public chronicle of the Prince's life, as "bringing home to the mind of every reader in the most incisive way what life really is on the topmost pinnacle of modern society, and how truly noble, earnest and beautiful a thing is our latter-day Royalty."

In approved bricklayer fashion the two papers proceeded to "take out the quantities"—to rake up from the newspapers every movement of the Prince, in order to show "the amazing fact" of "the utter insignificance of the Prince of Wales's public or official duties!" Was anything more truly childish, contemptible, and ignorant ever printed? But I must give a sample. Thus it runs, "at the latter end of May, 1891."

14.—To the Court Theatre in the evening.

15.—Gave a luncheon at Marlborough House, and went for a drive in the afternoon.

16.—To the opera at Covent Garden.

17.—To lunch with the Duke of Fife, and see his new-born grandchild.

18.—To the Horse Show at Islington.

20.—To dinner with Mr. Rose at the Amphitryon Club.

And so the list continues! "After that comes the German Emperor; then more balls, weddings, and dinner-parties; then the Prince of Naples, then Goodwood, then Cowes, and then off to Homburg for 'the cure' (which includes racing at Frankfort), followed by



three weeks' shooting in Scotland, till October finds H.R.H. once again in London ready to resume his ceaseless round of toil."

Now, to show the ignorance which characterised such an attempt to lower the Prince of Wales as that above printed, it is only necessary to remark that ever since his Royal Highness attained his majority the untiring cry of Radical publicists and Radical speakers had been that the Prince *must not do anything*—nothing but perform ceremonial duties of the exact and precise nature indicated in the catalogue or diary published. To adopt the language of a well-known M.P., the Prince of Wales was "paid his salary for the sole and express purpose of fulfilling those ornamental duties which the Queen, by reason of advancing years, found herself unable to discharge, and of which his Royal Highness acquitted himself to the perfect and unbounded satisfaction of the country at large."

It was always the complaint of the Prince of Wales (who, however, never obtruded his personal troubles on the public) that the Constitution of the United Kingdom condemns the Heir-Apparent to a life of comparative inaction; and that he was debarred from showing the mettle he was made of by being subject to laws and conditions as immutable as those which governed the Medes and the Persians in the infancy of the world. It was of no use for the Prince to rebel—he might not "kick against the pricks"—all he could do was to submit, to tacitly acquiesce in the programme laid down for him.

And what a programme it was! Would any other man in the kingdom have had the nerve, the patience, the skill, the tact, the unvarying good humour (and

this was not the least of the qualifications for the successful discharge of the rôle) to go through the endless round of ceremonial toil allotted to the Queen's eldest son? I doubt it. I will go further, and maintain that not one individual at all fit for the adequate performance of the part would have had the temerity to even attempt to fulfil the duties attaching to such a position.

While, however, the tactics of papers like those alluded to provoked nothing more than smiles from the great bulk of the public, whether Conservative and Constitutional, or Radical and iconoclastic, the leaders of the Liberal party were sorely embarrassed by such ridiculous vapourings. But, of course, between the gentlemen who call themselves, and are, Liberals, and the froth of the Party there is a vast gulf, never to be crossed under any circumstances or by any payment, in the nature of services rendered, whatsoever. These francs-tireurs of the Radical party are the terror of those Liberals who have a stake in the country; yet the latter are unfortunately obliged to show a sort of civility to them—to meet them at dinner now and then, to fraternise with them at the club, and, above and beyond all, to be hail-fellow-well-met in the lobbies at Westminster. It is, however, necessarily only surface-politeness, for, even as oil and water will not mix, so was it impossible that men of gentle birth could reckon among their friends those whose one and only idea of “doing something” was to bait the Prince of Wales—the one man whom they could attack with safety, inasmuch as the Prince could no more have condescended to bandy words with them than he could have brought himself to complain if a cabman splashed him as he was crossing Pall Mall to or from the Marlborough Club.



I am aware that not a few good Loyalists were, and are, of opinion that it is best to take no notice of these attacks on the person and principle of Royalty. I cannot share in that belief, for unless such calumnies are refuted those who propagate them are encouraged to foment still more discord and sow yet more dissension. Of this we had ample proof when the Prince of Wales's imaginary financial position was made the subject of ignorant comment.

The attempts to "show up" the Heir-Apparent by publishing a diary of his movements for the year were pleasantly satirised by *Punch* in these verses—

#### LE PRINCE S'AMUSE

##### AN APOLOGETIC IDYLL

My life is held to be a round of pleasures ;  
 All I can say is, they who thus would rate it  
 For life's delights have most peculiar measures ;  
 For though in plainest English they don't state it,  
 'Tis clear no recreation meets their views,  
 Or why that sneering cry, "Le Prince s'amuse"?

Or do they think a Prince, without repining,  
 Foundation stones unceasingly is laying,  
 Rewarded with a glut of public dining,  
 The pangs of hunger ever to be staying,  
 Is recreation such as he would choose ?  
 If so, I understand "Le Prince s'amuse."

But how a world that notes his daily doings—  
 The everlasting round of weary function—  
 The health-returnings, speeches, interviewings—  
 Can grudge him some relief without compunction,  
 Seems quite to me "another pair of shoes !"  
 Dyspeptic is that cry, "Le Prince s'amuse."

"What is King Edward doing?" This was always a pertinent query, but never more so than in 1907.

The answer given by the German Press, by many Austrian papers, and by some Italian journals, was that King Edward, in the rôle of Ambassador-Extraordinary, was isolating Germany. Now Germany will not permit herself to be isolated—if she can help it. German politicians were said to feel that their country was “impotent to stem the diplomatic successes of his Majesty,” and the world was treated to an outburst of hysterical articles in the papers, simply and solely because the German editors did not appreciate King Edward’s actions as his own Minister-Plenipotentiary.

Reading the extracts from the German and Italian papers, one was reminded of the manner in which the French Press greeted the proposal, in 1870, to place Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern on the then vacant throne of Spain. The Prince’s candidature was withdrawn, but that did not prevent France from declaring war. The attitude of the German Press towards England in 1907 resembled the attitude of the French Press towards Prussia in 1870. The bellicose nature of the articles in the German Press in 1907 may be gathered from a perusal of these extracts—

The man whose restless occupation at the present moment threatens the peace of Europe is, more and more plainly, none other than the English King.

King Edward is the twentieth-century Napoleon, with this difference—that he is working quietly behind the scenes, employing skilful diplomatic methods, instead of brute force [the force employed, one seems to remember, by a certain “Blood and Iron” statesman]. Much as, in Germany’s interests, we deplore King Edward’s success, we are forced to admire the statesmanlike qualities which have characterised his kingship.

King Edward is a cunning gentleman, but too great cunning spoils the game at times.

Count Wolff-Metternich, the German Ambassador in London, and



Count Monts, the German Ambassador at Rome, are sleeping at their posts, instead of informing the Government how things stood. They are to blame because Berlin was completely surprised by the Gaëta meeting.

"A jet of cold water directed against England." This is how several Berlin papers described an article published by the "Cologne Gazette" on the interview between the Kings of England and Italy. This article was worthy of note, because it was said to have been universally accepted as an exposition of the views of the German Foreign Office, if not of the Chancellor himself. The German Foreign Office, however, repudiated all knowledge of the article. It did not take this step with regard to another outburst in the columns of the "Tägliche Rundschau." "Our Government is sick of the hide-and-seek game of the English peace and disarmament comedy, and it therefore illuminates the devious paths of the King of Great Britain with a searchlight which will flash unpleasantly in the eyes of that ambitious monarch. She" (Germany) "points to the sharpness of her sword, a hint which it is to be hoped will be understood both in London and Gaëta."

Such were some of the views entertained by the German Press of King Edward's actions in the character of an unofficial diplomatist—a rôle which he had fulfilled with complete success, as was exemplified by the good relations existing between England and France, Italy, Spain and last, but not least, Russia. What startled our German friends was the novelty of King Edward's personal intervention in matters which had been hitherto left entirely to the diplomatists. It is no disrespect to the memory of our venerated Queen

to say that with the advent of "the Prince" to supreme power in 1901 a complete change came o'er the spirit of the dream ; and that the position which this country now holds in the world's estimation is immeasurably greater than that which it held in the reign of Victoria.

It is not that our successive Governments were at all lax in the conduct of affairs ; it is that by force of circumstances the personality of our Sovereign Lady had become enveloped in a mist. One hardly likes to say it, but the isolation which Queen Victoria imposed upon herself for so many years after the death of the Prince Consort was not an advantage to the nation ; and this is the view which found expression in the "Times" and the "Morning Post" of those distant days. Whilst we were all in heartiest sympathy with the bereaved Queen, there was a very strong feeling that the country would have benefited by Her Majesty's retirement in favour of the Prince of Wales. The Royal lady, however, clung to power with extraordinary tenacity, and "the Prince" was left to do his best possible under the circumstances. All said and done, no one could have acted better.

The character of the Prince of Wales was, however, misunderstood to a very great extent. There were those of the ancien régime who did not quite believe in his capacity for ruling the Empire. How that opinion was falsified by the event need not be insisted upon. From the day of his accession the country seemed to take on a new lease of life. The younger generation had seen so little of the old Queen that it was excusable to almost doubt her existence. With the advent of Edward the Seventh the country felt that it had a ruler—virile, tactful, energetic : a living



Sovereign indeed. And we soon saw that he was not "too old at sixty." From whatever standpoint we may regard him, the King showed himself to be a Ruler; and a proof of it is that his every movement was watched abroad with a curiosity which was a most striking acknowledgment of his strength.

Thanks largely to King Edward, Great Britain is to-day the supreme world-power. And so it must remain. We must not fail to realise the fact that we are really living under an Autocracy. Happily he was a beneficent Autocrat, and carefully concealed the iron hand beneath the velvet glove. As King George has begun, so let us hope he will continue, working hand-in-hand with his Government, solicitous only for the welfare of the people and the maintenance of the nation in the magnificent position to which it has attained, in no small measure owing to his father's farsightedness, his unsuspected commanding ability in statecraft, and that winning manner which he possessed when he was only Prince of Wales.

## CHAPTER XIV

### WITH THE "ROYALS" IN RUSSIA

So full of beauty was the Royal Lady on the day of her Midsummer fête, 1912, that, gazing on her rounded, velvety cheeks, sparkling eyes, and smiling mouth, I asked myself if this could be the same Princess Alexandra close to whom I had stood in the Winter Palace on the wedding-day of her brother-in-law, Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, thirty-eight years and a-half ago—to be precise, on the 23rd of January, 1874. And I thought that those unacquainted with her history might have been prompted to say to her, "Ah, Madam, it is easy to see that you are one of those Heaven-favoured mortals whose path has been all flowers. 'You have but fed on the roses, and lain in the lilies of life.'"

Of the guests at those nuptials two Tsars, at least two Kings—Edward of England and Frederick of Denmark—the bridegroom, and many Princes and Princesses, statesmen and diplomatists, have disappeared. Queen Alexandra, her sister, and their brother, the King of the Hellenes, are the most notable of the survivors. Lord Knollys could give us a complete list of the dead and of the living, for he was at St. Petersburg with his Royal Master, and he has a memory.

It was my first visit to St. Petersburg. On my way





*Photo]*

*[W. & D. Downey.*

KING EDWARD IN 1874.





to Russia I stayed awhile at Berlin, which I had not seen since the ever-memorable *Einzug*—the return (in 1871) of the conquerors, whose fortunes I had followed from the banks of the Saar to “before Paris.” My brief stay in the Kaiserstadt was made doubly agreeable to me by an audience with our then Ambassador, Lord Odo Russell [the Lord Ampthill of later days]. What you can learn from an Ambassador if he will talk! And his Excellency chatted of people and events in the most diverting fashion. I knew something before I left the Embassy, armed with letters of introduction which opened a great many doors to me.

The Prince and Princess of Wales saw much at St. Petersburg—the Benediction of the Neva, the New Year Mass in the Cathedral of St. Isaac, the funeral of Count Berg, Governor of Poland, attended by the Tsar and all the Court; a gala performance at the Opera in the presence of an audience composed of the salt of the earth, and the wedding ceremonies at the Winter Palace. These spectacles I also witnessed. All the Courts of Europe sent their princely representatives to the wedding of the Grand Duchess Marie and the Duke of Edinburgh. I remember best the King of the Hellenes and his two beautiful sisters [whom we were to salute later as the Dowager Empress of Russia and Queen Alexandra].

Several days intervened between my arrival and the wedding, and I revelled in a vortex of dissipation. Lord Odo's introductions stood me in good stead. Luncheons, dinners, dances, receptions—cards for these entertainments reached me daily. On vacant evenings we had our choice of opera, theatre, circus (the rendezvous of “le hig life” in general and the

military in particular), and music-hall, followed by a troïka drive to a restaurant far out in the country. The whirl along deserted roads in the moonlight was most enjoyable of all. At the restaurant we had a crayfish and champagne supper, and a gipsy orchestra performed. It was all quite new to Englishmen. And the cheery Prince was always in the picture.

Before the great day there was the bridal trousseau to admire. Never was such a display of mysteries ; immense rooms were devoted to the exhibition. Once inside the Winter Palace you could wander about without hindrance—go anywhere and see everything.

I made my way to the Palace on the wedding morning very early, and was rewarded by getting a good many peeps behind the scenes. I roved where I listed, for the only apartments specially guarded were those of the Emperor. But, of course, Nihilism, although it existed, was not rampant, and sad-faced Alexander II drove about the town in his beautifully-horsed troïka unattended and almost unnoticed. I was standing at the entrance to the railway station on the morning of the arrival of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Tsar dashed up in his sledge, without escort either of soldiers or police, and strolled on the platform just as lesser mortals had done and were doing.

I encountered him more than once in those long corridors of the Winter Palace on the wedding morn, seemingly always in a violent hurry. There was invariably a look of unhappiness on his face, perhaps intensified by the approaching loss of his only daughter, to whom he was fondly attached. I was



mooning about, wondering what, or whom, I should see next, when the head of the bridal procession came along an interminable corridor. I was in a gallery overlooking the passage along which the pageant came, and, gazing down, my eyes fell on masses of colour. Princesses and other ladies from many countries, with countless dames d'honneur, passed until the sheen of their dresses and the gleam of their jewels fatigued the gaze. There were uniforms of every imaginable pattern, but all alike in splendour.

To attempt to put on paper the details of the raiment worn by women and men—the pick of the world's basket—would have been to attempt the impossible; so I sped to the Palace Chapel, just in time to see the head of the procession enter it. I commanded a full view of everything and everybody—almost; for under the gallery were officials, Ambassadors, Special Envoys, Secretaries of Embassy and Legation, Generals, and Admirals.

I did not lose sight of our Prince and Princess. To keep them in view was part of my mission. It is an education in ecclesiasticism to study the interior of a Greek, or a Russo-Greek Church. I was told long afterwards, à propos of what I wrote, that readers of the "Morning Post" were puzzled when they came to such words as "ambon" (it is where the officiating priest sits at particular parts of the service), "narthex" (porch), "trapeza" (nave), "ikonostas" (the screen separating the altar and vestry from the Church, and on which the holy pictures are hung), "peristerion" (dove), and so on.

All the high and mighty folk—"best of world"—who assisted at the marriage ceremonies were com-

pelled to stand the whole of the time, for the "Orthodox" Churches have no seats—not even a bench ; no, nor a hassock. The Palace Chapel gleams with jewels, and gilding, and coloured marbles ; and when to these were added the hues of the dresses and the uniforms the ensemble was magnificent. While the most elaborate ceremonies that the minds of men ever conceived were in progress, a friendly Russian, who spoke English, indicated to me all the personages, in the centre of whom stood the Duke of Edinburgh and the Grand Duchess Marie, a very attractive young couple. The English and Danish Royalties seemed to be most gazed at, and many were the pitying glances at the Empress, a confirmed invalid. The music, all unaccompanied ; the ceremonial, so utterly unlike any other ; the dramatic, poetical "crowning" of the bridal pair ; the emotion of the Tsar, who could not conceal his tears ; the glitter of jewels, and, finally, the lassitude which seemed to overtake all alike—these things still cling to my memory.

As the procession had entered, so it left the Chapel, proceeding to one of the great salons which had been fitted up as a Protestant temple. Oh ! how lifeless that Marriage Service of the Church of England seemed, by comparison with the sensuous ceremonial which we had just witnessed. All the colour and warmth had evaporated, and many people looked bored to death. I stood close to our sailor Duke, who could not hide his fatigue, nor conceal his painful nervousness. And the bride ? She was cool and collected, although she had risen soon after daybreak.

The banquet in the great hall was a wondrous sight, with those masses of gold plate and mountains of silver



ornaments. Most delightful was the wedding polonaise, in which all the illustrious ones (with the exception of the poor Empress) took part. I have the programme, printed entirely in Russian, with on the reverse the pencilled names of "Adelina Patti" and "Signor Arditi."

For several days "all Petersburg" had been in a ferment, in consequence of the indiscreet utterances of an English official. He was suddenly ordered home, much to my regret, for I was the bearer of a letter of introduction to him from Lord Odo Russell. What could he have been saying? It was a time of considerable stress for "us;" the comble of our wretchedness came with the Tsar's announced refusal to allow us to witness the ceremonies! Everybody believed that the Duke of Edinburgh had perforce acquiesced in this decision. Fortunately, the Prince of Wales insisted—yes, insisted—on the representatives of the English Press being invited to the Winter Palace and given all facilities, and it is an absolute, incontrovertible fact that the Great White Tsar gave way to our resolute Prince; otherwise the next day's London papers would have had no columns of wedding news and the "Times" correspondent (Napier Broome) would have missed his Knighthood and Colonial Governorship.

I was sent to Russia by the "Morning Post," and, at the request of my editor, forwarded separate reports and telegrams to the "Manchester Guardian." I wrote an article almost daily, for three weeks, for my paper, and twice or thrice weekly for the "Guardian."

Our Ambassador was Lord Augustus Loftus, upon whose slender resources the heavy outlay entailed by this expensive post made serious inroads. He was a delightful man, agreeably garrulous, and entertained

royally. His only daughter married Colonel Frederick Wellesley, our Military Attaché at Petersburg. Possibly I saw everything *couleur de rose*, for that winter month was marked by continuous gaiety. There was no active Nihilism ; there were no political troubles abroad. I carried away the impression that life at St. Petersburg was brimful of novelty and delights. "Of course," said a Secretary of Embassy, "if you would see the real Russian life you must go to Moscow."

One of the "things of Russia" which filled me with intense admiration was a parade of artillery, cavalry, and infantry in the great square opposite the Winter Palace. King Edward, close to whom I stood, could never have forgotten the brave show made by the artillery—splendid fellows, drilled into the semblance of animated machines. Enter the Cathedral of St. Isaac when the New Year Mass is being solemnised, and you will witness a scene unsurpassable in its devotional beauty. Great ladies and celebrated men, Princes and Princesses, millionaire merchants and those who have "made their pile" in "Golden Siberia," stand humbly cheek by jowl with greasy-coated, ragged peasants ; the children of the very rich mingle with the half-starved mites of the "submerged." There is no distinction of class in the churches. You stand or move about according to your inclination ; under this great roof, in this glorious Temple of the Highest, if nowhere else, all are equal. There is no organ, but you do not miss it when the rich, sonorous voices of the choir fill the church ; while the sublimity and reality of it all will probably lead you to pick your way out through the candle-holding, genuflecting crowd with at least as much



courtesy as you would show when entering or leaving a drawing-room in Mayfair. If, like our Fairy Queen, you have once witnessed this wondrous example of religious mysticism, you will long remember it as being one of those "things of Russia" which you would not willingly have left unseen.

An event remains to be noted. A grave "indiscretion" was committed by "the Prince." On the Sunday before the wedding the Emperor commanded a gala representation at the Opera. All the brilliant folk were there, and, needless to say, "the Prince" was in the forefront. Will it be believed that so simple a circumstance as the presence of the Illustrious Personage at the Opera, in the company of his august relatives, and surrounded by the fine fleur of Europe, could have resulted in unpleasantness? Well, it did. The news of the splendid gathering was telegraphed to London the same night (and this was also an indiscretion), to be published in the papers next morning. I had to explain to Lord (then Mr.) Knollys that not I, but Reuter, had sent this item to the "Morning Post." The "goody-goody" people at home foamed at the mouth at the "wickedness" of "the Prince" setting foot within a play-house on the "Sawbath," and on the succeeding Sunday the conventicles rang with it. Of course, our Prince, instead of going to the Opera on a Sunday (he had been to Church in the morning), should have remained in his room reading Blair's "Sermons" or Foxe's "Martyrs," which I fancy he had dipped into. But like M. Clemenceau, when he was offered the choice of a prosy book or a fat chicken, Albert Edward would doubtless have "preferred the poulet!"

## CHAPTER XV

"PRINCE JOHN DE GUELPH," ETC.

"Le Temps" of March 5, 1911, published the following—

### AUTOUR D'UN PORTRAIT

Je parlais ici l'autre jour de l'aventure singulière d'un jeune Américain qui prétendait être né d'un mariage légitime d'Edouard VII, alors prince de Galles, avec une dame de la cour de la reine Victoria. Le portrait de ce "prince de Guelph" avait été publié tout récemment dans "Excelsior," ce qui me semblait prouver jusqu'à un certain point la réalité de l'existence du personnage. Mais j'ajoutais que malheureusement le "prince de Guelph" ne se trouvait pas même en état de nous faire connaître le nom de sa mère, et que toutes ses allégations reposaient sur des papiers qui, à l'en croire, auraient disparu dans le tremblement de terre de San Francisco. J'avais lu tout cela dans des journaux anglais, américains et français ; et mon seul rôle personnel s'était réduit à insinuer que l'histoire racontée par le "prince de Guelph" risquait bien d'être simplement une mystification. Aussi n'ai-je pas éprouvé l'ombre de surprise, ni non plus de remords, à la lecture de la lettre suivante, contenant la réfutation formelle et autorisée d'une fable que je m'étais borné à signaler, et sans que l'on pût, je crois, m'accuser de l'avoir prise au sérieux plus qu'il ne convenait.—T. W.

### A. M. LE REDACTEUR EN CHEF DU "TEMPS."

*Londres, le 2 mars, 1911,*

MONSIEUR,

Toutes les personnes qui ont l'honneur de connaître les membres de la famille royale d'Angleterre ont lu avec un étonnement mélangé de peine l'histoire publiée par le "Temps" dans le numéro du 27 février, à-propos de feu S.M. le roi Edouard VII.



Une enquête entreprise par moi auprès de personnes haut placées me permet d'affirmer que l'histoire suivant laquelle Sa Majesté aurait contracté un premier mariage, avant son union avec la reine Alexandra, est dénuée de tout fondement. Chez nous en Angleterre, de tels raconteurs ne valent même pas d'être contredits.

J'espère que vous voudrez bien me permettre de donner à cette histoire le démenti le plus formel.

Veillez agréer, monsieur, mes civilités empressées.

EDWARD LEGGE.

I addressed the following to several New York and other American journals on May 12, 1911 :

“ I have to-day received from a friend in New York a printed announcement stating that a work has been just published in New York, entitled ‘Memoirs of Prince John de Guelph, Rex et Imperator de Jure of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of the Empire of India.’

“ This work is described in the announcement referred to as being ‘a personal narrative of the life, travels, public service, and political persecutions of Prince John Edward Rex Wettin Guelph, eldest son of his Majesty King Edward VII by the first Princess of Wales.’

“ Some two months ago this person and his ridiculous ‘claims’ were the subject of articles in at least two of the Paris papers, one being that very influential journal, the ‘Temps.’

“ Farcical as I consider the article in the ‘Temps,’ I sent it to a very prominent personage at the Court—a personage whose name is a ‘household word’ in England, and whose word I know to be as sacred as an oath—who authorised me to state that there was not the slightest foundation for the assertion of the writer in the ‘Temps’ that our beloved King

Edward was already married when he wedded Queen Alexandra.

"Upon this I wrote a letter to the 'Temps,' giving a formal denial to the statements concerning the pretended previous marriage of King Edward, and furnishing the Editor, in strict confidence, with the name of the personage who had authorised me to declare that the story concerning our beloved late King was absolutely untrue.

"My letter of denial was published in the 'Temps' on the 5th of March, 1911, and I append this translation of it—

*"London, March 2, 1911.*

"All who have the honour of acquaintance with the members of the English Royal Family have read with surprise and regret the story published in the "Temps" of February 27, respecting the late King Edward VII.

"Inquiries which I have made in the highest quarters enable me to assert that the statement that His Majesty had contracted a marriage previous to his union with the august lady who is now Queen Alexandra is absolutely without any foundation whatsoever.

"In England such absurd stories are not worthy of contradiction. I hope you will kindly allow me to give this statement about King Edward the most complete denial.

*"EDWARD LEGGE.*

"The writer of the article in the 'Temps' remarked that he had read 'without surprise or remorse' my letter containing the formal and authorised denial of a story which he had simply reproduced from another paper, and which he thought no one 'would accuse him of having taken very seriously.' He further excused himself by saying that he had read the story 'in English, American, and French papers.' I myself have not seen a single reference to the subject in any of our journals.



“ I hope you will print this letter, and thus give the great American public the assurance, based upon the highest authority, that King Edward’s only marriage was to the Danish Princess who is now the sorrowing Queen Alexandra, and who for nearly half a century has been the idol alike of high and low in our Empire.

“ EDWARD LEGGE,  
“ *Author of ‘ The Empress Eugénie : 1870—1910. ’*”

I received the following letter from Lord Knollys—

“ *Buckingham Palace, March 21, 1911.*

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ I have submitted your letter and enclosure to the King, and I am directed in reply to thank you for having taken up the matter to which you refer so warmly, and for having written a letter of remonstrance and denial of what was stated in the ‘ Temps ’ to the Editor of that paper,

“ I am,

“ Yours truly,

“ KNOLLYS.”

One of my English friends in New York furnished me with some amusing information concerning the person included by “ Truth ” in “ the select circle of American quacks.” My friend wrote (May 1911)—

I understand that Prince John is at present in the West, but while here he held several receptions, which were attended by both United States citizens and foreigners, including some of our own countrymen. I believe the invitations to these receptions were issued in a very high-sounding manner, signed by a Chamberlain or Lord Chamberlain, the recipient being “ commanded ” to the Royal presence ! All very amusing and perhaps profitable. I was told

that documentary evidence of the proof of the Prince's birth has been submitted to friends in New York, but for this assertion I cannot vouch.

In September, 1911, my friend sent me this extract from a New York paper, headed " 'Prince' busy out West. De Guelph of Brooklyn, to have 'King Edward Sanatorium' "—

"Princess" de Guelph, wife of "Prince" John de Guelph, who lives amidst democratic surroundings at 108, Montague Street, Brooklyn, got a telegram yesterday from the Prince dated at Los Angeles, saying that he, the prince, had acquired property at No. 3,311, Temple Street, in that city, for the erection of the central institution of the "King Edward VII Sanatorium."

John de Guelph, of Brooklyn, is a New Thought follower, and now and then he lectures for the benefit of the city across the river. He is also the discoverer of a certain "hair elixir" which he makes and distributes among those in need of capillary exhilaration. But these things are merely introductory, as it were, to "Prince" John's real identity, for, as he has always said, he is the real son of the late "King Edward VII of the British Empire," the offspring of a morganatic marriage and a brother by blood to "His Majesty George V of the Court of St. James."

"Prince" John backs up his claim to Royal lineage by what he calls proofs, which he keeps always by him. These consist of telegrams signed by Lord Knollys, secretary to the late King Edward, one of them reading something like this—

"His Majesty desires to convey his thanks for your kind remembrances on the occasion of his birthday." Before the death of King Edward, De Guelph declared that when his father died the whole world would learn the truth. After Edward's death De Guelph talked less.

In his dispatch to his wife yesterday De Guelph notes that he is negotiating for land for a larger sanatorium, and that he has "notified the people at home in reference to the campaign against action of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund."

It was not, I think, until 1912 that any reference to this person appeared in the English Press. In its issue dated July 17 "Truth" entertained its readers with this paragraph—



One of Britain's gifts to the United States, in the person of "Prince" John Edward R. Guelph, has, after three or four years' retirement, made his reappearance in the select circle of American quacks. When last heard of he was engaged in the formation of an "Ermine Social Bureau," the object of which was the presentation of members to the Court of St. James in return for a subscription of 100 dollars. That project came to an end when the Prince was ejected from a New York hotel for failure to pay his bill. Previously to that he was intent upon establishing all over America "King Edward Sanatoria" for the treatment of consumption, but even the claim he made in cockney accents to be of Royal descent did not lead the citizens of the United States to put their dollars into the scheme. He has now bobbed up at Los Angeles with a beverage to "avert premature old age and senile decay." It is called "Amritam," and its virtues are vouched by H. Granville Sharpe. . . . I would not recommend our American cousins to swallow Amritam on Mr. Sharpe's certificate any more than they have swallowed John E. Guelph's sanatoria on the strength of tales about his parentage.

Evidently this ridiculous person has been largely advertised in the American papers both by interviews and descriptions of his birth, early life, etc., doubtless taken to a great extent from his book, which, happily, is not circulated in this country.

## CHAPTER XVI

### SANDRINGHAM

THOSE whom the Prince of Wales most delighted to honour he invited to Sandringham, the home-life whereat has been too often described by "Russell" of the "Times" and others to leave me a chance of saying much, if anything, that would be new about it. There is an amusing book, entitled "Eighteen Years on the Sandringham Estate," purporting to be written by Mrs. Gerald Cresswell, further described on the title-page as "the Lady Farmer." While Mrs. Cresswell does not completely crush the Prince under the weight of her satire—which is distinctly of the feminine order—she occasionally treats him in caustic style, with the evident object of showing the world that even those born in the purple have their likes and dislikes, like commoner folk.

Mrs. (and Mr.) Cresswell, it seems, left Sedgeford and went to a large farm (Appleton) at Sandringham just before the Prince's marriage. "The former owner had been so good as to name us to his Royal Highness, who was vastly amused with our queer quarters, and, after looking all round, raced up the ladder of a staircase to see the rooms we had fitted up above, and I need not say how attracted we were with his extraordinary charm of manner and power of putting every one at their ease, whether they might be driving a



donkey-cart or cleaning a grate, without a suggestion of patronage or difference of rank, which has since attained a world-wide reputation and exercises so powerful a spell over the British nation."

It was unfortunate that Mrs. Cresswell should have had "the supreme misfortune of offending" her "Royal landlord almost from the commencement of" her "career"; still, but for that fact this amusing, it occasionally virulent, brochure would never have been given to a world which delights in "revelations," whether they concern a Madame Steinheil or a Prince of Wales. Mrs. Cresswell's appreciation of the grandfather of the present Heir-Apparent is, as may be supposed, in striking contrast with that of the writer of the famous eulogy of H.R.H. in the "Quarterly," which, though not, perhaps, couched in exaggerated phraseology, is remarkable for its unqualified praise. Mrs. Cresswell, on the contrary, mixes considerable gall with her honey, and now and again gives the Prince a good, old-fashioned scolding. "No one," she says, "can be more pleasant and agreeable than his Royal Highness, if you go with him in everything and do exactly what he likes; on the other hand, he can be very unpleasant indeed if you are compelled to do what he does not like; and why it should have been the fate of an obscure individual like myself to cross the path of the future King of England and Emperor of India is beyond my comprehension. . . . 'Strive not with a mighty man,' says that famous 'imitator of the wisest of men.' I had not remarked that admirable advice until too late to profit by it, or if I had I might possibly have disregarded it with the usual conceit of inexperience. So I strove with the mighty

man and came out very much the worse for the encounter." It appears to have been the "introduction of the battue system in its most objectionable form, with a ruinous swarm of ground game to be fed and kept up at my expense, which led to this catastrophe, from the effects of which I may suffer more or less to the end of my days."

According to Mrs. Cresswell, there had been from the first a special agreement about the game, the custom in Norfolk being to "leave it to the honour of the landlord, with the understanding that it shall not be increased during the tenancy." The Cresswells were assured by "the late Mr. —, the London lawyer," that no injury should be done by the ground game, and entered on their farm full of hope and confidence. But signs of trouble soon came, and it was speedily evident that "game, game, nothing but game, was to be the order of the day." It was not long ere the Cresswells bitterly regretted that they had not given up the farm and "left the place the wilderness" they "found it," for when "the Prince came down all hope of relief vanished. He was infatuated with the shooting; it became a perfect passion with him, and nothing made him more angry than the slightest opposition to it. I do not mean to say that he was worse than any other young man might have been, but that did not mend matters for me, and the harassing life that was before me was not a pleasant contemplation." A new head-keeper and an organised staff of officials appeared and held the place "in military style"; the farm was parcelled out "like policemen's beats"; "strips were cut across some of my fields like a gridiron and planted for game shelters," and nobody



dared to cut down the weeds "for fear of disturbing the nesting."

The over-preservation of the game seems to have had a blighting effect on the farm occupied by the Cresswells. "As a farmer expressed it, 'They're always a-spyin' here and a-pryin' there and a-watchin' everythink I du, and at my time o' life it ain't pleasant; and then the head-keeper he goo by and he niver touch his hat, and look at me as much as to say, 'You're no friend o' mine.' That's how *he* look; and then when I goo reound and see those kangaroos' (meaning the hares) 'a-hoppin' and a-jumpin' about my crops it make me right ill, it du.'" The game played havoc with the crops of all kinds—breakfasting on the choicest swedes, cutting off the mangolds, devouring delicacies which had been thoughtfully reserved for the lambs, gnawing the sainfoin down to the ground, biting off the ears of wheat the moment it began to be palatable, and bringing tears of rage and grief into poor Mrs. Cresswell's eyes. Even the underkeepers vied with each other "as to who should show the most game on their respective beats," and if anything went wrong it was not difficult to hint that "it was Mrs. Cresswell's fault."

H.R.H. is severely blamed by "the Lady Farmer" for "his fatal habit of listening to tales from any quarter without taking the trouble to inquire into the truth of them," and this defect Mrs. Cresswell attributes to "his not having passed through the wholesome discipline of the public school, where boys contract a horror of sneaks and sneaking, and also to that love of gossip inherent in the race of Guelph—a cheerful, social quality enough, making you feel pleasantly at home

with the Blood Royal (the weaknesses of great people being much more sympathetic than their loftier attributes), but leading to grave results when the gossip is malicious and you are the victim." Then there were the shooting days, briefly and simply characterised by "the Lady Farmer" as "another nuisance." They were not reasonably conducted, and she could "only compare them to an invading army upon an enemy's territory." One result of a Royal battue in the "open" was a necessary suspension of all farm and field work. Mrs. Cresswell admits that legally she need not have put up with so much worry, "but," she bitterly remarks, "in the country legality goes for very little; and had I made any resistance I might have been accused of all sorts of things," ranging, presumably, from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter.

Mrs. Cresswell indicts the battue system, which, she asserts, attained an undeserved popularity mainly owing to the countenance given it by the Prince of Wales and other personages of only secondary influence. Even those who are too much of courtiers to agree with "the Lady Farmer's" innumerable "snacks" at her illustrious landlord may agree with her denunciations—couched in remarkably vigorous terms—of the havoc wrought by "the partridge-driving days," when "the village-boys trampled down all before them, breaking fences and gates, and doing as much mischief as they could, unconsciously carrying out the latest philanthropic craze for the greatest happiness of the greatest number, the sacrifice of the few to the many," and so on. Mrs. Cresswell stood all these worries and crosses a long time, but at last even the worm turned and she resolved to "speak out." She



would have "taken a pride in preserving a fair or even an extra amount of game for the Prince, and obliging him in every way, being very loyal in earlier days," but she objected to be "treated like a poacher" and so rebelled, with, as may be expected, no very agreeable results to herself. Her acquaintances backed her up in her revolt against "the tyranny of the Prince's satraps." "One sporting friend kindly remarked, 'It was a beastly shame to me of all women,' while another said if he were in my place he should feel inclined to pay them out by smashing every partridge's nest in the place. That I could not do." Probably Mrs. Cresswell is right when she expresses her belief that "things were never properly explained to the Prince, or wilfully mis-stated, whereas if I had belonged to the understrapper brigade, and the work had been done and paid for out of his own money, H.R.H. would have been none the wiser, and his attention would probably have been directed to my energetic and obliging conduct."

Mrs. Cresswell's book was said by "Truth" to have been "boycotted by the sycophantic London Press."

"The rent-day came round," says Mrs. Cresswell, "without the smallest return for the damage" caused by the ground-game. She had remonstrated without effect; her complaints, on the contrary, she tells us, had "given great offence." She was not the only rebel; "the other farmers" having "made quite a demonstration at the audit," while the "oldest tenant on the estate had given notice to quit." Mrs. Cresswell resolved to make "a formal and businesslike appeal upon the first available opportunity," and

she reports, in circumstantial fashion, what ensued consequent on her revolt.

The management (of the estate) had changed hands during the last few years. The Prince Consort's legal man-of-business was succeeded by his son, and a sharp country auctioneer, who had been employed in selling wood in the plantations, had been promoted into the land-steward's place, or "agents," as they are called in Norfolk. The Comptroller of the Household was supposed to be at the head of estate matters, but owing to his multifarious duties and long absences the work devolved too much upon subordinates. I have read in a newspaper report that the real management was in the Prince's hands, and that if any one had a complaint to make he received them personally, made inquiries, and redressed all grievances, and this was held up as an example for other landlords to follow. During my long residence on his property I never heard of the Prince receiving or listening to any of the residents on business matters. He seemed to hear all that was going on too often in an upside-down fashion, and all the news and gossip into the bargain; but I have often heard it regretted that it was impossible to tell the Prince how things really stood. Kings may love those that speak the truth, but I suspect they very seldom have that felicity. I tried once or twice to put in a little wedge of business when honoured with the opportunity of conversing with his Royal Highness, but he was quite unapproachable upon estate matters; and as "manners are manners" I could not, when invited to his house, or when the Royalties came to Appleton, intrude subjects upon him that he did not choose to hear.

The all-important meeting took place at Lynn, Mrs. Cresswell taking with her "a specimen bouquet of mangold tops that the hares had bitten off" for the benefit of "the great man from London" who was to inquire into the "Lady Farmer's" complaints, and who "bowed down to his toes, for his manners," adds Mrs. Cresswell, "were superlative; but I felt that he had some pretty sharp claws stowed away under all the smoothness and that the politeness might be very speedily changed into something not quite so pleasant.



“The final inquiry” (writes Mrs. Cresswell) “consisted of a court-martial held in the Prince’s presence, with the Lord-Lieutenant as cross-examiner and umpire, Mr. Onslow to represent me and my interests, and the keeper, agent, and some non-official spectators. The evidence in my favour was so overwhelming that a verdict of ‘Not guilty’ was speedily arrived at, his lordship being so good as to supplement it by placing my conduct and the difficulties of my position in the most favourable light to his Royal Highness, who graciously condescended to express himself satisfied with the result, and sent me word afterwards that it arose from a ‘misconception of facts.’ Would not a ‘misconception of lies’ have been a more appropriate explanation?”

Mrs. Cresswell describes Norfolk as a “Prince-ridden county,” where the landlords, her neighbours, would not help her to put down the hare-and-rabbit nuisance, deeming that interference with a Royal estate would be “little short of high treason”; the farmers, too, were afraid, and the labourers “dusn’t.” This over-preservation and the fact that “the Prince expected the same when he stayed on his friends’ estates (which was imitated by the plutocrats in the hope of securing a Royal visitor),” led to the introduction of the Ground Game Act, a measure which Mrs. Cresswell discusses with ability and that candour which is the distinguishing feature of her book, while there is more than a spice of humour now and again; e. g., where she notes the popularity of sport with the labouring classes. “The Norfolk peasantry considered themselves keen judges of sport; and a ‘furrener from the sheers’ could only ingratiate himself in their

good opinion by proving a crack shot, when they would condescendingly remark that 'He weren't such a fule as he looked, and brought down them birds nearly as well as the squire himself'; or, if he had propitiated them with liberal tips, and yet missed his birds, it would be, 'He shute wonderful bad, yet he don't seem to want for understandin' neither. I ca'an't meake it eout.' "

Brighter times set in for the "Lady Farmer" after the court-martial, and she counts "the next few years after 'me and Wales' had made it up" as the happiest and most prosperous of her Sandringham life. "The Prince became all smiles instead of frowns;" even "the London lawyer" paid her compliments which "mounted into regions of fiction and romance"; while "the little agent" studied her interests and made 'magnificent promises, which were never fulfilled."

When the "Lady Farmer" gets away from her farm, and can forget the hard measure apparently meted out to her, she is both interesting and amusing, her naïveté being too conspicuously genuine to leave any room for supposing it to be assumed. Describing Sandringham Church, its congregation, and the Sunday visitors, she tells us that "the Rector worshipped the Princess with an old-world reverence, and pronounced her name in the service as if it were something between Heaven and earth, and almost too sacred for mortal voice to utter. The Prince looked rather bored at the services, and glad when they were over; which is better," adds the naïve "Lady Farmer," "than being hypocritical and singing the Psalms in a loud voice and appearing to be very devout when you are not."



Of the clerical notabilities who were wont to visit Sandringham, the one Mrs. Cresswell "understood the best and felt the most at home with" was the popular sporting parson known as "Jack" Russell, who "brought a Devonshire breeze with him," making you think of "Dartmoor and Exmoor, and Whyte-Melville and 'Katerfelto'"; "and how he danced the New Year in with the Princess of Wales, and how they made him quite at home with the port wine and the slice of fish, you will find it all in his biography."

If we are to take Mrs. Cresswell as an authority on so delicate a point, Lord Beaconsfield "appeared to enjoy his visit the most. Gladstone (*sic*) must have been aware that he was no particular favourite, and a little bit suspicious and on his guard, as if he knew that under all the diplomatic civility H.R.H. would dearly have loved to upset his solemnity with a few of his favourite jokes—an apple-pie bed, or a roll in the snow, or stuff up his dress-coat pocket with sticky sweets.] Even the village tradesman who played the organ . . . was overwhelmed with confusion in Gladstone's presence."

Lord Beaconsfield, in Mrs. Cresswell's opinion, did not value the favour accorded him by the Queen and Prince, and at times seemed rather bored by so much attention, "as if he saw through it all."

The "Lady Farmer's" satire is rather mordant now and then—

To be employed in any capacity about the Prince is apt to have an upsetting tendency. People do not know what they may not rise to, should they happen to take his fancy or suit him in any way, forgetting the proverbial fickleness of Royalty, and the large percentage of failures who come toppling down some day when least expected. Not to all is given the luck of that remarkable Scot who

climbed up and held his own with a strong hand against all comers, making the whole Court, and even the sons and daughters of the Royal house, bow to his imperious will, and submit to any indignity he might be pleased to inflict, with the certainty of being backed up in all things by his infatuated Sovereign.<sup>1</sup>

It was a misfortune for Mrs. Cresswell that the Rector of Sandringham died, for in him she lost her staunchest friend and adviser. In her own rather hyperbolical phraseology, she felt that her doom was sealed, and that the difficulties of her position would be greater than she could cope with single-handed. The Prince again "looked black" at her, and was "never quite the same again," owing to the annoyance he felt at being unable to get some shooting on an estate with which Mrs. Cresswell had some connection. One morning the land agent made his appearance "in a grand bustle," with the rather startling remark, "Prince Albert Victor has typhoid, *and it's all your doing!*"

The "Lady Farmer" half promised to reproduce a number of equally ludicrous incidents "in a little private and confidential edition." Finally, Mrs. Cresswell had to go. She estimated that she had "raised the saleable value of the farm for the Prince to the amount of £10,000," and an official valuer declared that she ought to have received £2,640 as percentage on the cake, corn, and manure bills; but "a few hundreds were all my friend Mr. Broome could get for me, and a few more were added on and insultingly called a 'present' . . . The Prince heaped numerous favours upon those who had contributed to my expulsion, whilst the 'Royal thunderbolts' fell heavily upon some who had assisted me. 'Put not your trust in Princes,' but it is added, 'nor in any child of man.'"

<sup>1</sup> The reference is to John Brown.



## CHAPTER XVII

### HIS PERSONALITY

On s'éveille, on se lève, on s'habille, et l'on sort ;

On rentre, on dîne, on soupe, on se couche, et l'on dort.

How the King lived at Biarritz is told in much detail by Paoli,<sup>1</sup> most observant and accurate of chroniclers, whose vigilant eye noticed that beneath the collar of his Majesty's overcoats was a small Maltese cross, probably "the obligatory symbol of the Knights of Malta, whose traditions the King, as Honorary Bailiff of the Order, respected."

At seven o'clock the King was ready for his warm bath and glass of milk ; and at ten he had a good appetite for boiled eggs, bacon, fritures of fish (smelts and small trout in particular), and café au lait. For eggs, strawberries, and aspic he had a great liking. He cared for lamb only among meats, and on lamb and chicken he principally lived. (Turkey was also a favourite dish, although Paoli does not mention it. Red, underdone meat he never touched. Tea he drank without milk or sugar.) At dinner (8.15) he drank chablis, with "Perrier," and extra-dry champagne ; no Bordeaux. At dessert he was always served with a glass of fine champagne "Napoléon." His cigarettes were "Royal Derby" and "Laurent" (Cairo). In his cigar-case he carried "Corona y

<sup>1</sup> "Leurs Majestés." Par Xavier Paoli. Paris : Ollendorff.

Coronas," "Henry Clays," and "Tsars." (I have been often told that his cigars cost £1 each.) The King told Paoli that he cherished the stick given him by his mother ; it was made from a branch of the oak which sheltered Charles II when he was pursued by Cromwell's troops. All his sticks had the monogram "E" in diamonds, surmounted by a crown.

Many will remember, as I do, that, in the old days, the King liked tripe suppers. This delicacy was supplied to Marlborough House and to those who entertained the then Prince at supper by a purveyor (a pork butcher) of Tottenham Court Road.

The King did not make his annual "cure" at Marienbad until shortly before he began his reign. Previously he had favoured Homburg for many successive years. His hotel was the "Weimar." At Homburg he was often annoyed by the inquisitive people who followed him about the promenade and even formed a semicircle in front of the bench on which he sat. Official remonstrances were unavailing. Those pushing visitors went to Homburg less to take the waters than to "see the Prince."

The Homburg regimen was, for early breakfast, tea, rusks, and boiled or fried eggs ; for lunch, fish or meat, green vegetables, and compote ; in the afternoon, on his "auto" excursions, a cup of coffee at one or other of the public places ; the dinner was very simple ; and at 10 o'clock he was in bed, after a final study of the official "papers" which littered his writing-table.

To what has been said about the King's use of tobacco a few words may be added. And first as to cigarettes, which were certainly made popular by the



Prince of Wales, although I greatly doubt the frequent assertion that he was the first to smoke them in this country. Lord Suffield has been heard to say that the Prince introduced the modern make of cigarettes into Egypt in 1875, when en route to India. The most formidable cigarette smokers of my time were the Italian artist, Carlo Pellegrini, and, before him—in the late sixties—a literary man who had been in the East gathering material for a “Murray.” It has been said that the Prince “frequently carried with him in the country a little pocket ‘hold-all,’ invented by the Queen of Norway, which held two cigars, a pipe, a small quantity of tobacco, six cigarettes, and a box of matches.” Only his intimates ever saw the Prince or King smoking a briar pipe. In the ‘eighties good cigarettes were less easily obtainable in London than now, and the popular Queen’s Messenger, Mr. John Woodford, on returning from Constantinople, would occasionally bring his friends a few hundreds of “Sossidi’s.”

When King Edward was at Marienbad one year, not long before his death, he had capital sport in the extensive and well-stocked coverts of Prince Trauttmansdorff, a large landowner in Moravia. The “bag” comprised 500 partridges, 100 pheasants and ten hares. It seems to be forgotten that the King, “when he was Prince,” had, at various times, many opportunities of displaying his prowess in the royal, and other, preserves in Austria-Hungary, especially during the lifetime of the Emperor Francis Joseph’s only son, the unfortunate Archduke Rudolf, whose tragic fate at his hunting-box at Meyerling sent a thrill of horror throughout the world. Rudolf had no

more sincere mourner than his friend who became Edward VII.

In mid-September, 1888, the King had splendid shooting at Gödöllő, the Hungarian residence of the Emperor Francis Joseph, which, as those who have travelled in those parts will remember, is about five-and-twenty English miles from Budapest, and at the foot of the Mátra range of mountains. In that enchanting region the immense forests are full of game of various descriptions, and "H.R.H." confessed that he had never had a better time in his life. It is worth noting that the estates and castle of Gödöllő were purchased by public subscription and presented by the grateful Hungarians to their idolised Queen-Empress Elizabeth. The then Prince of Wales made a long stay in Hungary in 1888, and had never previously been out with his gun for so many days in succession. During that memorable visit our future Sovereign did more to enlist Hungarian sympathies for this country than half-a-dozen official diplomatists could have effected, and his movements were followed in Austria-Hungary with extraordinary interest.

After doing his best to thin the coverts of Gödöllő, the Prince stayed for several days with one of the wealthiest and most popular members of the Hungarian noblesse, Count Tassilo Festetics, who still boasts any number of English friends, although since 1888 death has played havoc with those whom he knew a quarter of a century ago. The Count married that charming member of the ducal house of Hamilton who obtained a divorce from her first husband, the present reigning Prince of Monaco.

Our Prince made a long stay with his Hungarian



host at Schloss Keszthély, one of the most magnificent castles in Europe, and enjoyed the best possible shooting in company with his host, Baron Alfred Rothschild, Count Albert Apponyi (who at that time had the reputation of being the tallest man in Hungary), and other "high-borns." The Prince was in his best form, and one day bowled over fifty brace of grouse. There were excursions to the most picturesque places in the region; sometimes there were boating trips (Schloss Keszthély is on Lake Balaton, better known as the Plattensee); and there was much Hungarian music, of which Albert Edward was an enthusiastic admirer.

When the Prince left Hungary he went on a visit to the King and Queen of Roumania, and had more shooting at Sinaia, where there is an abundance of game; and immediately afterwards he was the guest of the Archduke Rudolf at Görgény, in Transylvania, where he got for, I think, the first time, some bear shooting.

From this brief chronicle of some of (not all) the Prince's doings with the gun in foreign coverts it will be seen that, from the sporting point of view, 1888 was his record year. Perhaps very few know that the first real gun which he ever possessed was the gift of King Louis Philippe, who wrote a delightful letter to the boy-Prince, then in his sixth year.

Edward VII, as Prince and King, had a greater variety of hats and caps than any other sovereign. In London he was very seldom seen by the public except in the conventional silk "high form," as superbly glossy as that with which the fifth Lord Hardwicke used to excite our admiration, as he strolled along Piccadilly

to and from the Park. To have "a hat like Hardwicke's" was the ambition of all the jeunesse dorée in the 'seventies, the 'eighties and the 'nineties ; but they never quite succeeded in their efforts. The King wore his silk hat a trifle jauntily, at an angle so slight as to be almost imperceptible : but an angle it was, all the same ; and he would hardly have looked himself but for this characteristic, which was imitated by many who basked in the Royal sunshine. Lord Hardwicke, both when he was "Royston" and when he changed his Viscounty for the Earldom, displayed a rakishness in the wearing of his hat which none dared to copy.

At race-meetings the King, more especially when he was Prince, greatly affected the white "topper," with a black band of about an inch-and-a-quarter in width ; and this mode he continued to favour on certain occasions, as does the late Mr. Gladstone's friend, Lord Aberdeen, more frequently, and as did Sir Henry Drummond Wolff. Few of his Majesty's entourage, however, imitated him in this respect. The grey, almost white, "bowler," with its black band, was not often seen of late years on King Edward's striking head ; the black "deerstalker," or "bowler," hardly ever, although he wore it fairly often a quarter of a century ago. Time was when, like the Duke of Sutherland, he donned a fireman's helmet.

When he was in the Highlands the King had, besides his felts, two kinds of cap ; one was the "glengarry," the other the Scotch "bonnet." On the left side of both was a silver escutcheon. These caps, needless to say, were only donned when his Majesty wore that garb of old Gaul which became him particularly well. At his last "Doncaster" (October





*Photo]*

*[W. & D. Downey.*

KING EDWARD : A LITTLE KNOWN PORTRAIT.





1909) he wore a "bowler" of the brown tint which he affected, a light overcoat, and a tie composed of his racing colours.

On the Continent, the King's headgear was the "Homburg," which he was the means of introducing to the notice of all his faithful lieges. This was sometimes grey, sometimes of the darkest shade of green. It suited him to perfection, although very many men find it difficult to "carry it off." Not a few distinguished, blameless personages, indeed, look absolutely "low class" in this comfortable headgear. Often at Marienbad and Biarritz, and invariably at Ischl, that "green cup in the hills," the King's dark-green hat, sometimes of plush, was bedecked with a feather—the typical headgear in Tyrol. In this his Majesty was always seen in the old days when he was a guest of some member of the great family of Hungarian magnates, the Festetics.

Of his three yachting caps, one was of navy-blue cloth, one of white beige or flannel, and one of white duck. On these peaked "yachtings"—at least, on two of them—was a gold escutcheon, appliqué on the embroidery running round the cap.

The King's "civil" hats and caps were said to number thirty. His military and naval hats and caps were as numerous as the Kaiser's, and in all he looked well, notably in the astrakhan cap which, when Prince of Wales, he wore as Colonel of his Hungarian Hussar Regiment. The "crush" or "opera" hat the King had almost, if not entirely, discarded; and when he ceased to wear it, "everybody" followed suit and replaced it by the conventional silk. "Straws," whether "Panamas" or others, were never in much

favour with the King after he had left his teens behind him. I have seen him, as Prince, in a tweed cap which, like everything else he wore, suited him perfectly. Of all the divers kinds of head-covering possessed by his Majesty there was one which was less comfortable than any of the others—the symbol of his sovereignty. This he wore only once, although, like another embryo monarch, he may, perhaps, have “tried it on” oftener, and wondered whether it was ever destined to grace his head.

I have mentioned Lord Hardwicke, who died in 1897, as the wearer of the glossiest hat of his period; and this reminds me that its antithesis covered the head of that distinguished member of the Upper House, the late Lord Redesdale, who wore a tail-coat morning, afternoon, and night. But even Lord Redesdale's hat was a gem as compared with that of the late “Tom” Collins, who, for all his eccentricities, and, perhaps, partly because of them, was one of the most popular members of the House of Commons in the great days of “Dizzy” and “Mr. G.” And in this matter of hats, may not the King's chosen friend, the Marquis de Soveral, be truthfully described as the worthy successor of the elegant “Hardwicke”? The splendiferous “topper” of the gifted former Portuguese Minister bears comparison with that of our late sovereign lord. The largest hat I ever saw was the late Lord Dudley's, with its broad curly brim—worn very much on one side over his lordship's luxuriant chevelure; the smallest—that in which the Marquis of Clanricarde strolls from the Albany across to the Reform Club or down to “the Lords”—it is of the stovepipe order, very modish forty years ago.



However, chacun à son goût ; and Lord Clanricarde's magnificent scarf-pin (it is really a brooch) more than atones for his unfashionable hat.

The tall white hat with black band has become démodé. It was, however, worn by the Duke of Connaught during his tour in 1910 and by one of his suite. Of wholly irreproachable lustre are the conventional "silks" of Lord Suffield and Mr. Burdett-Coutts. The evergreen peer (King Edward's attached friend for nearly half a century) wears his hat at an almost perilous angle, and the Member for Westminster is only a shade less audacious. In his time no one was more irreproachably hatted than the first Lord Cheylesmore, the "Harry Eaton" who owned White's Club and sat for Coventry. The sheen of his boots was equal to that of his hat ; altogether, he was tiré à quatre épingles.

M. Jules Claretie is a delightful writer, well acquainted with London and many of our people. In the most literary Paris journal, the "Temps," he has discussed hats and clothes, and this is what he says in reference to an imaginary decision of King Edward in 1909 : "The King of England, who is somewhat of the arbitrator of Europe, is certainly the arbitrator of fashion. His tailor makes laws, as does his fleet. Being an elegant sovereign, he formulates fashionable decrees, and his private decisions, as in their high sphere his political councils, show good taste and good sense. King Edward has just decided that black dress-clothes have had their day, and that the tall hat is not essential on 'dress' occasions. He has appeared in a low hat at some public ceremony or other, and this small fact is now a large fact."

Of course the King never came to any such decision, and equally of course the distinguished Parisian was misled by the absurdities of some ill-informed chroniqueurs, English as well as French. M. Claretie tells us that Victor Hugo never wore a high hat. "I never saw him wear any other than a felt hat. He considered the 'stove-pipe' unæsthetic. But when, with bare head, carrying his felt hat in his hand, the poet followed the coffin of his last son, there were people who said: 'Why has it not occurred to him to wear a tall hat? A felt hat is not proper for mourning.' It is true it is not mourning, and it is not 'dressy.' But it is comfortable! And artistically it is more becoming than the high hat with all its shiny surface. And here is Edward VII proclaiming this truth by putting it into practice."

The French have a proverb, "Un barbier rase l'autre," equivalent to our "two of a trade." The last of our "barber-surgeons," the last of his "profession" who "let" blood, and drew teeth into the bargain, died in or about the year 1821. His name was Middleditch, and in his shop window, in Great Suffolk Street, E.C., was to be seen a heap of teeth which he had extracted. To-day such a pile would be "worth money." Outside the shop was one of those striped poles of which not a few are still displayed in London and provincial streets. Meantime the barber-surgeon of a century ago has developed into a "tonsorial artist;" he and his fellows give public exhibitions of their skill in ladies' hairdressing; they have their trade journals, their shops are "saloons," and, seemingly, most of the shearers of our locks and scrapers of our chins are foreigners, German or French



Kings and Emperors, as is fitting, have their coiffeurs "by appointment." These "artists" must be deft shavers and haircutters, and learn how to wait upon their illustrious "clients" without chattering. The German Emperor is so mindful of his time that he reads official documents even while the gleaming razor is passing over his face. The barber who ventured to "pass the time of day" to the Kaiser would be dismissed for ever with a wave of the War Lord's hand; for, as Voltaire truly said—

*À la cour . . . l'art le plus nécessaire*

*N'est pas de bien parler, mais de savoir se taire.*

King Edward's coiffeur was the well-remembered and polished M. Blanc, who also attended his Majesty for many years before his accession to the throne. He retired on a comfortable pension of £200 a year, which he is still enjoying. Blanc's shop in King Street, St. James's, was well known to clubmen, who found the "patron" a very entertaining, yet discreet gossip. His reverence for our late beloved sovereign lord was deep and sincere, for the King treated all who served him with the utmost kindness and cordiality. A great misfortune happened to M. Blanc many years ago. He was in Scotland, waiting on the late Duke of Fife, and during his absence from London his assistant disposed of "toute la boutique" and disappeared. By King Edward's orders search was made for the missing employé in the United States, whither he was reported to have migrated, but unfortunately without success.

M. Blanc was succeeded as royal coiffeur by Mr. Charles Jaschke, who, on King Edward's recommendation, was "appointed" to King George when

Prince of Wales. As "Charles," Mr. Jaschke, who is a native of Bohemia, is known to everybody at the West End, and is credited with having the best clientèle in London. He is now "haircutter and perfumer to his late Majesty." He has handsome and extensive premises in Regent Street, and enjoys the esteem of his "clients," who include men young and old of the "smartest" type.

A young German haircutter named Baker, now in business in Piccadilly, is very proud of having once had King Edward as a "client." At Frankfort railway station there is a toilette saloon reserved for royal personages. One day Baker was told to hold himself in readiness for the Prince of Wales, who was on his way to visit his sister, the Empress Frederick, at Cronberg. "Presently," says Baker, "a handsome gentleman strolled into the saloon, and I recognised him at once from his portraits, which I and many of my friends had in our albums. Speaking in colloquial German, of which he was a master, the Prince told me he wanted his beard trimmed and his hair brushed—then he relapsed into silence. Now and again I had to ask him a question, which he answered most politely. He was so affable and unaffected—so unlike most of our *hoffähig*, even the best of them—that I envied the country which possessed so charming a man, and resolved to emigrate to England on the first opportunity. I bowed him out, and was gratified by his amiable nod and word of thanks when I handed him a lighted match for his big cigar. As princes were on our free list, his Royal Highness had nothing to pay. When I came to London I made the acquaintance of the Prince's *coiffeur*, Blanc, who told



me any number of interesting and amusing things about the then Prince of Wales, whom Blanc worshipped."

King George's coiffeur is Mr. H. M. Lee, of Curzon Street. The King's coiffeur, as is perhaps not generally known, is nominally a member of the Royal Household, and is looked on with pardonable envy by "the trade" generally. (No doubt the display of the royal "appointment" in a shop window attracts the passer-by.) Mr. Lee has been in attendance on King George since the beginning of 1908, and accompanied his Majesty on his recent visit to India. He is the King's "perfumer" as well as his coiffeur. Add to this that he also attends the Prince of Wales and his Royal Highness's brothers, and it will be seen that he enjoys a larger share of royal patronage than any of his predecessors.

The reception given to the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia during their stay in New York early in 1912 recalled the scenes witnessed there and in other towns when, in 1860, King Edward, as Prince of Wales—or, rather, as "Lord Renfrew"—visited the United States after his triumphal progress through Canada.

The Prince was between eighteen and nineteen when, on July 24, he landed at St. John's, Newfoundland. The Canadians had solicited a visit from Queen Victoria, and the appointment of one of her sons as Governor of the Dominion. But the Princes were too young, and it was impossible for the Queen to grant either request. Fifty-two years later we see the second son of the Great Queen filling the position which his brother-in-law, the Duke of Argyll, once occupied so successfully.

From Canada "Lord Renfrew" passed into the United States, the first stage of his journey ending at Detroit. At Chicago he broke down from fatigue. On October 30, he arrived at Washington, where Lord Lyons presented him to President Buchanan and his niece and housekeeper, Miss Harriet Lane. The young Prince stayed at the White House five days, during which there were crowded levées and receptions. He went to Mount Vernon and inspected the tomb of George Washington. Then came Richmond, Philadelphia, and New York. The scenes in the latter city paralleled those witnessed in 1912. In the largest available building 6,000 guests attended a ball, followed by a supper; and so great was the crush that the floor collapsed. The event which most interested the Prince was a parade of 6,000 firemen in uniform, in the course of which he is credited with the exclamation, "And all this is for me!"

From New York the Prince journeyed to Albany, and thence to Boston, where he met Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Emerson, and other famous men. He visited Harvard, spent an hour at Mount Vernon (where he planted two trees), drove to Bunker's Hill—indispensable parts of the Royal progress; and on October 20 embarked on the "Hero" for England.

Philistines doubtless read with a sniff of disdain of the "rush" of hardy, unblushing souvenir-hunters to possess themselves of the crumbs on King Edward's table at Marienbad in 1909, and the still more thrilling sornette recounting the prowess of a "lady" who snatched up his Majesty's coffee-cup and "triumphantly" drank what remained of the aromatic mixture. This, to be sure, was what is termed "playing it rather low



down"; but, after all, it was only an extension of the passion which animates frail humanity to become the owner of something or other that nobody else has got—the culte of the souvenir practised to the verge of absurdity. Only the other day, at a festive entertainment in London, I saw a Princely member of a family which for over a century has been pre-eminently world-famous, carefully pocket the menu and the "list of guests," to place among other more valuable objects in his cabinet of curios in Paris.

But the fair collectors of King Edward's bread-crumbs bring to mind an amusing story having likewise for its central character his late Majesty, when he was Prince. The scene was Boston. A well-known Englishman, Mr. Alexander (my informant), who happened to be there some thirty odd years ago, became acquainted with a jeweller, one Mr. Ford, and whilst my friend was chatting with him in his shop there entered a stalwart colour-sergeant, who at the time was quartered in what is, or was popularly supposed to be, the intellectual centre of "the States."

The jovial soldier's entrance was, of course, the signal for an immediate question. "What do you think of the Prince of Wales?" asked Mr. Ford. "What do I *think* of him?" replied the sergeant, in a burst of enthusiasm; "why, Albert Edward gave me my first start in life!" His auditors naturally wishing to know "all about it," the sergeant, without any pressing, recited his "piece."

"In 1860," he said, "when the Prince was over here on a visit to the President, a grand review was given in his honour right here in Boston; and after the

display luncheon was served in the Rotunda, on the review ground, the feature of the 'spread' being wild duck. After lunch the Prince came out of the Rotunda. I had been holding his Royal Highness's charger, and was waiting for him to mount. I didn't expect to get as much as a passing glance from the Queen of England's eldest son, but when he was settled in the saddle he handed me a five dollar gold piece, saying, with a lovely smile, 'Thank you, corporal, for holding my horse.' I was never more surprised and pleased in my life.

"Well, to get on with my yarn, when the Prince had gone I went into the Rotunda to look after something to eat. A friend of mine, a Mrs. Brown, was there, and was fairly 'gone' on the young Prince, like everybody else. They all raved about him. I showed Mrs. Brown my present, which she turned over and over in her hand as though she wouldn't have minded keeping it. But I told her I should have it made into a fine brooch for my good lady; which I did, and she wears it to this day. I was moving off when, with a look which would have melted a wagon-load of flints, Mrs. Brown said, 'Oh! Corporal, can't you give me something that the Prince of Wales has touched? I don't care what it is, as long as it's something, if it's only a fishbone.'

"This set me thinking. 'Well,' I said, 'I'll get you those duck bones that I see there on the Prince's plate!' This just tickled her to death. 'If you will, Corporal,' she said, 'I shall remember your kindness to my dyin' day.' I went over to the table where the Prince had sat, picked up every one of the duck bones that he had left on his plate, and passed them on to



Mrs. Brown, who gave me three dollars for the prize and went her way as proud as a Thanksgivin' turkey. 'Why not do a little more business with these bones?' said I to myself. So I strolled round the tables, collected all the bones which the other people had left on their platters, made them up into quite a number of little parcels, and traded them off to my friends as the real original duck bones which the Prince of Wales had left on his plate! It was a regular cinch, and I cleared forty-eight dollars by the 'deal'! That's how I got my first start in life from your Prince of Wales, the loveliest young gentleman I ever struck."

Wherever the Prince went the souvenir-hunters were indefatigable. Those who could not get scraps from his table contented themselves with paying fancy prices for his cigar ends; others scrambled for the water in which he had washed his hands!

## CHAPTER XVIII

### THE GREAT FIGURE

"EDWARD VII placed all his gifts, whether acquired or inborn ; his souvenirs, his relationships, his friendships, at the service of his people. He was (and this is the best definition of his diplomatic rôle) an Ambassador of genius."<sup>1</sup>

With Queen Victoria the Normans went out ; with King Edward the Saxons came in, and we have had the resumption of the Saxon Dynasty in Britain.

This modern introduction into the titles of members of the Royal Family is no titular affectation. It further indicates the remarkable fact that, after nearly a thousand years, the Saxons have come into their own again in this country. Queen Victoria was the last Sovereign to reign as the Conqueror's representative. Like their paternal progenitors of nine hundred and odd years back, Edward VII was and George V is a King of Saxon blood, and the oldest honorific in their official style is "Duke of Saxony."

When Albert III, Duke of Saxony, died in 1422, leaving no heirs, it was to Frederick the Warlike, Margrave of Meissen, descendant of Wittikind, leader of the Saxons in their wars against Charlemagne,

<sup>1</sup> M. Jacques Bardoux, "La Revue Hebdomadaire," 1910.





*Photo]*

*[W. & D. Downey.*

KING EDWARD AT THE TIME OF HIS ACCESSION.





that the Emperor Sigismund presented the Duchy. Frederick the Warlike was succeeded by his son, Frederick the Good, at whose death, in 1464, the Saxon territory was divided between his two sons, Ernest and Albert. From Ernest are descended the families of Saxe-Altenburg, Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Saxe-Weimar, and Saxe-Meiningen. From Albert descended the present Royal House of Saxony. The Elector Frederick the Wise of Saxony was the first, actually the first Protestant. In their support of Luther the Royal Houses of Saxony and Hesse stood alone in Europe. All the German Ruling Houses who prefix "Saxe" to their national titles do so in signification of their descent from the old Dukes of Saxony, the first of whom was Wittikind.

The Saxon tradition at the Court of St. James was once more united by the marriage of Queen Victoria with Albert of Saxe-Coburg; and when the Princess Royal was born, in 1840, she was the first of our modern Royalties to be called "Duchess of Saxony." She was also the first member of our new Saxon Dynasty. The late Prince Consort had from both his parents the right to style himself Duke of Saxony. The Saxon significance in the Royal Arms of our present-day royalties is, therefore, obvious. As King Edward, nearly fifty years ago, resigned all claims to Coburg for himself, he never quartered the Arms of Saxony with those of Britain; but the Duke of Connaught and others bear the Arms of England charged in the centre with an escutcheon of pretence of the Arms of Saxony, viz. a crown of rue in bend vert barry of ten or and sable.

Immediately after the Prince's birth "some slight

trouble concerning his armorial bearings began," says Mr. J. E. Vincent.<sup>1</sup>

The Queen, always anxious to excess that no slight should be shown towards Prince Albert, insisted that, since her son's father was Duke of Saxony, the arms of Saxony must be quartered with the Royal arms, and so they appeared in the form of an escutcheon, viz. "barry of ten or and sable, a crown of rue in bend vert, Saxe-Coburg." As Duke of Saxony, too, the Prince was gazetted at once, the title taking precedence of those others—Duke of Cornwall and so forth—which he had acquired by birth without fresh creation. The English people, or some of them, were jealous of the German influence, and some impetuous comment upon the subject was heard at one of the famous parties given by Lady Holland. But the matter, founded on a jealousy which at this distance of time we can hardly appreciate, was entirely set at rest by a patent dated December 4, 1841, which made the little boy of less than a month old Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, and this title of Prince of Wales immediately took precedence over that of Duke of Saxony.

King Edward's predilection for France had its "*raison d'être dans de lointains atavismes*"—so a French writer assured us a few years before his Majesty's death. "Surprising as it may seem, King Edward, like Alfonso XIII, was a grandson of St. Louis, and this assertion is not difficult to explain. Marie Stuart, an ancestress in a direct line of King Edward, was a grand-daughter of Antoinette de Bourbon, eldest daughter of the Comte de Vendôme, a descendant of Robert, Comte de Clermont (sixth son of Louis IX), who, by his marriage with the heiress of the same name, inherited the Sirerie of the House of Bourbon. Antoinette de Bourbon married François de Guise and bore him twelve children, one of whom, 'Marie,' married en secondes noces James V of Scot-

<sup>1</sup> "From Cradle to Crown: King Edward VII." London: Newnes. 1902.



land : the issue of that marriage was a daughter, *Marie Stuart*."

This genealogy explains how the Prince who became King Edward possessed to so large an extent some of the characteristics of the great Bourbon, Henri IV. King Edward (continues my authority) had none of the sentimentalism, purely German, of his mother, nor the disdainful gravity of his father ; the German blood seems to have passed into his veins without remaining there, so that he had none but the warmer blood of his distant ancestors. Henri IV, speaking of himself, said he was "a king, a greybeard, and a conqueror." Edward VII might have used similar words, for, if he was not personally a conqueror, he was a great power, "which amounts to much the same thing." He was also a "barbe grise," to whom experience had taught the wisdom which makes great politicians. He knew how to govern, was thoughtful for the prosperity of his people, while at the same time loving life and all that is good in it. "He was the first amiable King that England has had since Charles II. His personal charm had its root in France ; was he not the great-great-grandson of that Claude de Lorraine of whom one of his contemporaries said: 'Aussitôt veu aussitôt plut' ? Despite so many diverse alliances, King Edward's nature was très française. The esprit français attracted him ; even the gauloiserie of the race did not perturb him. No one incarnated less than the British Sovereign the traditional British stiffness. With his daughters he was almost a comrade. He was human in the largest sense of the word. The goût bourbonien of life did not prevent Henri IV from being a very great king."

The point raised by the French writer will, I think, be found novel as well as interesting, and to some, perhaps, amusing. Those learned in genealogical matters may answer that Henri IV, "the first and finest of the Bourbons," was an exceptional character from the outset; a man of exceptional acumen and foresight, adroitly using his *bonhomie* to baffle his enemies, who were surprised at such a rattle-brained personage constantly overreaching them. His mother was the gifted Jeanne d'Albret, his father was a man of great ability. Not a few contend, in opposition to the authority quoted, that the German blood of Edward VII almost obliterated that of France, or rather of Navarre; and these support their argument by recalling the life at Herrenhausen in the days of the First and the Second Georges.

King Edward was endowed with the enviable gift of enjoying himself wherever his lines were momentarily cast. To many he seemed to be happiest (using the word relatively) when he was at Cowes for "the week," which for him and Queen Alexandra, and for not a few others, meant a full ten days at least. I recall some impressions of the Solent during one of the last "weeks" which the leader of British yachting was destined to enjoy—when he was in robust health and the highest spirits.

It is August. The almanack proclaims it, and the deserted squares, the unencumbered streets, and the thronged railway stations confirm it. We have entered upon the month sacred to St. Grouse, the period when the world—the grand monde, if you will have it so—takes its pleasure anywhere but in the capital. Across



the Channel the close of the season is coincident with the Grand Prix ; here we ring down the curtain with Goodwood, and for the next two months those who value their social reputation will take care not to be seen in what the novelette-writers still designate the "haunts of fashion." Those who linger will assure you that they cannot get away until Parliament is "up" ; this is one of the many little fictions that the world tolerates, and even Father Vaughan would see no harm in it.

On the Continent the châteaux have been thronged since June, the modish resorts crowded, and the "cure" places besieged. Paris is given up to the strangers who prefer to "beat the asphalte" in the hottest month of the year ; and our own streets are taken possession of by touring French, Germans and Belgians, and a legion of provincials, who know how to make a five-pound note go as far as most people. They have brisk passages of arms with the young ladies of the shops, and sometimes come off victorious.

The Solent is a joy. The scene is the same year after year, defying description. It is only the people who change—and not all of these. You will note at Cowes many whom you have seen every August from your youth upwards. The Castle and its garden, the esplanade gay as a flower-bed, the "Roads" with their clusters of white sails—we never tire of them, and when the time comes for bidding them farewell we feel that we have not lived in vain.

The amiable monarch who grew dearer to us as the years passed was the centre of all, the never-ending theme of talk as in the old days "when he was Prince." At the Palace, and in the salon, he

may have been too awe-inspiring to agree with all constitutions, for there nothing could come "betwixt the wind and his nobility," but down here in the Solent, here in the Castle grounds, in his "yachting," exactly as Denys Puech has portrayed him at Cannes, nobody "was afraid of him." He strolled about like the good genius of the place, lavishing smiles and cheery words upon all and sundry. The burden of Rulership sat lightly upon his vigorous frame; he looked, with all the cares of Empire upon him, as they affectionately said at Cowes, "the same good old Prince" that he seemed "in the days that were earlier," when, as yet, the symbols of sovereignty were not within measurable distance of his grasp, and perhaps, as he often thought, never would be.

This is not, however, to say that our Sovereign Ruler as we saw him at Cowes Castle in serge was a whit less dignified than when he was en grande tenue at the Palace. It is not so with all men. Even Richelieu suffered in the opinion of some when devoid of his scarlet headgear; we remember the recorded verdict of the sharp-tongued Ninon de L'Enclos after her first visit to the eminent Churchman: "Un Cardinal, croyez-moi, c'est bien peu de chose quand il n'a plus son chapeau rouge." Edward the Seventh's native majesty made him look "all a king" however he might be garbed; and, despite the free-and-easy existence led by everybody at Cowes for a few days in each recurring August, it was never given to him to complain that he was treated with less respect on the shores of the Solent than at Buckingham Palace or Windsor Castle. It was one of his attributes—and it was a princely gift—to put people at their ease



when he was conversing with them even for the first time ; and this—or so it has always seemed to me—was one of the numerous reasons for the popularity which he enjoyed for a full half-century, a popularity which during his sovereignty became intensified, and should have exempted him from the gaucheries upon which the “Daily Telegraph” set its heavy foot.

A question which, in 1890, I had reason to believe much exercised the mind of the Prince of Wales was the all-important one of the probability of his ascending the Throne as the Queen’s successor. Her Majesty had just entered upon the fifty-third year of her reign ; she was in the best possible health, and statisticians told us she was such “a good life” that she would very likely be spared to us (as she was) for another ten years. That being so, the prospect of the Prince of Wales becoming King until he had entered upon the first stage of old manhood was, it must be confessed, somewhat remote. Now, while we were all gratified that the Queen’s reign should have been such an exceptionally long and glorious one, it would have been Jesuitical and hypocritical to deny that when the Heir-Apparent did attain to sovereign power his advent and that of his Consort would be enthusiastically acclaimed. That fact should have been taken into consideration by the Prince at a moment when some of his friends seem to have done their best to make him believe that he would never reign over us more completely than during his protracted “wait.”

Had the Queen been really so tenacious of supreme power as she was said to be, and as it is now certain she was, she would have done a wise and graceful

thing had she sanctioned the partial residence of the Prince and Princess of Wales in Ireland, and thus signalised the closing years of her reign by an act of justice and grace which ought to have been performed years previously, long before the Phoenix Park crimes saddened the pages of both Irish and English history and paved the way for Parnellism. But the Queen refused to let the Prince go to Ireland, and Lord Salisbury was not the man to attempt to force her Majesty's hand. The principle on which a Prime Minister usually acts is that of "*Quieta non movere*," and, considering the temperament and character of the House of Commons of the period, perhaps Lord Salisbury was judicious in playing a waiting game. What might possibly have been seen were a "Queen's Party" and a "Prince's Party."

There was a time when the probability of the Prince's accession to the Throne was regarded as almost hopeless. The principal portion of the ceremonial business connected with the Crown—or, rather, with the Throne—was performed by the Prince for many years with increasing success; had he been, as some termed him, a *fainéant*, instead of marvellously active both in mind and body, the country would have been in a very different mood to what it was. The Prince would have been an exception among men had he not looked forward to some more tangible recognition of all the slavery he had undergone than he had been favoured with. He was in the unpleasant, even undignified, position of doing practically all the public work devolving by right upon the Sovereign without possessing the financial means to discharge his duties adequately and comfortably. The Prince's situation



was certainly an anomalous one. In a measure, he was still in leading-strings; no wonder, therefore, if he occasionally grew despondent, and asked himself when, if ever, he would "arrive."

The change which came over the Prince was very marked in its character, although assuredly not more marked than his most sincere well-wishers approved and appreciated. He gave us the idea of one who, having attained to middle-age, had for good and for ever "put away childish things." No English "Canaillette" or "Chiffonette" would have dared to repeat the stupid and vulgar lump of ice trick. The "divinity which doth hedge a king" seemed to be environing him who, born in the purple, would, in the natural course of events, be soon wearing the robes of Sovereignty. There was an added weight about him, in every sense of the word. A dignified mien he always had, even in the days of his adolescence, but in his fifties he comported himself with the air of one conscious that his feet were on the top steps of what was, and in the opinion of many of us still is, the Throne of all earthly thrones. The "gay dogs" of old, who used to be ever at his heels—where were they? The "rackety" "Jo" Aylesford, the mirthful "Duppy," the jovial, good-tempered Napier Sturt—where were they? Sleeping their long last sleep under the green turf! Those cheery spirits dropped out of the ranks one by one and the vacant places were never filled up. The golden days of Prince Hal and Poyns had gone for ever, and all that the Heir to the Throne had to look forward to was a chastened gaiety, as unlike the revelry of the past

As moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine.

The flowers cultivated with the greatest assiduity were "The lilies and languors of Virtue."

I write of the Prince as I saw him and heard him spoken of by those whose life-long intimacy with him made their utterances worthy of remembrance. Therefore it is that I can honestly say that he was gifted with an indefinable charm of manner which I have seen other men imitate in a fashion ludicrous to behold. I will name no names, for my temper is not soured as was Grènvile Murray's ; nor did I, as some were said to have done, gird at the Royalties in print and smirkingly accept a cigarette at their homes the next afternoon.

It will ever be matter for regret that the King, when Prince, sometimes allowed himself to be led away by the interested opinions of others. It was quite sufficient for any one moderately well acquainted with the Prince to "say something" against a third person to infect H.R.H. with an unreasoning dislike of the individual who was not there to defend himself or herself ; for the Prince was a blind believer in the sardonic saying, "*Les absents ont toujours tort.*" This faiblesse was known and taken advantage of, to the consequent injury of the person calumniated. He was very quick to take umbrage at some purely imaginary offence, and an unfortunate woman who had not made a sufficiently deep obeisance, or an equally unfortunate man who had failed to stand hat in hand the regulation number of seconds while the Prince was passing, were speedily made to understand that they had been guilty of something very much akin to *lèse-majesté*. Another thing about which many people complained was that the etiquette which prevailed at Marlborough House



was well-nigh as strict as that at Berlin. A few "chartered libertines" were privileged to say and do pretty much what they liked, but even those prime favourites were fain to "mind their p's and q's," lest one injudicious word, or even a laugh at an inopportune moment, should provoke the much-dreaded and dreadful frown which Monseigneur knew so well (none better) how to assume on occasion. Those who would "get on" with the Royal master of Marlborough House had to take as their motto that bitter, mordant, Leonine line of the *moyen-âge* which runs: "Audi, vide, tace, si vis vivere in pace."

In common with all the Royalties—or, at least, all those who are in what, without disrespect to the others, I may term the front rank—the Prince had a rooted dislike to be talked about, and more especially to be written about; and though, to be sure, his hand did not shake like the Duke of Cambridge's when taking up a newspaper for fear its pages might contain something unpalatable to the princely reader, certain it is that there are journals which were opened with nervous apprehension the moment they appeared, lest one or other of those things which, as Du Maurier told us, are "better left unsaid," should be narrated for the edification of a scoffing world.

It was known that King Edward took the greatest interest in the intended visit in 1906 of our fleet to Russian waters; yet several newspapers did their best to prevent it. As a proof of the King's sympathy with, and solicitude for, his Russian relatives in their dark hour, the Ambassador and Countess Benckendorff were on many occasions among the guests invited by the King's host and hostesses in town and

country "to meet his Majesty." If the truth were known, I think it would be found that King Edward frequently expressed his and the Queen's deep sympathy with the Tsar and Tsaritsa during that troublous period; while the "C.-B." Administration acted with the greatest circumspection throughout, and did not for a moment knuckle-down to the carpers, luckily few in number, on the Liberal benches. Remembering the anti-Russian proclivities of most of our journals, the King must have been amused by the volte face of the Press after the voyage to Reval in 1908, and during the Cowes visit of the Tsar and Tsaritsa in 1909. With what admiration and gratitude King Edward would have read Lord Morley's observations in July, 1912,<sup>1</sup> on the primary duty of the Press—to secure peace throughout the world.

A certain feeling of amazement must have come over many people of more than ordinary capacity in June, 1908, at the idea of the sovereign's inability to visit whom he liked, when he liked, and how he liked. King Edward would have been composed of cast-iron, with a heart of flint, had he not felt supremely disgusted at the attempt of the Labour members to prevent the voyage to Reval. What would have happened had the Government knuckled down to the obstreperous members, and "recommended" his Majesty not to undertake the voyage? The answer is that no responsible Minister, no Cabinet could ever, by any possibility, in such circumstances, have advised the sovereign to refrain from the visit to the Gulf of Finland. It would be waste

<sup>1</sup> At a dinner given to Sir Edward Cook, who had been recently deservedly knighted.



of space to comment on the debate in the House of Commons further than to congratulate the country that we have in Sir Edward Grey in 1912 as we had in 1908 a Minister who will not allow the Crown to be made the football of these Labour intransigents, with their crass ignorance of diplomatic affairs and of everything outside their own narrow circle. Sir Edward Grey's striking power is equal to Mr. Asquith's, while his mastery of foreign questions is greater than that of any modern Minister. One can almost imagine the time when it will be necessary for Conservatives and Liberals to coalesce in order to preserve intact and inviolate the authority and privileges of the Crown.

Long, very long, before the King's accession there was one constant topic of talk which he hardly condescended to notice—the attitude of our “old Nobility” to the Prince of Wales. There were, doubtless, very many worthy people whom the Prince would have gladly visited, and whom he would have been pleased to see at Marlborough House; but, as there are only three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, he could not afford the time to dine with all these poor Peris, nor was it possible for him to assemble them around his hospitable table at Marlborough House. They had, therefore, to be content with a card for the strawberry crush in Pall Mall which preceded the end of the season. Were even that little compliment withheld from them their rage was terrible, and they went about “saying things,” like the “Talking Toad” in the “Owl.” Yes! “They said” all manner of unpleasant things, which it were bootless to set down here; but, as everybody knew what prompted their tongues to wag thus maliciously, their banalities luckily

fell stillborn. If the Prince did not visit some of our *ancienne noblesse* as often as he would like to have done, it was (1) mainly because his manifold public and private engagements intervened, and (2) because of the jealousy aroused by his selection of one country house in preference to another in the same neighbourhood. There are hundreds of castles, manor houses, and country residences of all kinds with which the Prince would have been delighted to make acquaintance, but which necessarily remained as unknown to him as to me. To imagine, however, that therefore more or less of a coolness existed between the Prince and the *vieille roche* was to imagine a vain thing.

It was sometimes said reproachfully of the Prince that he had been the means of placing certain Jewish families in the forefront of London society; but that was surely a poor weapon to employ against his Royal Highness. We have arrived at an epoch in the world's history when we do not seek to know people's religion before inviting them to dine with us. It would have been egregious folly, impertinence of the most flagrant kind, to attempt to dictate to the Prince-leader of English society as to whom he should and whom he should not associate with. Seldom, indeed, was it that H.R.H. made a mistake in the matter of friends or acquaintances. There were those who held the opinion that, but for the Prince's encouragement, there would have been no era of "professional beautydom"; but the fact is that society itself was responsible for that craze, if indeed the blame is to be laid at anybody's door. So far as I could judge, no great harm was done by the exhibition and sale of a trio of pretty women's portraits, for there were only three of these



charmeuses, Mrs. Langtry, Mrs. Cornwallis West and Mrs. Wheler ; while, as for the fair originals, did not all the world struggle and intrigue and humiliate and degrade themselves to secure the presence at lunch, dinner, or dance of the Three Graces, or anyone of them ?

When King Edward was Prince he occupied the attention of the Continental Press more than any other members of Royal Houses, and if occasionally the critics were a little hypercritical, for the most part they were very flattering in their estimates of his personality. After his accession they found it difficult to find words sufficiently eulogistic of him whom they fondly dubbed "L'Oncle de l'Europe." It is true that a writer once let his fancy wander in an article headed "Un Prince Fainéant," but the "Figaro" over and over again atoned for its blunder, and religiously lauded King Edward to the skies as Europe's premier diplomatist. The Paris papers, in fact, waxed so eulogistic whenever they referred to the King that his Majesty must have blushed at their undiluted and flowery panegyrics.

King Edward and his consort had a novel experience in Paris in January-February, 1907. For the first time they dined together at a restaurant, the renowned Café Anglais. Queen Alexandra had never before dined at a restaurant, and the Royal couple (travelling as Duke and Duchess of Lancaster) repeated their visit a night or two later. One day they entertained at lunch, at the "Ritz," the Marquis and Marquise de Breteuil, Mrs. Standish, Lady Gosford, Miss Knollys, and a few others. It was an event in the history of the hotel, for until then no English King and his Queen had entered the house together.

Some of the most perfect portraits of King Edward ever painted were those executed a few years ago by the French artist, M. Bertier, which were brought to London for exhibition, and pronounced to be wonderfully lifelike—which certainly cannot be said of all the pictures which have been produced since “the Prince’s” bachelor days. Bertier represented the Prince (1) in the uniform of Colonel-in-Chief of the 2nd Life Guards, and (2) in morning dress.

In 1897 one of our talented artists, Miss Mary Helen Carlisle, painted a miniature portrait of Queen Victoria. This little picture King Edward took about with him wherever he went. “It is the best portrait of my mother I have ever had,” said his Majesty. A replica of it was painted for Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll in 1912. The artist is a granddaughter of General Sir John Bisset, whose friendship I long enjoyed.

H.R.H. Princesse Clémentine, who died at Vienna on February 16, 1907, left property in this country of the value of £98,580; but that was only a small part of her wealth. On one of her rare visits to England, nearly a quarter of a century ago, she brought one of her sons with her—Prince Ferdinand, now King and Tsar of the Bulgarians. Queen Victoria entertained them at Windsor (for the Princess was a King’s daughter), and Ferdinand was credited with a desire to marry one of our Royal young ladies. In one respect she resembled King Edward—she knew every move on the diplomatic chessboard. In the autumn of 1906 the venerable Princess (then over ninety), her son Ferdinand, and the King lunched together at Marienbad. What this amazing, and always amusing,



old lady did not know of European affairs could have been written on half a sheet of note-paper. She was a source of respectful amusement to King Edward; her fund of stories was inexhaustible, and she never tired of relating them to so courteous a listener. Some day we may possibly have the memoirs of this Princess—"Alexander the Third's Nightmare, the Emperor Francis Joseph's Bogey, and Bismarck's Sleeping-Draught; one of the three clever women in Europe." Only this witty daughter of Louis Philippe could have said, when some one spoke of him as "the father of his people," "*Mais il est trop père; il fait concurrence au Père Éternel!*"

The "Speaker" discovered in 1891 that there existed at Homburg "an English society set, about five hundred in number, under the double government of the Prince of Wales and a body of ladies locally known as the Inquisition. . . . If a woman is condemned by the Inquisition, the countenance of the Prince of Wales will not suffice to restore her to the first rank of Homburg society." The "Inquisition," we were gravely told, was a "self-elected body," and generally chose itself on the principle that ex-poachers are considered to make the best gamekeepers. Whether the Inquisition had a hard task in originally purifying the morals of Homburg it is needless to discuss. So thoroughly had it done its work that nothing more remained for it to inquire into but such trivial heresies as alleged cases of a lady painting her cheeks, or giving a bachelor a drive when she ought to have been sighing over the departure of her husband for England; or of two damsels of high degree condescending to play tennis with mere Queen's Counsel

and Engineer officers. Of course, these remarks only applied to alleged offences at Homburg itself. If a lady appeared who was supposed, by her appearance or name, to have had a "past," the Inquisition sent forth its outdoor officers—chiefly youths from the Bachelors' Club—to make up her record, and drive her back to Frankfort if enough material could be collected. The Inquisition was said to perform a useful service in maintaining the old Homburg rule, which discouraged "entertaining," and "repressed the aspirations of newly-enriched ladies who wished to force the passes of society by lavish hospitality."

One almost wished that the article were true, for then there would have been an opportunity of paying back the anserous "Society set" at Homburg in their own coin, and of hoisting them with their own petards; while, if the Prince had really allied himself with a gang of snobs and snobesses for the express purpose of making things uncomfortable for all Englishwomen not privileged to belong to his own particular "set," he would have richly deserved to be sent to Coventry. With delicious naïveté the writer said: "Frank and outspoken in talk, with a ringing laugh, and a roll in his walk like the great King Harry, whom he more than ever resembles" (flattering this, very), "the Prince seemed to give the lie at every instant to the rumours of his embarrassments and malaise. For fourteen hours a day for twenty days past he has lived in the sight of his future subjects, *offending no one*. . . . He has desired no extraneous means of amusement to be provided for him, *living on the same victuals* and sharing the same rather humdrum amusements as the crowd, seeming best pleased when patting his faithful



dog, or talking to a little child, or perhaps promenading with *a strapping 'lawn-tennis girl'* of the English middle-class." And this farrago was printed by the sedate "Speaker." Poor Prince!

It was in March 1888, and the Prince of Wales had escorted a German Grand Duchess to the Opera Comique on the first night of "Ariane." The Grand Duchess was deaf, and, like other people so afflicted, could not hear unless the person speaking to her raised his or her voice. This H.R.H. naturally did when addressing his august relative, with the unexpected result that he had a terrible "wiggling" from the "Star" and (by implication) the "Pall Mall Gazette."

In the early part of 1910 a little girl of eleven and her brother, who was thirteen, had a very natural desire to see King Edward, and this wish their mother was able to gratify. A few weeks later (said the "Spectator") the boy came in excitedly announcing that the King was dead. His sister was momentarily awestruck; then said quietly, "Mother, it was very handy he didn't die till we'd seen him!"

Both in his boyhood and early manhood King Edward was almost as indefatigable a dancer as the Lord Lanesborough of Terpsichorean fame. When he was seventeen he greatly distinguished himself in this direction at a ball given by Lord and Lady Bloomfield at the British Legation (it was not yet an Embassy) at Berlin, whither he had gone on a visit to the lamented Empress Frederick. He danced continuously, and it was noted with much amusement that the young Prince, who did not look more than fourteen, selected for his partners some of the tallest of

the ladies present. It was whispered that the equanimity of Mr. Robert Morier, who was First Secretary at the time, was considerably upset by the manner in which the illustrious visitor changed the order of the dances at his own sweet will.

Like their elder brother, the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Connaught were in their time devotees of the dance, to which one of their illustrious brothers-in-law had a singular aversion. This was the Emperor Alexander III, whose august widow, Queen Alexandra's sister, has been so maligned of late years. The late Tsar detested dancing, and invariably made his escape from the Court balls as early as he possibly could. I saw him walk through the polonaise at the wedding of his sister, now Dowager Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, but that was merely a stately march, in slow time, to Glinka's beautiful music, and in no sense of the word a "dance."

In the "Historical Review" of July 10, 1910, I read: "A suggestive paper by Dr. Chalfont Robinson, of Yale, reprinted from the American Journal of Insanity of January 1910, asks the question, Was King Edward a degenerate? His view is that the pathological condition of the King explains both his personal weakness and the paralysis of government that characterised the reign. One would perhaps be more convinced by the arguments as to Edward's mental condition if there was not so much evidence of the King's physical robustness."

Many years after the event, I read in the "Owl," (March 1866) that "H.R.H. the Prince of Wales became a member of White's Club on Monday and entered it yesterday (March 7) for the first time."



Trivial as this announcement may appear to many to-day, the fact that it was published by the "Owl" made the paragraph talked about by the all-London of the period. For the "Owl" is said to have been the first of the "Society" journals; which in a sense it was. It had a programme of its own. I mention it because it had a constant reader in the Prince of Wales, who knew most of the contributors, all of whom wrote anonymously. The editor was Mr. Algernon Borthwick, known in later years as Lord Glenesk. The Prince of Wales and Mr. Borthwick had, even at that time, a mutual friend in the Emperor of the French, who had taken a great interest in the young Paris correspondent of the "Morning Post" at the time of the Coup d'État.

In the third number of the "Owl" something appeared which must have greatly amused the Prince. It was a letter, headed "Cabinet de l'Empereur, Tuileries," and signed "Mocquard," the Emperor's secretary prior to the appointment to that post of M. Franceschini Pietri, who after all these years remains the Empress Eugénie's secretary. The letter published by the facetious "Owl" was an amusing concoction, written by the Editor, and amazed the occupants of the Tuileries. What was the upshot of it? In the "Journal Officiel" it was solemnly announced that the "Owl's" letter had *not* been written by M. Mocquard! One can imagine the kind of note which the Prince wrote to the Emperor respecting the audacious forgery, and the expression which came over Lord Palmerston's face when he read his "Owl." Two of those who wrote for the little paper survive in 1912—Sir George O. Trevelyan and Mr. T. Gibson Bowles. Palmer-

ston's sally, "Consuls transmit to their Governments the information tendered to them; diplomatists, the information kept back from them," would not have discredited the "Owl," to which, I fancy, he gave many a good "tip"; anyway, No. 1 ("No. 1001") was first seen in Lady Palmerston's drawing-room at Cambridge House, Piccadilly (now, and for many years, the Naval and Military Club).

Among personal reminiscences of King Edward, Professor Arminius Vambéry, in his entertaining volume, "The Story of my Struggles" (T. Fisher Unwin), relates how the King, when on a visit to Budapest, noticed that the Hungarian aristocracy did not pay the same honour to the man of letters as in London, whereupon the then Prince of Wales gave an evening party, and entered the drawing-room arm-in-arm with Vambéry, whom he presented to the assembled guests as "My friend Professor Vambéry." His Majesty conferred upon the Professor on his seventieth birthday the distinction of a Commander of the Victorian Order, as a mark of appreciation for, as the official letter stated, "having always proved so good and constant a friend to England."

A story of Sandringham relates to the Princess Royal, widow of the Duke of Fife. Vambéry tells how a gala dinner was given in honour of Queen Victoria, and he was to take in the then Princess Louise. "The Prince of Wales, now Edward VII, took a glance at the assembled guests; then approached me saying, 'Vambéry, why did you not put on Orders?'" I was just going to make some excuse, when the Princess (later the Duchess of Fife) said, 'Why, papa, Professor Vambéry ought to have pinned some of his



books on to his coat ; they would be the most suitable decorations.' ”

After his accession King Edward was seldom seen on horseback, except at the Birthday Parade, at an Aldershot review, and on other ceremonial occasions ; but “ when he was Prince ” he was a very familiar figure in the hunting-field. It was at a memorable “ meet ” of the “ Worcestershire,” in fact, that I first set eyes on the sovereign who is affectionately remembered all over the world as “ L'Oncle de l'Europe.” Since then a good deal of water has flowed beneath Westminster bridge, but I have a vivid recollection of the scene in the Midlands when “ the Prince,” admirably mounted, and looking quite the country gentleman, appeared at the “ meet ” with his Royal host, the late Duc d'Aumale, Lord Coventry (one of the few survivors—one, too, who possesses the secret of perpetual youth), and the élite of the county of sauce, British wines, vinegar, gloves and porcelain. Through the vista of years I can still see “ Prince Charming ” in the first flight—anon riding by the side of the Orleanist Prince along the lanes leading to Wood Norton, the property sold in 1912 to an English judge.

Mr. Bradley has lately told us that King Edward, when Prince of Wales, rode on several occasions with the Leicestershire hunts, McBride being huntsman to the Quorn and Frank Gillard in the same capacity to the Belvoir. There are sportsmen with us still who talk of these Royal days seen in the 'seventies, when the Prince rode with the late Lord Wilton and “ Squire ” Henry Chaplin, the latter still being good to follow across country, or in a political argument. A famous

old runner of those times, named David Swinton, who did his thirty to forty miles on foot following the hounds three days a week, has vivid recollections of a great day's sport on March 6, 1871. The Prince of Wales was hunting with Mr. Chaplin, then Master of the Blankney Hounds. It was a very boisterous morning, and the meet was at Navenby, a village no great distance from Lincoln. Hounds ran two wide circles over the country in the neighbourhood of Wellingore Gorse, some of the best in the Blankney Hunt. A very tired fox eventually crawled into the covert, and when Mr. Chaplin rode up with the Prince and Lord Brownlow, the smothered worry could be heard going on inside the gorse. The runner, who appeared on the scene at the right moment, was very keen, and the covert being densely thick, he crawled in on his hands and knees to get the remains away from the hounds. It was risky, and when, to the surprise of every one, he crawled out again with the fox, the huntsman, Charles Hawten, said, "David, you are a rum fellow! You won't do that sort of thing twice without hounds eating you up!" "That's all right," replied the runner, "naught's never in danger; but I should like one end of the fox now I have rescued him!" They gave him the mask, and the brush was presented by Mr. Chaplin to the Prince of Wales.

Until the end of 1909 King Edward was often to be seen at Sandringham on his pony, "Iron Duke," and in November of that year he was photographed on horseback at Windsor. That was one of his latest appearances mounted. If he had not quite as firm a seat as a Life Guardsman, a Cossack of the Don, or Alfonso XII, he had good hands.



In the afternoon of July 2, 1866, everybody was talking of the mishap to the Prince of Wales. In the middle of the day, with his equerry and two ladies, he was riding in the Row at a foot pace. At the end of the Row nearest to Queen's Gate he was turning round when a horse, ridden by a gentleman who had lost control over his "mount," dashed at full speed down the slope and into the group of the Heir-Apparent and his party. The Prince's horse was knocked down and turned over like a shot rabbit. It seemed as if it was rolling on its rider. The intruder passed clear over the Prince and his horse. To the horrified ladies and the equerry it appeared to be impossible for the Prince to escape with his life, owing to the frantic struggles of his horse. To the great relief of the party H.R.H. cleverly disengaged himself and got up without assistance. He was much shaken, and looked as if he had been struck on the head. He did not lose his self-possession, but sat on a bench while his hat and cane were being picked up by some people who had hurried to the scene. The Prince remounted and rode homeward as if nothing had happened; but on his face and dress there were visible traces of his fall. The rider of the runaway horse was Mr. A. H. Smith-Barry, now Lord Barrymore.

In a magazine article,<sup>1</sup> Mr. Ernest A. Bryant, who can claim to be an authority in these matters, noted the little-known fact that the King, when he was stationed at the Curragh, rode his own horse in a steeplechase and came in the winner. "When he rode to hounds few men could give him a lead, and no country was too stiff for him to negotiate." He was once out with the

<sup>1</sup> "The London," 1907.

"Belvoir" when the field numbered more than five hundred. A farmer fell at a big fence, and the King, who was close behind, "cleared fence, man and horse." For some years the King had almost a craze for playing the part of an amateur fireman. "He, with half-a-dozen other enthusiasts, of whom Sir George Chetwynd is a survivor, hired a room over a butcher's shop in Watling Street in which to change their clothes, and would turn out and fight fires as to the manner born."

In 1901 the King's "love of yachting brought him into imminent danger of death. While he was aboard Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht, 'Shamrock II,' the boat was caught in a sudden squall, and the rigging collapsed, crashing down on the deck so near to where the King was stationed that his escape seemed to those who witnessed the incident little short of a miracle."

Athens (in 1875) was the scene of "the supreme accident." The King was on the "Serapis," on the voyage to India, and, entering the harbour (his Majesty wishing to visit his brother-in-law, King George, and the Queen), both anchors were lost. The great ship "bore down upon the Royal yacht, with King George on board, and after badly damaging it nearly impaled itself upon the ram of a British battleship."

In a cricket match at Sandringham between the famous "I Zingari" and the "Gentlemen of Norfolk" the Prince was bowled out by "a twisting lob" without scoring; but Mr. Bryant forgot to tell us that at Oxford H.R.H. played with the Bullingdon Club, with, among others surviving in 1912, Sir William Hart Dyke, Earl Brassey, Mr. Henry Chaplin, and Sir Frederick Johnstone, and that at one time the Prince



played tennis daily, was good at billiards, and also at bowls, an hour's exercise in the alley at the Marlborough Club making him sleep well. He was a fairly dexterous skater, but had no liking for football, although he sometimes played it at Oxford. He rowed at Oxford and Cambridge and at the aquatic picnics at Virginia Water during his father's lifetime, and later. He loved sport for sport's sake.

"I praise him as one zealous in the rearing of horses, rejoicing in open hospitality, and bent with honest heart on peace which guides States right."<sup>1</sup>

As to Queen Victoria and Queen Alexandra, so to King Edward January 9 was "a date." On that day, in 1873, his attached friend and "coach," Napoleon III, passed away at Chislehurst. The "Journal Officiel" crammed its announcement of this unimportant event into just one line and a half. When the Empress is in England she always attends the anniversary Mass celebrated in the Church which she built, and, after a while, presented to the Benedictines, presided over by a Lord Abbot, Dom Cabrol. And there I saw her once more on January 9, 1912. I felt I was witnessing what she is fond of calling "the fifth act." All the members of the community, the lay Brothers as well as the "Fathers," were present; the former wearing the "chape," of a thick brown woollen stuff, and the latter the black "couille," both being the choir vestments. The Empress knelt in her prie-dieu (which is placed in the choir, not as a matter of courtesy, but of right, as the foundress of the church and the monastery) during nearly the whole

<sup>1</sup> From Pindar's fourth Olympian, translated by a correspondent of the "Spectator" (July 16, 1910).

hour's service, only sitting occasionally, and rising with much alertness.

After the Mass (a "low" one) she walked across the choir and descended a formidable flight of winding stairs leading from the sanctuary to the crypt, M. Pietri gently assisting her. Here the Absolution was given, the Empress kneeling close to the Emperor's red granite tomb, Queen Victoria's gift. Then she knelt at the head of her son's tomb, murmuring a prayer. There was a wistful look in her eyes as she bowed to us all before walking up the steps to her auto. King Edward was devoted to her from his childhood, and she to him—and "Queen Alexandra likes her very much" (textual).

In the Empress Eugénie's oratory at Farnborough Hill there is a reminder of the King which, if I am rightly informed, even Queen Alexandra has never seen. It is a printed card, placed over the little receptacle containing the holy water, and on it, between black borders, all who enter are asked to "Pray for the repose of the soul of his late Majesty King Edward VII, the Peacemaker—May 6, 1910."

Don Carlos, expelled from France in March, 1876, came to London, and put up at Brown's Hotel, Dover Street. Being at Folkestone when he arrived I went on board the boat, and was much amused by the scene in the saloon, where the Prince (Duke of Madrid) was receiving the homage of his supporters—a mere handful. To them he was "the King." . . . In my conversations at "Brown's" with the Carlist Pretender he made no reference to the aloofness of the Prince of Wales and Cardinal Manning. He had not anticipated being "cut" by them, and some of his entourage told



me he was greatly hurt by the attitude of the Heir-Apparent and the Cardinal. Under all the circumstances—Alfonso XII having been on the throne since January, 1875—the Prince of Wales could not have acted otherwise.

In June 1912 I received a very interesting letter from M. Clemenceau, who wrote from the Senate the day after he had taken his seat on his recovery from a serious attack of illness. The ex-President of the Council wrote to me à propos of the "Dictionary's" biography of King Edward, with whom M. Clemenceau had been on intimate terms. I regret my inability to publish the letter. M. Clemenceau is not only a statesman of transcendental ability, but the simplest of "simple-lifers." One year, when he was making his "cure" at Carlsbad, during his Premiership, he occupied only one room, and that on the third floor, costing about thirty-five shillings a week. Here, with a secretary, he did all his correspondence, and late at night took his letters to the post and registered them personally. When King Edward was at Marienbad he went over to Carlsbad on purpose to see his friend's little room.

M. Clemenceau is a story-teller of mark, as no one knew better than King Edward, who had heard most of his "good things," though not, perhaps, all of them. This historiette, which could hardly be improved upon, reaches me from one of the eminent statesman's friends. A newly appointed Prefect was ushered into M. Clemenceau's room. "Well, my dear Prefect," said the then Premier, "are you satisfied with your new post?" "Perfectly satisfied, Monsieur le Président." "Ah! it's a beautiful locality, I know. I am told, moreover,

that the Department is noted for its fine poultry." "It is indeed, sir; the fowls are really superb." "You ought to send me a specimen," remarked the Premier, smilingly. "I will send you something better than a poularde, sir," replied the delighted Prefect; "I have just completed an important historical work, and I trust you will allow me to present you with a numbered copy, beautifully printed on the finest hand-made paper." After a long conversation on other topics, the Prefect rose to take leave. M. Clemenceau accompanied him to the door, and, tapping his erudite visitor on the shoulder, said confidentially, "By the way, my dear Prefect, if it's all the same to you, *I should prefer the fowl!*"

As M. Clemenceau was leaving the Home Ministry the evening after the fall of his Ministry in July 1909, he said: "I came with an umbrella and leave with a stick. No packing for me!"

No wonder it was so often rumoured that the Heir-Apparent had been seen in London when he was miles and miles away from the metropolis; because our Prince had a "double," whom I frequently met in Piccadilly and the Burlington Arcade. Not only was he of the same size and height as the Prince, but his beard had the same cut, his walk a similar nonchalance, and he held his cigar at the side of his mouth, just in the manner of the Prince. As the Prince of Wales had his "double"—perhaps more than one—so had Napoleon III, in the person of M. Godillot, a contractor for supplying boots to the army in 1870. According to the writer of "Truth's" Paris Notes—always piquant and original—Godillot was believed to have been the late Duc de Morny's twin-brother.



Whenever particularly entertaining paragraphs concerning Royalties appear in the London papers they are frequently taken from the provincial, Continental or American journals. Having thus obtained a species of consecration at Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Sheffield, and Glasgow, they are occasionally favoured with the blessing of the metropolitan "news editors." It must be admitted that some of these items are of the intensely "personal" kind, sometimes ludicrously inaccurate, making us envy the writers' creative gifts; but always amusing, and rarely ungenerous—spiteful never. These light-cavalrymen of the Press have always made, and continue to make, the Sovereign the special object of their attentions; but prominent members of the Court circle do not escape their vigilance; Cabinet Ministers and Leaders of the Opposition are considered fair game. The sayings and doings of all these, and others, make what, in newspaper language, is called "good copy."

In the "Sunday Chronicle," a Manchester paper with a large circulation, a well-known writer (Oliver Gwynne) portrayed King Edward "as a dramatic critic." An introductory paragraph ran—

"His Majesty, who is one of the best judges of such matters in Europe, always carries his own whisky with him, as well as his own mineral water. The latter is a common French variety, and the whisky of the liqueur type. So particular is he in these matters that he even has his whisky and his mineral water sent on to his box at a theatre should he be spending an evening there."

This was news to me, and probably to better-informed people.

The paragraph which followed was probably kept from the King's knowledge by the Palace censors—

"The King is also a skilled dramatic critic. Not long ago he practically killed a musical piece by demanding in his strongly accented voice, 'Will some one tell me what the plot of this d—— play is about?' The remark was heard in all directions, and ended in a week or so the career of 'the d—— play.'"

King Edward's penchant for the stage and his generous recognition of those who provide us with entertainment did not date from his accession. But for him Irving, Wyndham, Bancroft, Hare, Tree and Pinero (1909) would never have been enrolled among our Knights, although it is true that they did not all receive the accolade directly from his Majesty. Between August 1906 and August 1907 King Edward attended twenty-eight dramatic performances—fourteen English and fourteen French. Sport and the playhouse continued to be his preferred distractions. At the theatre he could "shake off dull care"; he was the most attentive of spectators, and liberal in his applause. As a French critic once said of him, "*Quand il applaudit ce n'est jamais du bout des doigts.*" He thus set a good example to those frigid stallites who seem to be afraid to clap their hands lest they should be accused of "bad form"—or, perhaps, because they are fearful of splitting their gloves. "Your play amused me immensely," said King Edward one night to the author of the piece. In that simple phrase his Majesty conveyed not only a compliment, but his thanks. In the days when he was still "Prince," I recall an evening at the Gaiety during the performance of "The Runaway Girl." There was a song in



it called "Oh! I love Society," and as I had seen the piece before I wondered how "H.R.H." would take it, for his title was mentioned in one of the verses. Both their Royal Highnesses were present, and there were many glances at their box when Miss Connie Ediss began the song. The critical lines were—

I would have ponies with fine long tails  
If my papa was the Prince of Wales.

This was a trifle audacious, perhaps. There was a roar of laughter from all parts of the house, and the illustrious couple evidently enjoyed the couplet as much as anybody. Miss Ediss showed good taste by not underlining the words and by not looking towards the Royal box; in fact, she managed to convey the idea that she was unconscious of the presence of both Prince and Princess.

Clifford Harrison's fame as a "reader" was established by the presence of the King and Queen Alexandra, when Prince and Princess, at one of his public recitals. The former, who had to leave at the end of the first part, said to Mr. Harrison apologetically: "I am going on to another kind of recital" [at the House of Lords], "where I do not think the speaking will be nearly as good. You must put in the story of the Faithful Soul—the Princess is so fond of that."

During Mr. Thomas Beecham's tenancy of Covent Garden Theatre the King and Queen Alexandra honoured the performance, and in the course of the evening the young conductor was told that his Majesty desired to see him. One of the attendants escorted Mr. Beecham to the Royal box. The door was partly open,

and Mr. Beecham, speaking above a whisper, said to the attendant: "What am I to do? Am I expected to kiss the King's toe?" "No," exclaimed King Edward, coming unexpectedly forward; "no, Mr. Beecham, but you are to have the honour of kissing her Majesty's hand."

Being in Paris in March 1909, during the "run" of "Le Roi" at the Variétés, King Edward's natural curiosity led him to witness what was described as "l'éblouissante comédie" of MM. de Caillavet, Robert de Flers, and the late Emmanuel Arène. The principal artistes were Mmes. Eve Lavallière, Marcelle Lender and Diéterle; MM. Albert Brasseur, Guy, Max Dearly, Numés, Prince, and Moricey. The King of Cerdagne, who has not been to Paris for several years, is in the capital officially, and pays a visit to the celebrated actress, Thérèse Marnix (represented by Mlle. Lender), whom he had known formerly.

Parisians asked each other if the authors of the piece drew their inspiration from King Edward. His Majesty's photograph was visible on the actress's table; and when the director of the Variétés learnt that the sovereign was coming to see the comedy, the three authors and the manager put on their considering caps—so, at least, my estimable friend, Paoli, tells us. Although it was all very flattering, would not the King think it audacious to see himself—or, rather, his photograph—on the stage? It was decided to substitute, for that night only, the portrait of some other monarch, to make the "Roi de Cerdagne" omit the reference to "le Roi d'Angleterre, mon oncle," and to speak of the original of the photograph as that of some



other sovereign. King Edward heard of this intended subterfuge, and strongly objected to any alteration being made ; and "quand vint la fameuse scène il fut le premier à en rire et les spectateurs d'applaudir à ce trait d'esprit si joliment parisien."

As this play made a stir at the time, I may supplement M. Paoli's mems. by noting that when the manager, M. Samuel, who had long been known to his Majesty, received him on the steps of the theatre, the King, shaking hands, said, "This is the two hundred and fiftieth representation of your immense success, is it not?" "No, sire," was the reply, "it is only the two hundred and thirty-fifth, but I believe it is the two hundred and fiftieth time that your Majesty has done the Variétés the honour of visiting it!" The King smiled as he said, "One cannot come to the Variétés too often, for one is sure to spend a very pleasant evening here." At midnight an immense crowd awaited the appearance of the King, and, as he drove off to the "Bristol," greeted him with enthusiastic shouts of "Vive le Roi!"

The passage in the play to which many thought King Edward would object was this—

King Cerdagne (to Thérèse), seeing his portrait on the actress's table: "Ah! My photo! My photo! (looking attentively at it) Kanitcho! Why, it is the portrait of my uncle, the King of England!"

When these piquant words were spoken, as they undoubtedly were, despite reports to the contrary, the King burst into laughter and warmly applauded.

It was at the Variétés Theatre that King Edward, when Prince of Wales, saw Lavedan's comedy, the "Vieux Marcheur." "How did you like the piece,

sir?" asked one of his companions after the performance. "I laughed heartily, and was much amused," replied the Prince; adding, with a delightful finesse, "I must, say, however, that it is not a piece *ad usum Delphini*."

Edward VII, as Prince, did not disdain the attractions of the music-halls, English and foreign. When he was in Austria or Hungary, he might have been seen at a Tingl-Tangl (or Sängerei) almost every evening. In the late 'eighties, being at Vienna, he was taken to a Tingl-Tangl in the Prater by the Archduke Rudolf, who had seldom—and never openly—visited one of these halls. The manager was in the seventh heaven of delight, for the presence of the Princes (both Heirs-Apparent) gave the hall a valuable *réclame* where the people are so naïvely loyal and, at that time certainly, were warm partisans of all that was English. The Tingl-Tangl is, as a rule, a large restaurant, with a stage at one end. The audience are not jammed in rows of seats, but sit comfortably round neatly covered tables, and may dine or sup exceedingly well. There is no charge for admission, the proprietors relying on the receipts from food and beverages. At some places a pretty girl comes round with a collecting plate, into which the visitor drops what he pleases, from sixpence to (if he is an English Prince or an Austrian Archduke) a sovereign, or its equivalent.

Ever since I can remember "the Prince" was the most talked about and the most written about of all men, and the time is not so far back when, as in 1891, he might have fairly claimed to have been the best-abused man in his royal mother's dominions.



There was a period, as middle-aged readers of these lines will recollect, when you could not take up certain papers without encountering some more or less venomous diatribe on the Heir-Apparent, who was a fair mark for the shafts of the men of the "Tomahawk," "Echoes," "Period," and "Queen's Messenger" days. In later years the Prince was let alone—I had almost written "severely" let alone, but that would have been to imply that he had ceased to be an interesting topic of discussion, whereas the reverse was the case, inasmuch as every Ninth of November brought him closer and closer to the Throne.

Vigorous censure was meted out to the Prince for identifying himself so closely with the Imperial Institute, which was denounced, even by papers usually over-friendly to the Royal founder, as savouring of jobbery. With this exception the papers did not trouble the Prince much. It was well that it was so, as foreign events had been exceptionally trying to the Heir-Apparent, who found the young Emperor of Germany even more of a thorn in the flesh than the avowed enemies of the Empress Frederick and her poor husband. The Prince was very susceptible to praise or blame; yet, as I have shown, not half as thin-skinned as the Duke of Cambridge. He could be a Prince Charming even to those whose unpleasant duty it sometimes was to question the absolute wisdom of the innumerable projects in which from time to time he engaged, either of his own volition or at the instance of some of his legion of pushing friends and acquaintances. In this respect, too, there was a vast difference between the Queen's entourage and that of the Prince, for whereas the

former refused information of any and every kind to the Press, the rule at Marlborough House was very much more flexible, and the snubs which were de rigueur at Windsor were the exception in Pall Mall: not only so, but Sir Francis Knollys invariably contrived to word his communications in a manner calculated to soften any asperities which might have been aroused by a blank refusal to answer a civil question as to the movements of his Royal master. It must be emphatically said of the Prince that he was capable of making loyal friends out of foes where most other men would fail. Although he did not take any active part in politics the Prince was intimately acquainted with all that went on in Parliament, at the political clubs, and in the political salons (such as there were), and not the least important part of his day's work was his careful, and often anxious, study of the morning and evening newspapers.

Did the Prince, during the long period of his public career, display more than ordinary intelligence in dealing with subjects likely to prove beneficial to the country generally? To this question the reply was necessarily, Yes. With whomsoever the idea of the International Fisheries Exhibition originated—and his Royal Highness had much more to do with the inception of the scheme than was generally supposed—the Prince must be credited with having thrown so much heart into the undertaking as to ensure the practical success which resulted. It may be said that he was fortunate in having as his zealous colleagues men like the Duke of Abercorn and Sir Edward Birkbeck, both possessed of high qualifications for the adequate discharge of those onerous



duties of planning and organising with which they were entrusted by the Royal President of "the Fisheries." The Prince was also materially assisted by the Duke of Edinburgh, who brought to the councils of those who administered the Exhibition a vast amount of energy and practical knowledge of the wants of our fishermen and their wives and families.

The "Sailor Duke," who was an exceedingly nervous, bashful man, had not had his brother's opportunities of ingratiating himself with the nation, and perhaps he had not taken overmuch trouble, apart from espousing the cause of music, to render himself popular with the public. When the opportunity came, however, he seized it, and worked as hard as anybody—and harder and more indefatigably than most—to secure for the fishing population that amelioration of their condition for which they had sighed so long and so vainly. To the united and unflagging efforts of the two Princes the remarkable success of "the Fisheries" was, in a large measure, unquestionably due; I say this of my personal knowledge; and both the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh might have felicitated themselves upon the fact that their endeavours to improve the material as well as the moral state of our fisher-folk (numbering some hundreds of thousands) resulted in a permanent fund for the relief of the widows and orphans of those who lose their lives while engaged in their hazardous occupation at sea. The public generally took scant notice of the distress which prevailed among this stratum (almost the lowest) of our toiling population, and it needed some such immense stimulus as that

afforded by the Fisheries Exhibition to arouse people from their lethargy. From the first moment the Prince of Wales plunged into the active business of the scheme *con amore*, and early and late was to be found up to his eyes in work. For several months previous to the Exhibition he knew little or no rest; certainly, he could not find time for more than a modicum of ordinary social pleasures; but devoted himself body and mind to the furtherance of the good cause.

Some very gross blundering there most assuredly was in certain departments; e.g., there was the delay in the announcement and distribution of the awards of honour to those who had successfully competed; while the time which elapsed between the closing of the show and the publication of the balance sheet and accounts provoked a storm of indignation, albeit the leading organs of opinion indulged in one of their conspiracies of silence. For this remissness in the finance department the Prince was, as might have been expected, blamed to excess; but that is usually the lot of those engaged in philanthropic works when the entire administrative machinery runs less smoothly than it might do. The Prince was, I know, as much vexed and annoyed—even exasperated—at the unexpected difficulty which was alleged to exist in the preparation of the accounts as were those who most sharply criticised the faults of those unmentioned individuals who were really responsible for the delay. He fumed and fretted, but all the fuming and fretting in the world could not make the officials add up columns of figures quicker or produce at a coup details scattered over acres of



paper. There were other troubles in various departments. When at length the gratifying fact was made known that there was a handsome surplus, admitting of the foundation of an orphanage and endowing it with £10,000, the current of adverse opinion changed and the Prince of Wales was the subject of general laudation, thoroughly well deserved. I am entitled to say these things, for I got not a little kudos for my own efforts to ensure the success of "the Fisheries."

One characteristic trait of King Edward received but scant, if any, notice at the hands of those who gossiped and wrote about him for the best part of half a century, perhaps because they were oblivious of it. When he "took to" a man he gave him his full confidence; rank or station mattered not a jot. I will give an instance of this which is within my knowledge. Queen Victoria's first Courier was Herr Kanné, "Director of the Queen's Continental Journeys," a post for which he was recommended by the Prince Consort. The King from the first put Kanné on the most friendly footing. The Courier who arranged all Queen Victoria's foreign tours for so many years was a highly-esteemed member of a club to which I also belonged. There, and at his rooms in Dover Street, I had many long chats with him. The spacious room in which we talked—sometimes over rognons à la broche and a sole Normande—was suggestive in its luxe of those wondrous salons depicted by Ouida in "Chandos" and "Strathmore."

There was a profusion of medals, coins, china, Sèvres, miniatures, and bibelots. And the "photos!" What a gallery of portraits! Almost every crowned

head in Europe was represented, and nearly all bore the autographs of the august donors. Many good pictures there were, too, English and French. Kanné was as ardent a collector of bric-à-brac as was another of my friends, Major Byng Hall, in the palmy days of that veteran Queen's Messenger, whose official "bags" once went astray, to the Major's sore discomfiture. Of many things which that artistic flat contained I must preserve a discreet silence. There were documents which amazed me. Kanné would rather have cut off his right hand than delivered any of them over to publicity. He had none but the most charming things to say of his illustrious employers, or, in Paolian phrase, his "clients." The *métier* of Royal Courier was explained to me by Kanné in great detail.

It was a part of Kanné's duty to draw up a daily report of the places visited by the Queen when she was staying on the Continent—a kind of journal, or itinerary, of the day's drives, and of the people and things seen. Those who knew her Majesty's methodical habits, and her anxiety that nothing should escape her attention and knowledge, will agree that this special reporting business was no light task. I judged, from my talks with him, that Kanné fulfilled this irksome task with the skill and exactitude of a modern special correspondent. He was scrupulously correct in his jottings, as I could see from his plethoric notebooks, from which alone a goodly volume might have been compiled—one which would certainly have been of the deepest interest to all the world, for Kanné knew all those little secrets which were, and are, so jealously guarded from the prying eyes of outsiders.

Kanné, who had known and seen so much, was an



unobtrusive, somewhat reserved man. He would unbend if he felt he could trust his company, and chat by the hour about his travels in many lands—now with the Prince Consort and the Queen, anon with the Prince of Wales in the East, and latterly with Queen Victoria in Belgium, Switzerland, Savoy, Germany, and Italy. He was long a familiar figure in St. James's Street and Piccadilly—he and his dog. He found a congenial retreat at the Junior St. James's Club, where the smoking-room, it was proudly said, had been the "hell" of the notorious "Crockford's." He had been for so many years in the royal service that he was entrusted with missions of a confidential, even of a delicate nature. Over all these a veil was drawn; yet through it one got furtive peeps, just sufficient to pique curiosity. Kanné loved his books and his pictures. His only outdoor recreation was fishing, of which he was an enthusiast. The more you knew about "flies," bait, lines, reels, rods, and landing-nets, the more he thought of you.

In March 1888 Queen Victoria's departure for the Continent was delayed by Herr Kanné's illness. From Charlottenberg, whither her Majesty had gone to visit the stricken Crown Prince Frederick, she telegraphed her condolences to the relatives of the faithful Courier, who died in April, at Dover Street. "The Queen had a sincere regard for Mr. Kanné, and was much grieved at his death." So she wrote.

While French and German came to King Edward as readily as English, he was not unacquainted with Spanish, as this little story will prove. The last time the King was at Biarritz (less than a month before his death) he attended a meet of Comte Louis de

Gontaut-Biron's hounds, but left them at Cambo (which, of course, is entirely Basque), and took a solitary walk through the town. A local guide soon made his appearance, eager to show the new arrival the celebrated gorge, the Pas de Roland, with the hole said to have been bored through it by the Paladin's sword. The guide's first question rather startled King Edward. In the Basque patois, rather difficult to understand, the man said, "Excuse me, Sir, but have I not the honour of addressing the King of England?" "Si, si, señor," replied his Majesty; "para servir á usted" ("Yes, yes, sir; I am ready to serve you"); then, handing his interlocutor a sovereign, he smilingly inquired, "Am I like him?" And when the King re-entered his auto, and drove off to Biarritz, it was amidst frantic shouts of "Viva el Rey de Inglaterra!"

It used to be said by anybody who was sitting down to write an article—sketch, memoir, "portrait-in-words," "anecdotal photo," or what not—about the Prince that his almost fatal illness in 1871 had the effect of making a new man of him. That may have been partly true, but it was a specious argument, used only by those who thought they might possibly get a little kudos by flattering the Heir-Apparent. Many of us have been more or less seriously ill at one time or other, and we know the catalogue of good resolutions we mentally draw up, adhere to for a while, and then let it slide: it is natural that we should do so, whether we are prince or peasant, peer or pauper. Why should we have expected the Prince of Wales to be different? It is folly to suppose that because a man is born a prince he must necessarily



be, or ought to be, something of a saint, devoting all the time he can spare from his public duties to the perusal of the "Life of St. Augustine," or Scupoli's "Spiritual Combat," varied by a dip into the "Record" and the "Church Times."

When the King was Prince there was much refined feasting at Marlborough House apart from the "banquets" on Derby Day and other official, or semi-official entertainments. The royal host was, as all the world knows, une bonne fourchette. For the greater part of his life his Majesty had to dine oftener in public than any other Sovereign-Prince or any President in the world; and the productions of the best chefs in every country came within his purview. These are items of a dinner given one March evening by the then Prince of Wales.

#### MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

##### POTAGES.

Tortue Claire.

Crème de Concombres à la Royale.

##### POISSONS.

Escalope de Turbots Crème au Gratin.

Filets de Truites à la Bordelaise.

##### ENTRÉES.

Noisettes d'Agneau à la Parisienne.

Chauds-froids de Cailles à la Régence.

##### RÔTIS.

Bécasses rôtis sur Canapés. Salades de Légumes.

Asperges en branches.

##### ENTREMETS.

Timbales à l'Espagnole.

Dames Blanches à l'Orange.

Petites Cassolettes à la Norvégienne.

Corbeilles de Glaces Variées.

Pâtisseries Assorties.

##### DESSERT.

It will, I think, be agreed by even the most exigent that the chef who composed the Marlborough House menu was a worthy follower of the great culinary artists of the world, past and present—the Udes, Vatel, Brillat-Savarin, Soyer, Francatelli, Escoffier, Ménagier, Cédars, e tutti quanti. The various dishes are light and digestible without exception. The profusion of entremets will strike many a gourmet. Probably there was a special reason for having so great a variety of sweets. M. Ménagier, formerly chef to King Edward, is now (1912) with the Royal Automobile Club. M. Nicholas Soyer, who now lectures on paper-bag cookery, was for nine years travelling chef to King Edward. M. Cédard is chef to King George, after having been in his Majesty's service at Marlborough House for twelve years.

Those who remember Marlborough House between 1870 and 1879 will recall the figure of a slim youth, seen now at a dinner, anon at a ball, in whom the Royal host and hostess took particular interest, and who was on the best terms with everybody, himself included. This was the son of Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie. He had joined his mother at Hastings just a week after the battle of Sedan, and since the end of September, 1870, had resided with her at Chislehurst, the Emperor remaining in captivity until March, 1871. After the French Prince had attained his majority in 1874, he was presented



to many desirable people by the Prince and Princess of Wales, while "the Borthwicks" introduced him to most of their friends. His easy manners and high spirits made him a general favourite. Among other country houses at which he stayed was Trentham, where his lively disposition caused him to be an unfailing source of amusement to the guests of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland. Another protégé of the future King Edward was ex-Queen Isabella's son.<sup>1</sup> By January, 1875, the young Alfonso, luckier than his Paris playmate, the French Prince, had exchanged exile in France for the throne of Spain. (I was privileged to accompany him from Paris to Madrid.) The Prince Imperial endeared himself to the Prince and Princess of Wales, and, knowing his adventurous disposition, and his desire to distinguish himself, it was with some misgivings that they learnt first from his own lips, and then from Queen Victoria and the Duke of Cambridge, that he was bent upon seeing the fighting in Zululand. He was authorised to join our forces, but merely as "a spectator." Deplorable latitude was given him, with the fatal result which need not be recapitulated. The Prince and Princess of Wales shared the intense grief of the young man's mother; the country mourned the death of the young hero, and, rightly or wrongly, regarded his "desertion" by a British officer and his handful of troopers as a reprehensible act.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Alfonso XII, father of the present King of Spain.

<sup>2</sup> All military men did not take this view of the incident. At my request Lieutenant Carey, on his arrival in England, was interviewed by Colonel W. W. Knollys (brother of Lord Knollys), and from the inculpated officer's own story people drew their own conclusions.

When the Emperor Napoleon died, the news reached the Prince of Wales in the hunting-field. The Heir-Apparent was at an evening party on June 19, 1879, when he learnt of the Prince Imperial's death in Zululand. A comedy by M. Jacques Normand was being performed by Madame Sarah Bernhardt and others. The play was ending when a servant entered and gave the Prince of Wales a telegram, which he opened and read. He was deeply moved, but kept the telegram in his hand without saying anything till the curtain fell, when he rose and whispered a few words to the Princess of Wales and the members of their suite. Then the Royal couple took leave of their hostess and left the house. That same evening the Duke of Cambridge, who was at "the French play," had hardly got to the theatre when "Colonel A. Elliott arrived with the melancholy intelligence, telegraphed by Lady Frere, that the Prince Imperial had been killed in a reconnoitring party from Wood's column on June 1.<sup>1</sup> At the funeral, at Chislehurst, on June 12, the pallbearers were the Prince of Wales (King Edward), the Dukes of Edinburgh and Connaught, Prince Leopold, the Duke of Cambridge, the Prince of Sweden, the Duc de Bassano, and M. Rouher. Often, when I strive to

. . . . . review the scene,  
And summon from the shadowy Past  
The forms that once have been,

I find an aid to memory in photographs, especially when they are dated and contained in a handsome volume

<sup>1</sup> "George, Duke of Cambridge. A Memoir of his Private Life." Edited by Edgar Sheppard, C.V.O., D.D., Sub-Dean of His Majesty's Chapels Royal. Longmans, Green & Co. 1906.



like that which is due to the activities of the firm of Russell,<sup>1</sup> to whom we owe so many artistic portraits of King Edward, Queen Alexandra, and a large number of their relatives and friends. In 1868 Mr. J. Russell took, at Goodwood, a group of exceptional interest, for it contains a portrait of one who was for many years the cherished friend of the Prince and Princess—Colonel the Hon. Oliver Montagu, of the "Blues." The other portraits are those of the Prince, Sir Frederick Johnstone, and General Sir Arthur Ellis. Only one survives—Sir F. Johnstone—and, at the time of writing, he is in a deplorable state of health. I seem to see Colonel Montagu as he looked in the church at Chislehurst on the day of Lord Sydney's funeral. As nephew, he directed the arrangements, assisted by Sir William Hart Dyke, his brother-in-law, who is happily still with us. Oliver Montagu died a soldier's death—that which beseeemed him best. He fell in Egypt, early in 1893. His last hours were soothed by his sister, Lady Emily Hart Dyke. This universal favourite of men—and of women—had to regret only one misfortune during his happy, gay career. He had lost an eye while shooting. Lord Henry Lennox, who had been the innocent cause of the accident, burst into tears; in the words of one who was present, "he wept like a child."

The Prince of Wales was one of the two principal personages who attended Lord Sydney's funeral; the other was the Empress Eugénie, who was seen in an English Protestant Church for the first time. The

<sup>1</sup> "The Royal Family by Pen and Camera." By Sarah A. Tooley. With 152 reproductions of photographs by J. Russell & Sons. Cassell. 1907.

Prince awaited her arrival at the porch and gave her his arm. He was not in the best health at the time, and his face was ashen-grey. Mr. Gladstone, Lord Granville, and other of Lord Sydney's oldest friends and colleagues greeted the Empress after the service, which had added one more to the "events" I had witnessed at Chislehurst.

Edward the Magnificent reigned only nine years three months and fifteen days: January 22, 1901—May 6, 1910. He was in his "sixtieth year" when he ascended the Throne, it is true, but actually he was nearly ten months under sixty. With his good constitution (unimpaired, despite what was said to the contrary) and general juvenility and alertness, it was "no age." And the "worries" did not begin until two years before his death. They vexed and harassed him, although he concealed them from outward view. From the day of his accession the tens of thousands of articles and essays "written round" him were, as a rule, irreproachable in tone and in diction; highly appreciative, yet devoid of slavish adulation; fully recognising the immense influence for good exerted by his Majesty, and cordially agreeing that Edward VII was "the first diplomatist in Europe."

King Edward left London for Biarritz on the 7th of March, 1910, and returned in the last week of April. On the 28th he was at the Opera. With him in the Royal Box were the Prince and Princess of Wales, their sons Prince Edward and Albert; Prince Arthur of Connaught, Sir Allen Young, and the Marquis de Soveral. The King looked particularly well. He went to Sandringham, and at the



beginning of May, upon his return to Buckingham Palace, he was suffering somewhat from bronchitis, and did not leave his apartments. Lord Knollys saw him daily, but only urgent business was transacted. Outside the Palace it was not known that his Majesty was indisposed. On Thursday morning, the 5th, a very disquieting bulletin was published with the King's not very willing sanction. At noon the bulletin issued alarmed the public, and another, published in the last editions of the evening papers, prepared the country for the worst. The end came the next night at 11.45, in the presence of the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Princess Royal (Duchess of Fife), and the Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll).

The cause of death was heart failure, following bronchitis and broncho-pneumonia.

On the fatal Friday he got up and transacted business, although suffering from painful fits of coughing and attacks of heart failure, to remove which oxygen was administered.

In the afternoon he left the armchair, in which he had been sitting, for his bed, and shortly afterwards, so rapid was the malady, he passed into a state of coma, reviving occasionally. His indomitable courage showed itself in the middle of the day, when, at 1 o'clock, he said: "I shall not give in. I shall go on. I shall work to the end."

"The evil that men do lives after them. The good is oft interred with their bones."

There is no evil to "live" after Edward VII. None the less should we strive to prevent the good which he did from being "interred with" his "bones."

His last words might well have been those of Ovid :  
" I have reached the harbour to which I have steered  
my course."

In the early morning of the twentieth of May we waited patiently to say " Farewell!" My recollections of the sovereign extended over many years. I had seen him at ceremonies so often since 1871 that I seemed to be able to read his thoughts as he gazed around and gave each courteous greeting.

As the gun-carriage passed slowly through the lines of scarlet the eulogy of Æneas rose in the memory, for might not what the Roman poet sang of one great figure have been appositely said of that other to whom we said adieu? " A King we had once, Æneas by name; in justice, piety, and arms second to none . . ." Death had no terrors for him. He who had stood around the biers of so many loved and honoured ones, and garlanded so many tombs with his own hands, was ready for the call when it came. Uncomplaining he listened for the Voice which we must all hear, happy in the thought that his pilgrimage had ended.

Rest, rest! O give me rest and peace!  
The thought of life that ne'er shall cease  
Has something in it like despair,  
A weight I am too weak to bear!

Eight Kings and many Princes and Chiefs of State gathered to see him ushered into the presence of  
" the King in His Beauty."

As on a June morning two years later I watched the " Trooping," watched the beloved Queen and her little daughter drive along the Mall, watched the King (a handsome, winning figure) ride past, memories of



another Queen and another King thronged upon me ; and I wondered how many among those thousands who had assembled for this superb display thought for a fleeting instant of the great man who is gone and of the stricken Queen in her old home. Let us hope they remembered Sydney Smith's supplication that the royal child who was destined to be "the first man in the kingdom" might prove in every way worthy of the high position to which he was born. And let us hope that, revering him as they did, and knowing how nobly and triumphantly he strove to keep the fair fame of the Empire unsullied and to keep us respected and esteemed by the nations, they will never harbour a thought to his detriment, but will continue to maintain the old faith in him which they cherished until he was removed to that Haven for kings and peasants alike where "beyond these voices there is peace."

## CHAPTER XIX

### KING EDWARD AND HIS GRANDSON IN FRANCE

FROM the 'sixties until his accession to the Throne King Edward was a frequent sojourner at Cannes. The season seemed hardly itself without him. His visits to what De Maupassant, in a fervent eulogy of the Mediterranean coast, described as the "town of Princes," were generally en garçon. Any number of his friends—French, Russian and German—would have been delighted to "put him up," but he preferred a suite of rooms at a well-known hotel; which left him free to accept the invitations to lunch, "five o'clock," and dinner which rained upon him. The Cannes of "the Prince's" days was not the Cannes of these. The gradual rise of the "Rooms" at Monaco did more to denationalise Cannes and the other once-tranquil resorts along the Blue Coast than anything else. Still, Cannes, which primarily owed much of its popularity to Lord Brougham, never lost its attraction for the English Heir-Apparent, and to the Cannois it is particularly gratifying to find the figure of their favourite Prince depicted by the talented sculptor in the simple "reefer" jacket in which they had been accustomed to see him in recurring decades.

Many who read these lines will, like the writer of them, recall "the Prince" strolling along the Croisette; at the "Reserve"; wending his way up the California



hill, perhaps towards the Observatory, with its never-to-be-forgotten view across "the unplumbed, salt, estranging sea"; or the centre of a gay group at Rumpelmayer's—Russian Grand Dukes and Duchesses, German Princes and Princesses, Royalist ladies from the "great" Faubourg, who, of yore, had prided themselves upon banning the Tuileries; grandes dames who were of "the Prince's" coterie in Paris; and beautiful women upon whom Queen Victoria and "the Princess" had deigned to smile at the Palace or at Marlborough House. Needless to put names to this bouquet—many will know, and others will guess at them.

There would be little yachting cruises round "the Islands," and I should not like to assert that "H.R.H.," with his democratic geniality, was never visible among the motley crowd on the excursion steamer which took you "out to sea" at a couple of francs per head. There were no "autos" to take the Prince of Wales to Hyères, or St. Raphaël, or St. Valliers beyond Grasse; but croquet and lawn tennis could be played, and not seldom there would be a delightful déjeuner in the woods, with saunterings along those "steep, pine-plumed paths of the Estérels" poetised by Matthew Arnold.

Although so many of the friends of "the Prince" of the 'eighties and 'nineties have been long numbered with the *disparus*—dear old Chevalier Colquhoun and the veteran Admiral Chopart among them—not a few who assisted at the unveiling of the statue (April 13, 1912) had vivid memories of "H.R.H." and his big bull-dog, and the Cannois were telling once again, for the benefit of the new generation, the countless

sornettes indissolubly linked with the cherished name of "Édouard."

In phrases at once richly eloquent, burning, and touching M. Poincaré, President of the Council, has, on behalf of France, given us the "invitation to the waltz." We accept it gratefully and with full hearts. After Nice and Cannes, after the noble homage to Victoria I and to Edward VII, the time has arrived when we must make deadly sure of an enduring friendship, an absolute and unmistakable alliance, with France. No half measures will suffice. The sun has long since set—going down in blood-red hues—upon our once-vaunted "splendid isolation," which was all isolation without a scintilla of splendour. There have been momentous changes in the world since the old pilot was cast adrift to eat his heart out in his fields and woods. France holds her head high among the nations to-day. It is "hands off," everybody. There will be no more "mousetraps" at Sedan, no more beleaguering at Metz, and Strasburg, and Toul; no more burnings at Bazeilles, no more capturings of legions famishing on the banks of the Meuse; no more surrenderings of territories, no more grinding, humiliating "terms of peace," no more £200,000,000 ransoms, no more threats of "bleeding you white." France has thrown off her shackles, and stands before the world free—free as our own England.

"Our great desire is to walk together in the ways of civilisation and peace." So spoke Edward VII at the Elysée in 1903. We have to live up to those noble words to-day—France as well as England—and to mutually warn off any would-be molesters. The old Volunteer motto, "Defence, not Defiance," is our



device still. But we must practise it as well as preach it. These were the natural reflections of Frenchmen and Englishmen alike in 1912, after the scenes at Nice and Cannes—scenes which set Europe's heart palpitating, here with undisguised admiration, there with ill-concealed envy, perhaps a little jealousy.

“Voilà le bon Édouard!” Tens of thousands were saying it as they gazed with honest admiration at Denys Puech's splendid piece of statuary on the Croisette, with its bas-reliefs of the battle of flowers and the regatta, at which “Édouard” so often assisted, the faithful “Peter” at his Royal master's heels. And if we would make ourselves acquainted with the gradual evolution of “the Prince” and his development into a master-man in statecraft we can do so with the aid of one of the great minds, and certainly one of the greatest literary forces, of France—that justly celebrated member of the Academy, Comte d'Haussonville, whose brilliant and searching study of Edward VII forms part of this attempt to depict King Edward and Queen Alexandra in traits vifs.

Shall we forget our Great Edward? I trow not. Yet it is truth the poet sings :

But each day brings its petty dust,  
Our soon-choked souls to fill ;  
And we forget because we must,  
And not because we will.<sup>1</sup>

There, on the marge of “the unplumbed sea,” stands “Édouard,” in his “yachting.” The rich and the poor have, with a truly French generosity, set up this image of their own accord on the Mediterranean shore

<sup>1</sup> Matthew Arnold.

for all the world to gaze at and salute. From our hearts let us say it—"Vive la France! Vive la grande nation!"

What nobility of soul animated these Cannois, gentle and simple! What piety inspired them to raise this effigy to the honour and glory of their vanished friend, "le bon Édouard," the man of the sunny smile, the cheery gesture, the ever-ready mot; dowered, too, with the esprit of their own country! How flattering to our amour propre is the reflection, the knowledge, that our kindly neighbours—our allies to-day, as they must be for all time: upon this let us insist—should have found in our most cherished Sovereigns their ideals of a Queen and a King, and in the father of "George" the typical Prince! How agreeable and soothing to our insular pride to know that simultaneously they took to their hearts yet another of ours—our own "little Prince!" And that, one of these not very far-off days, they will be fêting "George" and "Mary" as aforetime they fêted "Edward" and "Alexandra."

Yes, "Alexandra," daughter, wife, and mother of Kings, grievously struck, but not crushed, by Fate—with the echoes of all the gladness and gaiety at Nice and at Cannes ringing in our ears, we could not let her stand in the halls of silence unremembered. What did not all these solemnities mean to her, forty-seven years his wife? She was alone, yet not alone; for all loyal British hearts went out to her as they had done in the dread crises of her life, and on that joyous Twenty-sixth of June when they crowned her with roses. *Her* "Court was pure," too; *her* "life serene," too. All through the decades she has been held up to our girls





*Photo]*

*[W. & D. Downey.*

QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN 1905.





and matrons as that exemplar they would do well to copy in their thoughts, in their words and in their deeds. We must not in future picture her as the "veuve tragique," but as the august revenante, re-appearing in her autumnal beauty.

Not far off, just a few leagues across the shimmering waters, was one—that solitary one—whose breast throbbed all through those glorious, crowded hours when the music of the "troop" crashed out its jubilant strains, when the bright blades flashed in the sunshine, and the big guns "spoke," and the shouts of French and English filled the air. In such pageants she had been the central figure. She had clasped to her heart, fifty-six years before, the little boy to whose lifelike figure all had bent in homage—he who, until the last, was always her "cher Édouard." So Victoria was Eugénie's "angel in the house"—at Nice and at Cannes and in our Highlands and in our fair shires. Two of our best-loved are with "her own" in the Valley of the Shadow, but (and this will be her sweetest solace) she may now gaze at will upon the comely presentments of Victoria and Edward, and so realise, in her long winter, the compensatory joys of "memory, fond memory."

"The Prince" and "Peter"—what universal popularity was theirs! "Peter" was his dog: the chartered canine libertine of these laughter-loving, gossiping Southerners. "Peter" went everywhere with his master—along the Croisette, to the "Reserve," to the

harbour, up the California hill, on the yachts, to perfumed Grasse, and sometimes to the Auberge des Adrets, first made famous by the acting of Frédéric Lemaître in the drama we know as "Robert Macaire." And "Peter" was everybody's friend at Rumpelmayer's, where the "smart" ladies fed him with the most toothsome productions of the great confiseur.

When, during many seasons, "H.R.H." brightened Cannes by his genial presence, a goodly number of those who formed items of his Paris coterie might always be seen; and, of course, the belles Anglaises swarmed in all the bravery of their springtide garb. Cannes, in the halcyon years of the Prince of Wales, was cosmopolitan only in this restricted sense of the word—that the gay throng was composed, for the most part, of those whose names ornamented the "Golden Book" of the nations, by whatsoever name it may be called: the British "Burke" (profanely described as the "Studbook"), the Spanish "Guia de Forasteros," the Russian "Velvet Book" ("Baratnaia Kniga"), the German "Fürsten Kalender," and the others. The "Tout-Paris" is not a "patch" upon these nobiliary volumes. London, St. Petersburg, Madrid, Vienna, Rome, Lisbon, Paris, and Brussels sent the choicest examples of their "high-lifers"; and with all of them our "Prince Charming" was—need it be said?—au mieux. All he said—and more that he did not say—was re-echoed in the villas, at the hotels, at the club, on the entrancing, perfume-laden boulevard, and on the yachts. The talk was of all *his* doings; those of others—the Russian Grand Dukes and Grand Duchesses, the Bourbon and the Orleanist Princes and Princesses,



the Austrian Archdukes and Archduchesses, the blue-blooded ones from Madrid—were so much *folle farine*. Some of the “good things” which Monseigneur had (or had not) said were wafted into the salons of the “great” Faubourg, the drawing-rooms of London, and the clubs of both capitals. The Marlborough, the St. James’s, the “Rag,” White’s, the Bachelors’, and the little Beefsteak chewed the conversational cud vigorously. Now and again fragments of the latest stories from Cannes found their way into the “society” papers. The Paris chroniclers displayed their inventive powers with effect. Three days judiciously spent at Cannes by Ivan de Woestyne would give him material for columns of wondrous “histories” (“actuality” these, garnished with piquant romance on occasion)—mainly about the Prince de Galles, who found them “all that there was of the most amusing.”

One day—one terrible day, in March 1884—a great gloom came over Cannes. Prince Leopold (only two years married), who had been recuperating there, slipped on the stairs at the Cercle Nautique, and was taken up—dying! When his eldest brother arrived from London, people were shocked by his haggard look, his drawn features. It was another Prince of Wales they gazed upon—not the gay, insouciant, ever-smiling, ever-joyous spirit they had been accustomed to see. I remember that anguished look; I had seen it more than once.

With English residents like Chevalier Colquhoun, Captain Perceval, and Captain P. Green, the Prince was on the best of terms, and, to a more limited extent, with the gallant old French Admiral Chopart,

who had a delightful, rather solitary home at Mandelieu, at the foot of the Estérel. "Outings" in these glorious woods were much favoured by the Prince. At the villa of the Prince and Princess ——— H.R.H. was a frequent and most welcome guest. One day they arranged a picnic for him in the woods, a spot overlooking and, in fact, close to the sea. Only a few guests, and those of the choicest, were invited, but, although not until long afterwards, some of the Prince's "bons mots" (this was the right name for them) leaked out. Who was the amateur "special correspondent" of the occasion? It does not much matter, for the Prince's critical remarks (as reported) were highly creditable to his good judgment, of which, as we know, he had more than his share.

First he eulogised the champagne, the only wine he cared for, and drank (let this be emphasised) most moderately: "Light and sparkling, it is like the essence of France. The slight griserie that it gives one is very agreeable. To drink champagne is to drink a little of the sunshine." Could it have been more charmingly put? The convives gently tapped the glasses with their dessert forks in token of approval. A literary discussion sprang up. The Prince was equal to it, naturally. "What class of fiction does Monseigneur prefer?" asked a charming indiscretionist, who probably knew her "Gyp" and Maupassant at least as well as her Chateaubriand and her "Book of Hours." The Prince's reply came unhesitatingly, and must have somewhat surprised the festive group, who listened attentively as he said: "I have scarcely time to read novels; but I do read them sometimes. It seems to me that a writer's talent manifests itself



especially, not in dealing with a psychological problem, or in reproducing life with the greatest accuracy possible, but rather in fine descriptive passages. Nothing is so difficult, it appears to me, as to describe a place or landscape. A beautiful description always charms me. When I am at the theatre I must say I prefer the pieces which will make me laugh most."

From books and plays the conversation turned to sport. "What does Monseigneur 'fancy' for the Grand Prix, and the Derby, and the Oaks?" Here the Prince was in his element, and the bevy of fair ones jotted down in their carnets the "tips" with feverish energy. Eyebrows were raised, and there were impatient shrugs of shoulders, when, with a sigh not wholly comical, the Prince regretted that he had never seen, and never would see, the race for the Grand Prix. "Et pourquoi?" "Because, as you know, it is always run on a Sunday." Some one remembered the question on this point put by one of the Rothschild ladies to Alexandre Dumas fils when he was calling upon her one Monday afternoon: "Were you at the races yesterday, Monsieur Dumas?" "No, Madame; I never go to the races." "Mon Dieu! Then, what do you do with yourself on Sundays?"

One of the ladies espied two boats within hail. "Suppose we go for a row?" said the Prince. There was a scramble over the pebbly beach, and the swarthy boatmen found that, with such a load, all their work was cut out for them. The Prince's travelling companion was a well-known man, who often accompanied him on his periodical excursions on the Continent. In gayest mood the Prince "splashed" his friend, who,

noted for his phlegmatic manner, took the playful "dousing" very composedly, and never ceased making rings with the smoke from his cigarette, to the unrestrained merriment of the party.

The Prince of 1912 made the acquaintance of Paris society under vastly different conditions to those which prevailed when his august grandfather was initiated into the life of the capital by, *inter alia*, the personal friends of Napoleon III and the Empress. There were "grands viveurs" in the 'sixties and 'seventies, and the future King Edward was thrown incontinently among them. There were those wealthy Russians, the Demidoffs, one of whom Princesse Mathilde, aunt of the Bonapartist Pretender of to-day, was so unfortunate as to marry, and so fortunate as to get separated from, thanks to the intervention of the Tsar. There was the Duc de Gramont-Caderousse, who out-Heroded Herod in his eccentricities, which, so it has been said, included the lighting of a cigar at the races with a Bank of England note for £1,000, which he had just won, "because the rustling of the crisp paper grated on his nerves"; and his presentation to a notoriety of a silver bath, which he filled with champagne before entering it. He was the "Duc Darling" of that flighty creature, the Duchesse de Persigny, whose behaviour at Albert Gate during her husband's term as Ambassador furnished the French Government with an opportunity for his recall. Caderousse is reported to have introduced to the stage Offenbach's *Grande Duchesse*, Hortense Schneider, one of the survivors of the Imperial epoch.

Queen Victoria's eldest son made friends with the fine fleur of the Empire period—and after: Fleury,



Bourbaki, Frossard, MacMahon, Lebœuf, Conegliano, Cambacérès, Bassano (père et fils), Morny, Persigny, Baron Lambert (who used to buy horses in Ireland), and the hundred and one others, not to name their wives and daughters, whom he saw on his occasional calls upon the Imperial couple. With some of these he would lunch, dine, or sup at the Café Anglais, the Maison d'Or, Voisin's, and other modish restaurants. With the younger men he went to the theatre and the races. Sometimes he adventured into the "coulisses," and exchanged badinage with the stage divinities.

The men and women who made social history in "the reign" did not "go out" as the result of the overthrow. Many became known to the Prince through the years. The Prince de Sagan (Duc de Sagan and de Talleyrand) and the Marquis de Galliffet died, the former early in 1910, the latter in 1909. The Duc de Mouchy, whom King Edward remembered since the 'sixties, passed away scarcely four years ago; his widow (Princesse Anna Murat), enormously rich, is still an alert young-looking woman as compared with the Empress now (1912) in her eighty-seventh year. In the most charming of all the Empire Duchesses the young Prince of Wales will always find an affectionate friend for his grandfather's sake, and her circle will also rally round him in future years.

King Edward, as Prince, knew the Marquis de Castelbajac, whose daughter was the first wife of the Marquis de Breteuil. In the service of the "Vénerie," Castelbajac, who had been an equerry of the Emperor, was "capitaine des chasses," and had stood by the Empress's side when, at Compiègne, she went "out," for the first and only time in her life, with a beautiful

little gun, made for her by Feret, who, having charged for it only three hundred francs, was paid five hundred. The then Prince of Wales knew, further, from the Empress herself, that six other ladies assisted at this special "shoot"—her sister (the Duchesse d'Albe), Princesse Anna Murat, and Princesse de Metternich among them; the two latter still leaders of their coteries in Paris and Vienna.

All the leading figures in the French racing world were known to Edward VII as Prince and King from the middle 'sixties downwards; and he must have heard how Comte Frédéric de Lagrange, the owner of Gladiateur, Monarque, and Auguste, driving back to Paris from the races one Grand Prix day, unfortunately ran over a young workman, never stopping to inquire if he were much hurt, but tossing to the victim his purse with its £800 in bank-notes!

The advice of Madame de Montgomery was much sought after by young men, perhaps even by "Monseigneur" himself, who, at all events, was impressed by her extensive knowledge of the turf. Her "selections" might safely be followed, and she thought the more of those who could give her a "certainty."

There was scarcely any phase of the multi-coloured life of the ville lumière which King Edward, as Prince, had not penetrated. All through the late 'sixties, 'seventies, the 'eighties and the 'nineties he was frequently in Paris, where he was as much at home as in England. The bright stars of Paris society paid him homage, and the chroniqueurs were never at a loss for an "écho" or an "entrefilet" when "le Prince de Galles" was in their midst. Most welcome was "the Prince" everywhere.



The "home of Princes" then was, of course, the "Bristol"; and there our future Sovereign was always lodged. The "Elysée," the Ritz, and other palatial hotels, were, as yet, unthought of. It was chic to stay at the "Bristol," where "the Prince's suite" was shown to, and often occupied by, wealthy stockbrokers from London and Berlin. Prince Napoleon, absurdly nicknamed "Plon-Plon," was to the fore in Paris in the early 'seventies; and his sister, Princesse Mathilde, when not in residence at her château at St. Gratien, was one of the entertainers of the foreign Royalties, the Prince of Wales, of course, among them.

1912

By the wise step taken by the King in sending his eldest son to Paris for the purpose of completing his education in French, the Parisians made the acquaintance of the third English Heir-Apparent whom they have welcomed since 1855 and of the first Prince-Royal who has resided permanently in France.

King Edward's Paris friends were mostly his seniors, only a few being either about his own age, or younger. Many survive his Majesty, and warmly welcomed his grandson. There are, for example, Prince Murat; Princesse Anna Murat, Duchesse de Mouchy, and let me not forget the perennial Comtesse Edmond de Pourtalès, in whose "red" salons in the Rue Tronchet King Edward (as Prince) and the Duke of Edinburgh were often to be seen, admiring the pictures of almost every school, from Bronzino and Van Dyck to Cabanel and Carolus Duran. This lady has enjoyed a reputation in European society since the days when the Second Empire

was in its glory. She offered her cheque-book to the Empress at Chislehurst when, in 1870-1, the Imperial couple were in such pecuniary straits that, at the Emperor's earnest request, the Comte de La Chapelle (another survivor of the period, not unknown to King Edward, and a resident for many years among us) successfully undertook a money-raising mission. It was the same Mélanie de Pourtalès whose portrait, in Alsatian costume, went all over the world in 1871, typifying the woes of the lost provinces, Alsace and Lorraine.

There are also Mr. and Mrs. Standish; they were not only the friends of long standing of King Edward, but are well known to King George and his consort, who, as Prince and Princess of Wales, were entertained by them at their hôtel in the Rue de Belloy during the visit to Paris of their present Majesties in the spring of 1908. The residence of Mr. and Mrs. Standish is one of the most beautiful treasure-houses of which Paris can boast—full of works of art and old bibelots of every description, which King George and Queen Mary had heard much of from King Edward and Queen Alexandra, and saw for the first time four years ago. The large circle of "the Standishes," including the Princesse de Poix, the Marquis du Lau d'Allemans, and many others of the gratin, who met the young Prince's parents at the dinner-table in the Rue de Belloy in 1908, gladly bestowed their friendship upon the Prince of Wales in 1912. King George and Queen Mary met chez Mr. and Mrs. Standish, besides the personages referred to, another intimate friend of King Edward, M. Detaille, the eminent artist, the designer of the new military uniforms; and that other



celebrity, the late M. Sardou, the dramatist. The Royal pair had visited the painter's studio earlier in the day, and at dinner in the evening they were kept interested and amused by the piquant talk of Detaille and Sardou, both brilliant raconteurs.

The Prince of Wales's Royal grandmother, Queen Alexandra, has still a number of chosen friends in Paris, and she has reminiscences of many whom her consort delighted to honour—the Galliffets, the Sagans, Baronne Alphonse de Rothschild, the Marquise de Canisy, the Vicomtesse de Courval (the American Miss Ray), the Marquise de Jaucourt, Madame Waddington, and, of course, the Duchesse de Mouchy and Madame de Pourtalès. Queen Alexandra was in Paris with King Edward in 1908, and renewed friendships and acquaintances. Her Majesty was also there for a brief space in the previous year, when the King and Queen of Norway were fêted. That year will never be forgotten by Queen Alexandra, for it was during the visit of the Norwegian Sovereigns that the lives of Queen Maud and Madame Fallières were jeopardised by a carriage accident at Versailles. They were crossing a bridge near Marie Antoinette's "hameau," when one of the horses, taking fright, struggled on to the parapet, and with the postillion fell into the water. Queen Maud was in an agony of despair. "Oh! that poor man, that poor man!" she exclaimed repeatedly. "Is he dead? Tell me—oh! tell me at once. Is he dead?" Hearing her cries, the King, who had been in another carriage with the President, soothed his agitated consort by assuring her that, as he had previously ascertained, the postillion was "all right"—only the poor horse was killed. Little was heard in London

of what might have been a tragedy, for it was apparent to the handful of spectators that at one moment the carriage, with its occupants, was in danger of falling over the bridge into the water.

The Prince of Wales had learnt from his parents what are the "best things to see" in Paris and the environs ; and during his four months' residence with the Marquis and Marquise de Breteuil he went over much the same ground as that traversed in 1908 by King George and Queen Mary, who, for the occasion, were "Lord and Lady Killarney." Their present Majesties devoted themselves in the main to sight-seeing of an instructive kind ; and this formed an integral part of the "Éducation de Prince." It diverted the Prince of Wales to follow in his parents' footsteps at the Carnavalet Museum, once the home of Madame de Sévigné, now containing those precious relics of Marie Antoinette and the Boilly pictures which held the royal visitors spell-bound under the ciceronage of M. Georges Cain, who also acted as the young Prince's guide. In the autograph room he saw the boutade of Alexandre Dumas fils (which King George and Queen Mary so much enjoyed four years ago)—"Comment se fait-il, les enfants étant si intelligents, que les hommes soient si bêtes?" The answer is—"Cela doit venir de l'éducation."

At Versailles M. Pierre de Nolhac showed the Prince, as he had shown his parents, the apartments of Marie Antoinette ; the Heir-Apparent saw Lami's picture depicting the arrival of Queen Victoria at Tréport on her visit to Louis-Philippe, whom, later, her outspoken Majesty described as "no gentleman," and the Royal youth did not overlook the pictures (by



his grandfather's friend, Detaille) of "Pasteur's Funeral" and the review at Châlons, of which his cousin, the Tsar, was a witness.

What the Prince had heard from his father and mother about the wonders of Chantilly, with its Condé museum, naturally led him thither; and he hardly required to be told that the donor to the public of the museum and the château was his grandfather's intimate friend, the Duc d'Aumale. Everything remains as it was in the Duke's lifetime. As the possessor of one of the finest collections of jewels in the world, the Prince's mother was the better able to appreciate the family and other jewellery which she saw at Chantilly. It is a fairy place, in the heart of that vast forest through which the train passes, and it was at Chantilly station that a somewhat amusing incident occurred many years ago. The Duc d'Aumale and the Empress Eugénie had long wished to meet, not having seen each other since the war of 1870. A compartment in a certain train was always reserved for the Duke, and towards it, on one occasion, he made his way as usual. As he was about to enter the carriage he was excitedly told by some one standing at the window, "You can't come in here—this compartment is reserved!" If the Duke was surprised and hurt at being turned away from what, rightly or wrongly, he took to be his own reserved compartment, so also was a lady in deep mourning garb who was in the carriage, and who had recognised the Duc d'Aumale just too late. She was the lady whom the Orleans Prince had been so anxious to see—the Empress Eugénie!

"I am sure he will be an Abbé de Cour. This charming little man!" So wrote a great lady of the

Imperial Court, after seeing the Prince of Wales at the Tuileries in 1855, when the Heir-Apparent was between thirteen and fourteen. Proud fathers told their sons that, if they behaved properly and did their lessons well, they should have a Highlander's dress, "*comme le Prince de Galles*." The "charming little man," the idol of Paris, was destined to become the "most Parisian of Princes" and the most beloved, gifted, and utilitarian of Monarchs. The Prince of to-day will never resemble an Abbé de Cour, but his popularity will grow as King Edward's grew.

When King George's son went to Paris on April 1, 1912, it was not generally noticed that he was attended by M. Fehr, M.V.O., who, as the Royal Courier, had superintended King Edward's foreign travelling arrangements, and accompanied his Majesty when he paid his last visit to Biarritz. This enviable post, which is no sinecure, was, as I have already noted, first held by Herr J. Kanné. When Kanné died, in 1888, he was succeeded by Mr. Herrmann, who at the expiration of two years, was replaced by M. Dossé, appointed in 1890, to be succeeded by M. Jean Jacques Fehr.

While King Edward as Prince may well have been spoilt by the grand monde of Paris, he was not, nor was his grandson, the object of obsequious adulation. The French "well bred" are not toadies. They treated King George's son, as they treated the Prince of the past, as an equal, very much to the young man's satisfaction, for his characteristic is a very winning simplicity. When, long before his accession, the Prince's grandfather sojourned so frequently in France, the "auto" was undreamt of; consequently, he had



no opportunity of becoming acquainted, save through the windows of his "saloon," with the glorious country round Nîmes, Avignon, Orange, Valence, Grenoble, Annecy, and Lyons, which his grandson traversed when he left the Fleet off the Azure Coast on May 25. These prolonged motorings through Provence, Savoy, Dauphiny, and châteaux-land were real object-lessons to the young student, who shares his parents' and his beautiful grandmother's predilection for the delights of the country. Many of the glories of Provence which the Prince had read about in French and English "guides" he has now seen—Avignon, the old city of the Popes, with its mediæval walls, thirty-nine watch-towers, Cathedral, Promenade des Doms, and Papal Palace; Nîmes, one of the most interesting places in the South of France; Valence, made into a dukedom for Cæsar Borgia, and now the seat of an artillery school; marvellous Orange, with its huge theatre walls and its famous arch; Grenoble, worthy of its title of "the most beautiful town of France," the first of the "strong places" at which Napoleon halted on his return from Elba, only three months and a week before Waterloo and less than three years after the indescribably tragic retreat from Moscow; that gem of Savoy, Annecy, with its lake and mountains, its ancient buildings, the Gorges du Fier (at Lovagny), and Annecy's associations with St. François de Sales and—Eugène Suë; historic Bourges; Lyons, the home of the silk industry; Creusot, with its great gun factory; and the glorious châteaux of Touraine. Thus the Prince saw more of the most picturesque side of France than came under his grandfather's observation during his long life. An "éducation de Prince,"

indeed, this journey "en auto" before his eighteenth birthday, which he kept "at home" before returning for a while to his agreeable studies in the Avenue du Bois, to see the new uniforms at the review on the national fête-day, and to be invested by the President with the grand cordon of the Legion of Honour. His last day in France was spent at Amiens; on August 1, he was at home, after an absence of four months less his few days' birthday holiday. In August King Alfonso brought him the insignia of the Golden Fleece.

Before the young Prince took farewell of the Marquis and Marquise de Breteuil, he learnt all about the Jockey Club, of which his grandfather was an honorary member for the greater part of his life; and heard that King Edward's name was on the roll of the Cercle des Champs Élysées, the "New," the "Skating," the Rue Royale (of which the late Don Carlos was, and the Marquis de Breteuil is, a member), the Yacht Club of France, the Cercle de l'Union Artistique (to which the ex-Emperor of Brazil belonged), and two or three clubs affected by the "fine fleur" of Paris thirty years ago, and later; for in Paris our young Prince's grandfather was a typical clubman. As a wit said of him in the days when the Crown seemed to be, as indeed it was, far off: "The Prince of Wales likes the 'grande vie,' and is fond of the boulevards, where he can stroll incognito," although that was hardly possible, so well known were his smiling face and his figure generally. The time for seeing the "grande vie" has not come for the son of King George. Capable men are still "forming" him, and happily they find him an apt pupil. After



four months with the charming De Breteuils he became such an adept in the language which he heard spoken around him that he could follow a classical play at the Français fairly well, and grasp the meaning of an article in the "Revue des Deux Mondes," the "Temps," or the "Figaro" without too frequently consulting "Hamilton and Legros" or the encyclopædic "Littré." M. Paoli was "enchanté."

It should amuse our "little Prince" to learn that Bismarck once told a select coterie of diplomatists that the only things necessary for a Sovereign to know were how to speak foreign languages and how to stick on to a horse. King Edward was facile princeps in both these arts, and in how many others! His French was, in Tennyson's phrase, "dead perfection"; he spoke it with a purity never attained by Napoleon III, whose Dutch-German accent was amusingly noticeable. Before he was out of his teens he was able to converse in Italian with Pope Pius IX at the Vatican, to the surprise and delight of his Holiness, who began the talk in French. German, too, he spoke like a genuine *Deutscher*, and in Spanish he was by no means deficient. But, of course, he was the Admirable Crichton of the family. His grandson's education has proceeded on somewhat different lines from, and, in some respects, under more agreeable conditions than, those which were imposed upon their eldest son by Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort—in the main by the latter. It would be unfair to Mr. Hansell, the talented tutor of King George's son, to assume that he is less firm than were Colonel Ponsonby, Mr. Gibbs and Mr. Tarver—respectively domestic tutor, classical tutor, and (on Mr. Gibbs's retirement) director

of studies and chaplain to Queen Victoria's son until his home education terminated in 1859, when he celebrated his eighteenth birthday, and was, as his mother wrote to him, freed from the control of his parents, and was given a "governor" in the person of Colonel Bruce. The present Prince of Wales was, and is being, instructed in practically the same subjects as those studied by his grandfather; all that is changed is the method of instruction, which, of late years, has been improved upon. There is really very little, if any, difference between the "schooling" of the grandfather and the grandson—a fact that should not be overlooked in view of the "Dictionary's" Memoir. In M. Escoffier the young Prince had a gifted, persuasive, yet firm French tutor, under whose agreeable guidance he made a surprising advance in the "language of diplomacy." M. Escoffier was, I am told, particularly pleased with his pupil's pronunciation, which, before he went to Paris, "left much to desire."

On the 8th of May all Paris was stirred by an event which (so a friend who witnessed it tells me) made a great impression upon the Prince of Wales. It was the funeral of Duc Georges of Leuchtenberg, and, of course, the Russians were in full force. As the procession defiled along the Avenue du Bois many eyes were turned towards the balcony of the house No. 12, where a youth stood bareheaded, and there was a general murmur, "*Voilà le Prince de Galles, fils du Roi Georges, petit-fils du Roi Édouard.*"

The popular illustrated paper, "Excelsior," which is owned by the well-known publishers, Pierre Lafitte et Cie., paid this graceful homage to the young Prince on his arrival at Paris—



S'il ne l'était déjà, la photographie que nous publions aujourd'hui du jeune prince de Galles, dont la venue à Paris est l'événement du jour, suffirait à le rendre sympathique.

Ce portrait a cette grâce, cette distinction, cette simplicité fière, apanages de haute lignée qui font la beauté des toiles des grands portraitistes anglais et surtout de leur précurseur Van Dyck.

On évoque invinciblement, devant l'aisance avec laquelle le jeune prince porte le magnifique appareil, les plus délicats chefs-d'œuvre de ces maîtres. Le langage des formes, depuis Aristote, n'est pas un vain langage et il y a beaucoup de fine éloquence dans l'image, très exactement photographique et non idéalisée, de celui qui sera chez nous, simplement, le duc de Chester.

Mais comme l'actualité ne perd jamais ses droits, il est probable que nos artistes de la mode s'inspireront de l'étonnant panache que tient le prince de Galles et que nos élégantes, à leur tour, porteront des chapeaux à la "Chester." Gageons-le?

Much interest was aroused in Court circles by the appearance in the same journal of this avowedly apocryphal letter, supposed to have been addressed by King George to the Marquis de Breteuil—

As the Prince of Wales is to finish his education in France, I cannot do better, my dear Marquis, than accept the amiable hospitality which you have so kindly offered him. I know Maurice Donnay's capital play, "Éducation de Prince." I have had it read to my son, and, when he had been amused by it, I said to him, "You have now heard all about what you have to guard against in Paris." I think he understood me. Little Princes are so much liked in the salons and at the theatres that my son will be the object of a thousand solicitations. May he find in the knowledge of his duty the strength to resist them! When necessary, your advice will help him. You are a man of great experience. I know your friendliness, and I admire your character. Need I say that under the Clemenceau Government you were on the point of coming to London as Ambassador of France? My father, who regarded you with special favour, had even, if I remember aright, informed the French Government of the friendly reception you would receive at his hands. You will be a valuable adviser for my son. If I have decided that he should not reside at my Embassy it is because I wished him to come into

more direct contact with the French, whose qualities of nobility, generosity, and intelligence he will be able to appreciate. I consider you to be the most representative of those French people.

Yours affectionately,

GEORGE.

Close by the Marquis de Breteuil's residence, No. 12, in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, lives a distinguished soldier whom the Prince's grandfather remembered from the early 'seventies—General Fitzpatrick de Closeburn, who fought on the side of the North in the American war of secession, and many years later in Spain with the forces of Don Carlos, whose close personal friendship he retained until the comparatively recent death of the father of Don Jaime. The General is of the same family as the mother of the Empress Eugénie, and, as he has told me, was first presented to Napoleon III and his consort, at the Tuileries, the year before the war of 1870.

In a house close to the Arc de Triomphe, which the young Prince admiringly viewed for the first time on the day after his arrival in Paris, resides another personage of whom King Edward had the pleasantest recollections. This is the once-beautiful Comtesse Walewska (née Bentivoglio, daughter-in-law of Comte Ricci), the widow of the celebrated Minister of Napoleon III. Comte Walewski (the difference in the spelling of the names of husband and wife will be noticed) was the son of Napoleon I, as all the historians have told us. The Count never referred to his origin, and when, on one occasion, a stranger unguardedly remarked, in connection with some incident or other, "It was when your father was at St. Helena," he received the freezing reply, "You must



be mistaken, sir ; my father was never at St. Helena." Well, as has been indicated, the venerable Countess is still living, comparatively active, and in the enjoyment of an excellent memory. And she was one of the legendary beauties of the Second Empire !

## CHAPTER XX

### PROFESSOR VAMBÉRY SPEAKS

IN May 1864 I first came to London on returning from my dangerous trip to Central Asia. Provided by the British Legation in Persia with letters of introduction to the leading members of London political, social, and scientific circles, my personal acquaintances were steadily increasing; and, as my lecture, delivered at the Royal Geographical Society, was fairly well attended—the Prince of Wales being among the visitors—I was agreeably surprised to learn from Sir Henry Layard, Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, that, his Royal Highness being desirous to make my personal acquaintance, I was to go the next evening to the Cosmopolitan Club, where Sir Henry would present me. Being still under the impression of Continental, and particularly Austrian Court etiquette, I was most agreeably surprised to find in the future ruler of Great Britain a most unaffected, amiable, and intelligent young man, who took a lively interest in geographical and ethnographical research, and who showed himself fairly “up” in the work done by his countrymen in Central Asia. He asked me for details about the martyr-deaths of Stoddart and Conolly, and expressed his admiration of Dr. Joseph Wolff, whose son, the late Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, belonged later on to his friends. Later



in the autumn the Prince invited me to lunch ; he liked to hear the details of my adventurous career, and the more I alluded to my humble origin the more he liked the account of my past. What struck him most was my fluency in various European and Asiatic languages, for he himself was an accomplished linguist, and spoke French and German without the slightest foreign accent.

It is well known that King Edward excelled among his contemporary rulers by a marked simplicity of manner and by the desire to make himself accessible to every man. When on a visit to Budapest, where he was much liked and fêted, it was difficult to keep from him all kinds of intruding visitors, and it happened that one walk in the town had cost him a good amount of money, which he had generously distributed to beggars. It was because of this accessibility that all classes of society were found among his acquaintances, and he made simplicity and easiness of approach a rule also in Court life. In 1889 I happened to be the guest of H.R.H. at Sandringham when the late Queen Victoria had called upon him after a lengthy absence. On April 26 a Royal entertainment was given before her Majesty, and after the performance there were at the dinner-table, besides the Royal Family and some members of the aristocracy of the neighbourhood, an actor (Henry Irving), an actress (Ellen Terry), and a humble student of languages (myself). Very few royal tables could have witnessed a similar gathering. Strange to say, a few years later one might have read a letter, published in the "Times," in which King Edward was reproached by somebody for not having invited literary and artistic worthies to his table when

the King of Italy was his guest at Windsor. King Edward VII and aristocratic reticence—a most curious idea!

Not less astonished was I at meeting the Prince of Wales at dinner at the house of the Editor of the "Daily Telegraph," and seeing him there on most intimate terms with the members of the family, whose Jewish origin would have been depreciated by an everyday nobleman in Prussia and in other Continental countries, not to speak of Continental Royalty. King Edward was thoroughly enlightened on social questions; he understood the tendency and the current of his age, and took his course accordingly. I remember one day, having lunched in his company, he invited me to accompany him to a newly-opened park, where he had to perform the inaugural ceremony. Most warmly received by a large crowd of working men, the Prince, as I was astonished to see, not only mixed freely with the people, but shook hands and spoke with everybody; and when, on returning home, he asked me how I had liked the ceremony, "Well," I said, "I was admiring your Royal Highness's familiarity with everybody. In my country such things would not take place." The Prince smiled, and said: "Well, Englishmen must be treated differently. If I do not bow down to them, they will crawl up and scratch me in the face!" One might say it was a compulsory show of democratic tendencies, but I have witnessed scenes where he acted from his own good will, sometimes even to the dislike of the noblemen in his company. This quality of his was the main origin of his great popularity after having ascended the throne, and it touched me when my London tailor spoke,



with tears in his eyes, of the good King and how he talked and shook hands with even the poorest man.

There was no affectation in the democratic feelings of King Edward, which he used to exhibit sometimes in opposition to his aristocratic surroundings ; nay, he insisted upon others following his example, however unpleasant this may have seemed to them. I may quote one case, which concerned my own position in Budapest. It was in 1885 (if I remember well) that the Prince spent nearly a fortnight at Budapest as the guest of Count Karolyi, the then Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in London, accompanied by Lord Suffield and Col. Ellis. The Prince was a great favourite of the Hungarian aristocracy, and he attended dinner-parties and took part in hunting excursions in the country. I met him frequently, and he expressed to me his astonishment at not seeing me often in "high society," as he had expected to do. Of course the good-hearted Prince supposed the cause to be my humble origin, which was, however, not the case ; for my countrymen had always fully acknowledged my merits ; it was rather my own retired nature and love of study which kept me from public social intercourse. This excuse had no effect upon the Prince ; he gave a dinner-party to members of Hungarian society, to which I was likewise invited. Arriving at the palace of Count Karolyi, where the Prince stayed, I was directed to go to the Prince's dressing-room. After having dressed, he took hold of me, and it was in his company that I went to the reception-room, where the flower of the Hungarian nobility had gathered. As the Prince entered everybody bowed deeply, and the Prince, pointing to me, said : "Ladies and gentlemen, of course

you know my friend, Professor Vambéry." Needless to say, everybody showed me the greatest consideration, and I had to take part in all festivities given in honour of the Prince ; which I attended merely to please him, and later I followed my former quiet life.

In mentioning the affability of the late King I cannot pass over his kindness towards the poor, and particularly towards his own servants. Those who know Windsor Castle must have been struck by the elegant and comfortable quarters given to the domestics. When visiting, in the company of the King, these rooms, where each of the men had his own bathroom, I told his Majesty that many doctors and professors on the Continent might envy these servants ; upon which the King said : " I am delighted to give my men all possible comfort, for good work requires good rest." He accorded similar treatment to his servants and working men at Sandringham, for whom he established a club, at the opening of which, on November 8, 1884, he said : " My friends, I have long felt that on the Sandringham estate there was a great want—a room, or rooms, where after your day's work you might meet for recreation and also for instruction." No wonder his servants had a real love and affection for their master, as I had ample opportunity of convincing myself during my stay at Sandringham and at Windsor.

Those who are particularly fond of finding fault with every act done by princes were eager to emphasise the light and jovial side of the late King's character, pretending that he never took anything seriously, and even that he was unable to do so owing to his defective instruction and his so-called awe of books ! This is



decidedly the greatest possible calumny, for I had ample opportunity of convincing myself of the contrary. Not only did I find him often reading serious works, but I know he mastered their contents, and frequently applied historical citations in support of his political views. He was thoroughly informed about England's position in Asia ; he knew the intricacies of Indian policy ; and, if discretion did not bridle my pen, I could quote from his conversation passages destined to be given as advice to Sultan Abdul Hamid which would justly astonish the most shrewd diplomatist. Of course, King Edward did not parade his knowledge ; he even disliked others to mention it, and in this respect he differed essentially from his famous relative.

It is not, however, by his words, but by his acts that he ought to be judged. His political achievements evidence more sagacity than the most splendid speeches of crowned heads. As I approved his policy, I might be asked why I attacked his agreement with Russia in 1907, and particularly England's policy in Persia. I beg to say in reply that it was not the idea of an agreement with Russia in matters concerning Asia which I criticised ; for, in view of the unrest in India, and in consideration of Russia's defeat in Manchuria, the two great European Powers in the East might have gained the conviction that Asia is awakening, and that the West would do better to unite instead of rivalling each other. And besides, I never was a fanatical advocate of war. What I criticised in that agreement was the great price England paid for a rather dubious security ; the fault did not lie with King Edward, but rather with his advisers, who were taken in by Russia. King Edward's diplomatic skill,

great tact, and sound judgment have been universally admitted ; and nothing was more interesting than to see how he delighted with his conversation all classes of society—noblemen, diplomatists, artists, scholars, and “industrials.” He found a pleasant word for everybody, and all were astonished at his experience and knowledge of the various branches of society.

In no country of the world have princes more opportunity to speak publicly than in England, where their appearance on the platform is not in the least free from criticism ; on the contrary, they are expected to shine as brilliant speakers. That the late King was an excellent speaker is well known, and one has only to read the volume, “Speeches and Addresses of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, 1863–1888,” edited by James Macaulay, M.A., M.D., and published by John Murray, in 1889. It might be objected that many of these speeches were prepared beforehand, or afterwards revised in print ; but I can furnish unmistakable proof of King Edward’s oratorical powers by quoting the following incidents, at which I personally assisted. It was during his stay at Budapest that the Club of Magnates, or the National Club, having offered a banquet to the Prince, the chairman took great pains to fête the princely guest by “gushing” expressions. As far as I know the Prince was utterly unprepared, and he asked me whether he should return thanks in French or in English. Fancy my astonishment when I saw him rise and deliver in most elegant and idiomatic French a speech which was a masterpiece of oratorical power, and in which he recognised not only the great national qualities of the Hungarian nation, but also made happy allusions to the future in store for the



chivalrous Magyars. The speech met with a most enthusiastic reception, and was much commented on by the Press.

The second instance of King Edward's rare abilities I witnessed in London on the evening when Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, who had just returned from his great journey, delivered a lecture at the Albert Hall. Stanley had been that evening the guest of the Prince of Wales at Marlborough House, together with the Duke of Edinburgh, who had promised to address the public in an introductory speech. Stanley, the Prince, and his brother were riding in one carriage; but on the way from the Palace to the Hall the Duke suddenly felt unwell, and the Prince of Wales had to deliver the opening address. On arriving on the platform the Prince only asked me to supply him with two or three geographical proper names; then, beginning to speak, he treated his subject with as much cleverness and perfect knowledge as if he had been a specialist on African geography and had spent years in the Ruwenzori and among the pygmies. Now, I beg to ask what Prince, what ordinary speaker, would be able to accomplish a similar feat? And yet there are writers who have said that the late King never read a book and shunned literary people!

ARMINIUS VAMBÉRY.

## CHAPTER XXI

### QUEEN ALEXANDRA

And Enid loved the Queen, and with true heart  
Adored her, as the stateliest and the best  
And loveliest of all women upon earth.

OUR Queen that was to be might have read on one of the triumphal arches erected at Gravesend when she landed on March 7, 1863—

Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,  
But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee;

and on another arch, "Welcomen du Udvalgte!" ("Welcome, thou Chosen One!") From the Gule Palace in quiet Copenhagen, wherein the Princess was born on December 1, 1844, to the world's metropolis in a delirium of enthusiasm—that was a change calculated to unnerve this young lady of nineteen, marked out by destiny as future Queen of England; yet, according to the accounts, she displayed an admirable calmness throughout. This was not her first visit to England, nor her second; for when she was only ten she came over on a visit to her great-aunt, the Duchess of Cambridge, and was presented (at Buckingham Palace) to Queen Victoria, who, as I have somewhere read, did not take particular notice of the little lady. And, in 1862, when "the Prince" was keeping his twenty-first birthday, Prince Christian



(for he was not yet King) and his daughter Alexandra visited Queen Victoria at Osborne and at Windsor. It was during this visit that the marriage was fixed for March 10 in the following year, 1863, and when the Prince and his daughter had got back to Copenhagen the fact of the intended nuptials was made known.

Then began the flow of presents from every Court in Europe. The Danish nation subscribed a "dot" of 100,000 kroners, rather more than £8,000—a large sum for little Denmark, which would not allow one of its Princesses to enter a Royal family minus a marriage portion. The Corporation of London sent her a diamond and pearl necklace valued at £10,000. The King of Denmark (Frederick VII) gave the Princess a splendid necklace and the famous "Dagmar cross," the precious jewel which had been worn by the first Christian Queen of Denmark, with whom the cross had been buried, then exhumed and deposited in the museum at Copenhagen. The young Princess could hardly believe her eyes as she saw the Gule Palace and the Castle of Bernstorff inundated with presents, representing in value several years of her father's income. The materials for the trousseau were all of English make, except the lingerie, all hand-worked, and all Danish. All Copenhagen invaded Levysohns to feast their eyes on the trousseau, upon which hundreds of women were engaged for months before the wedding. All the garments were embroidered with the Princess's monogram and Prince of Wales's plumes.

Every day deputations arrived with their gifts. The King himself went "en gala" to the Gule Palace. The Queen-Dowager, widow of Christian VIII, per-

sonally presented the young Princess with a group representing her brothers and sisters. Princess Augusta gave the bride elect an illuminated parchment on which were written in English twelve prayers used in the Anglican Church. The dames d'honneur of the old Court gave the Princess a magnificent fan, and the gallant Society of Bootmakers laid at her feet a pair of gold-embroidered shoes. Everybody gave something or other. It was all like one of the delightful fairy stories of her compatriot, Hans Andersen.

All England was stirred by Tennyson's wedding poem, the most beautiful and thrilling example of its kind which ever emanated from mortal's brain. The moment it was published the whole country rushed for it, copied it into albums, learnt it by heart, and recited it. Only the immortal author of the "Idylls" could have given us this exquisite song—

### A WELCOME TO ALEXANDRA

MARCH 7, 1863

SEA-KINGS' daughter from over the sea,  
Alexandra !
Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,  
But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee,  
Alexandra !
Welcome her, thunders of fort and of fleet !  
Welcome her, thundering cheer of the street !  
Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet,  
Scatter the blossom under her feet !  
Break, happy land, into earlier flowers !  
Make music, O bird, in the new-budded bowers !  
Blazon your mottoes of blessing and prayer !  
Welcome her, welcome her, all that is ours !  
Warble, O bugle, and trumpet, blare !



Flags, flutter out upon turrets and towers !  
 Flames, on the windy headland flare !  
 Utter your jubilee, steeple and spire !  
 Clash, ye bells, in the merry March air !

Flash, ye cities, in rivers of fire !  
 Rush to the roof, sudden rocket, and higher  
 Melt into stars for the land's desire !  
 Roll and rejoice, jubilant voice,  
 Roll as a ground-swell dash'd on the strand,  
 Roar as the sea when he welcomes the land,  
 And welcome her, welcome the land's desire !  
 The sea-kings' daughter, as happy as fair,  
 Blissful bride of a blissful heir,  
 Bride of the heir of the kings of the sea—  
 O joy to the people and joy to the throne,  
 Come to us, love us, and make us your own :  
 For Saxon, or Dane, or Norman we,  
 Teuton or Celt, or whatever we be,  
 We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee,  
 Alexandra !

A certain picture of England's welcome of the  
 "Rose of Denmark" comes to mind in 1912—

Imagine beacons flaming, rockets blazing, forts saluting with their thunder, every town and village swarming with happy gratulation ; young girls with flowers, scattering roses before her ; staid citizens and aldermen pushing and squeezing and panting to make the speech and bow the knee, and bid her welcome ! Who is this who is honoured with such a prodigious triumph, and received with a welcome so astonishing ? A year ago we had never heard of her, and I think about her pedigree and family not a few of us are in the dark still. But it would be interesting to know how many hundreds and thousands of photographs of the fair, bright face have by this time made it beloved and familiar in our homes. Think of all the quiet country nooks where kind eyes have glanced at it. The farmer brings it home from market ; the curate from his visit to the cathedral town ; the rustic folk peer at it through the little shop-window ; the squire's children gaze on it round the drawing-room table ; every eye that beholds it looks tenderly on its bright beauty and sweet, artless grace ; and young and old pray God bless her !

A beautiful bit of prose-poetry indeed! Who but William Makepeace Thackeray could have penned it? You will find it, in the "Cornhill" of the period, in a "Roundabout Paper" felicitously entitled "On Alexandrines."

What Queen Alexandra was on the day she first rode through London streets she remains to this moment, and will remain always—the object of the nation's love, admiration, respect, and pride. And so let us echo the Norsemen's greeting to the Sea-kings' daughter, "Three times three for the apple of our eye!" (Tre gange tre for vor Oieston!)

"Alix and Bertie decided that they would go to see the Dean of Westminster and Lady Augusta Stanley this afternoon, and we went with them." I recall this sentence, because it is from the pen of Princess Alice, and appears in her "Letters"—this collection of thoughts, impressions, and deeds at once so pathetic and tenderly interesting that a mist rises as we peruse these confidences. The passage cited may suggest to some students of foreign literature the style of Dangeau or the Marquis de Souches; but in effect it is very English.

The rising generation may not resent it if I explain for their special behoof that the "Alix" and the "Bertie" of these beautiful "Letters" are the Princess and Prince of Wales of the old days when Great Victoria was Queen.

Our venerated Sovereign who ruled us so firmly, yet so gently, for more than sixty years had a passion for committing her ideas to paper. Princess Alice perhaps wrote because she felt impelled to communicate her life-secrets to the world. Queen Alexandra has



never evinced an inclination to enrol her name in the list of Royal authors, a fact which led some one to congratulate her upon having escaped from "ce goût excessif pour la publicité qui a fait tant de ravages à la cour de Windsor"; and to add, "C'est la plus belle éloge que l'on puisse faire d'une femme appelée à porter un jour une couronne."

Shadows many and dark have saddened the life of the Royal lady since 1863; and never have her griefs failed to elicit the sympathy of the nation. Between the Princess of Wales and Princess Alice Maud Mary, Grand Duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt, there was the strongest link of affection, so that when Queen Victoria's second daughter passed away in 1878 (it was on the 14th of December—fatal day!) the blow fell as heavily upon "Alix" as upon the bereaved mother and the sisters and brothers of the Princess whose tragic fate was deplored wherever the English language is spoken.

Seven years before the calamity at Darmstadt—"the kiss of death"—Princess Alexandra and her consort had lost the baby-Prince Alexander, who was born and died on April 6-7, 1871. Shortly after the Christmas of 1891 the members of the Royal Family were plunged into the deepest woe by the death of the Duke of Clarence at a moment when all were looking forward to his marriage. It was long ere the grief-stricken Prince and Princess of Wales recovered from this blow, which filled the nation with poignant grief.

It was when the Queen was Princess that she and her children found Fredensborg an ideal resort every autumn. Even when Queen Louise was seventy-four, she was described as being "in all her splendour"—

a mother who knew how to make herself beloved by her august sons-in-law. One daughter was then a reigning Empress, another a prospective Queen (our Queen), the third was the wife of a king's son (this is Princess Thyra); one son was, and is, King of the Hellenes, and in February 1906 her eldest son succeeded his father as ruler of Denmark. Her youngest son, Prince Waldemar, married the late Princesse Marie d'Orléans, daughter of the late Duc de Chartres, a quarter of a century ago.

At Fredensborg Queen Louise exercised her authority with charming tact over the family circle, twenty all told, including her own sons and daughters, her sons-in-law and their consorts, and her grandchildren. And how they enjoyed their villégiature! Alexander III revelled in it, and never lived so unconstrained an existence as when, once a year, he, the Tsaritsa, and their young family were the guests of Queen Louise and King Christian. Endless are the stories told of those autumn gatherings under the old roof-tree. All the Danish Princesses looked forward to their annual holiday at the dear old home with almost childlike anticipation.

So firm a hold has "Alexandra" always had upon the affection of all classes that our people have ever shown themselves as eager to participate in her sorrows as in her joys; and after forty-nine years' residence among us she remains the object of our respectful admiration and love. Of the beneficent influence which, when Princess of Wales, she exercised over the national life much might be said. By the beauty of her own life she has emphasised the importance of purity of the home, and thus has earned the blessing



of the mothers of the nation, and not only of the nation, but of the Empire. If English Society as a whole has not yet reached the point of ideal perfection it is not the fault of the illustrious consort of Edward VII. A vast change has come over Society since 1863. Its homogeneity has vanished. It is split into sections, and those composing one too-prominent section have done much to produce its disintegration. Known among themselves and their imitators and admirers by a vulgar, meaningless appellation, these people live in a little world of their own, have a language of their own, and a reputation of their own. The lash of the satirist does not avail, even though the thong be wielded by a worthy Jesuit priest. If the truth were known, they probably enjoy such flagellation. It is a pity to waste breath upon them and their vulgarities.

They eat and drink, and scheme and play,  
And go to church on Sunday;  
And many are afraid of God,  
And more of Mrs. Grundy.<sup>1</sup>

When the Queen was Princess her happiest days were those which she, her consort, and their young family spent at Sandringham. The Royal couple were in their prime. The house echoed with youthful laughter, and the national gaze was focussed upon that corner of Norfolk. The world heard with delight and read with avidity of the gay doings and the delightful family life presided over by the Royal pair. There was no informality, but less formality at Sandringham than at Marlborough House. The Prince was the most genial of hosts—the Princess a hostess of unsur-

<sup>1</sup> Frederick Locker.

passable, if indefinable, charm and grace. The trio of young ladies flitted about with the benevolent purpose of completing the happiness of the guests. Prince Edward and Prince George provided merriment for all.

It can be truly said of Queen Alexandra that her name is recorded on every page of our social history. It would hardly be "forcing the note" to paraphrase the words addressed by Leopardi to Dante, and say of the national renown achieved by her that "marble and brass are as inefficient to record it as wax and sand."

I never prepare to pronounce anything approaching a panegyric on an individual, whether it be Emperor or Empress, King or Queen, Prince or peasant, Princess or beggar-maid, without recalling Carlyle's growl that Tennyson, in his "Idylls," treated his readers "so very like children, though the lollipops were superlative." But we are not all cast in the same phlegmatic mould; and so we find Bayard Taylor telling the poet that the Idyll of Guinevere was his finest poem: "I could not read it aloud without my voice breaking down at certain passages." Tennyson boasted that *he* could read it "and keep his voice"; but Bayard Taylor carefully notes that, prior to reading the Idyll, the poet ordered his butler to bring in a magnum of wonderful sherry—"meant to be drunk by Cleopatra or Catherine of Russia," said the Bard, as he took up the "Idylls of the King."

It is, in a sense, unfortunate that the career of Queen Alexandra offers very limited material for comment and none at all for criticism. So uneventful has been her life that its leading events might easily be compressed



into a page of foolscap. Happy is the woman without a history! The demands of such upon the would-be biographer are slight indeed, and, under ordinary circumstances, the place she occupies on the page of history is so small as hardly to be visible, save when searched for through the lens of a microscope. Far otherwise, however, is it with the illustrious lady who has been the centre of national observation for fifty years. Under frequently vexatious, and oftener still most embarrassing, conditions she had to play the part of a Vice-Queen almost from the moment of her landing on these shores. Victoria, stunned by the calamity of December the Fourteenth, Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-one, was for several years incapacitated from the performance of her public ceremonial duties; for a considerable period the Crown was in Commission, as it were, until there was open talk of Abdication. We had, it is true, ample assurance in later years that nothing was ever further from her Majesty's thoughts than the renunciation of any of her duties and privileges; it is none the less a fact that for many years the "Court" had its location at Marlborough House rather than at Windsor Castle or Buckingham Palace. Hence the prominence of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

I cannot imagine a more difficult position than that which this young Danish Princess was so unexpectedly called upon to fill. "The most amiable of Princes" was also the gayest and most light-hearted, and those composing "the world which amuses itself" had in him a leader whose exuberant spirits and faculty for enjoyment were unparalleled in modern days. To the Princess, transplanted from the serene atmosphere of Fredensborg and Bernstorff, the gaiety—sometimes

verging on the tumultuous—tempered by the vapidty and vacuity of Society in those bygone years must have been bewildering. There are better schools for both sexes than Courts. Fortunately for the national weal the Princess of Wales made it plain from the first that she intended to model her conduct on that of her mother-in-law, and it soon became known that anything approaching lightness of bearing would find no more favour at Marlborough House than it did later at Buckingham Palace.

On the 7th of March, 1863, the Laureate published his Ode of Welcome ; three days afterwards came the Royal nuptials ; and during the forty-seven years of her married life never, as I have said, was a voice raised in hostile criticism of Alexandra. Not that those years brought all sunshine and roses for the members of our Royal Family. It was during the first ten years of the wedded life of the Prince and Princess of Wales that the assailants of the Crown and of the Prince were most active with pen and pencil. The younger generation would hardly believe their eyes could they see some of the literary and pictorial satires which poured from the Press week after week with impunity. Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales were grossly attacked, as I have described in a previous chapter ; but never a pen was lifted in disparagement of the Princess. And so it was in later years, when a still well-remembered incident evoked a storm of hostile comment, and led both guileless publicist and preacher to raise their voices in denunciation of gambling, no matter where, or by whom, practised. The Princess was the first to appreciate the gross injustice of casting all the blame on the shoulders of her Consort ; and it



is certain that, had the writers and preachers who lashed themselves into a fury over that "celebrated case" known the pain which their more or less ignorant diatribes caused the Royal lady at Marlborough House, they would have been more sparing of their censure and more lavish of their sympathy.

It is not popularity, but love, which has been showered upon Queen Alexandra during all these years; and no writer has more gracefully recognised the justice of this tribute to her than the astute gentleman who elected to be known as "Count Vasili." In that amusing, caustic performance, "*La Société de Londres*," which Madame Edmond Adam obligingly introduced to a laughing world, "Count Vasili,"<sup>1</sup> referring to the then Princess of Wales, has these forceful, and in the main accurate, observations:

Adored by her future subjects, she is the woman above all others most worshipped in the United Kingdom. The people are literally at her feet. Amiable and gentle, she possesses all the tranquil virtues. Her blonde beauty is the type which all English people admire. Some assert that she lacks animation and piquancy, and others consider her a little stiff. She is an excellent horsewoman, bold and charming in the saddle. A devoted wife and mother, sympathetic without being familiar, prudent without being a prude, dignified, but not proud, she was brought up, as she has reared her children, very simply. Her love for the young, her respect for the old, her pity for the unfortunate, her generosity, are truly admirable. The Princess is, too, a capital musician. She has a fine taste in everything, dresses wonderfully well, and knows how to suit her toilettes to circumstances. She learnt how to dress well in Paris, thanks to the *Princesse de Sagan*, the *Marquise de Gallifet*, and *Mrs. Standish*. Living so often in the *Place Vendôme* has not only made the Princess a woman of exquisite elegance—it has enlarged her ideas and overcome some of her former prejudices. If her residence in Paris made her a trifle frivolous, it made her also

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<sup>1</sup> Assumed to be M. Montrion.

more of a woman—especially more of a *femme du monde*. She possesses the secret of not getting old. Politics do not interest her at all. A new coiffure is of more importance to her than all the Bills ever introduced in the House of Commons. In this respect she is unlike her mother, the late Queen of Denmark. But—there is always a “but,” you know—this charming Princess suffers from deafness, and does not consequently hear what goes on outside Marlborough House. She does not try to surround herself by persons of great intellectual powers; but she has one quality which is rarer than a black swan—she never says a word against a single soul, nor has she an enemy in the world.

The essayist allows his pen to run away with him occasionally, but his “appreciations” cannot be said to lack piquancy, and the worst that can be said of his portrait of the Princess is that it was well meant, though sketched with a free hand. It is hardly worth while to complain of the unsparing style in which the Count invariably dots the i’s and crosses the t’s; but it is right to say that the Princess (and Queen) did take, and takes, considerable interest in politics, though I should be surprised to hear that she was consumed with impatience to learn the result of every division on, say, that exciting measure, the Parish Councils Bill, or that she ever lost a night’s sleep wondering what “the Lords” would do with either of the three Home Rule Bills.

Perhaps the reference to Mrs. Standish requires elucidation; it is possible that some are not even acquainted with that charming lady by name. Mrs. Standish, then, was born *Hélène Des Cars*, married the nephew of the late Duc de Mouchy, and resides in the Avenue d’Iéna. Like other celebrated mondaines, she has been biographed, and the talented Claude Vento tells us that she is even more modern than those



of her rivals who hold in their patrician fingers the sceptre of fashion—

It is to the Throne even—at all events, to the steps of the Throne—that she has gone to seek her type of ideal womanhood, her culte, her resemblance, in the person of the most gracious of Royal Highnesses, the Princess of Wales. A frequent guest of the Royal couple, it is to the beautiful residence of Sandringham that Mrs. Standish goes to study at leisure the all-powerful charms of the Princess. Mrs. Standish has borrowed of that lady her tastes, her styles, even her manner of walking—“*sa démarche élégante d'alcyon, glissant, immatérielle, et n'appuyant pas.*” She has the Royal set of the head, described by our poetical author as that swan's neck of the Deesses of Odin and the Nymphs of Scandinavia—the same figure of an elegant slimness, round and plump: the same willowy form, lily-like in its divine height, all grace and harmony: a sweet perfumed vision, swayed by the breath of the zephyrs. Mrs. Standish, faithful copyist of her Royal sosie, chooses the same toilettes, the same celebrated dressmakers, following in everything her Royal Highness. It is in imitation of the Princess that she constantly wears those large black velvets, constellated with stones, and the narrow row of pearls which adorns the elegant neck.

As Princess, Queen Alexandra was better known in Paris thirty years ago than she is to-day. Not that she has broken with French society, for many of its leading members are still counted among her intimate friends. But her tastes and inclinations were always, and remain, of a simple character, and with advancing years she has shown an even more marked disposition for home life than characterised her in her girlhood, ere yet there was much, if any, thought of an alliance which should make her a future Sovereign. However much she appreciated the French capital as a diverting place of residence for a brief spell, she was never particularly enamoured of Paris society; nor can it be truthfully said that she gave the least encouragement

to what is termed the "smart" section of English society. "Smartness" and vulgarity seem to be inseparable ; and the pushing people—foreign as well as native—who fancied that riches and lavish hospitality would carry everything before them, even force open the portals of Marlborough House, soon discovered their mistake. That the "professional beauty" craze subsided as speedily as it did was mainly owing to the Princess's spirited resolve that women who, with a few exceptions, had little to recommend them except their beauty of face and form should not be permitted to displace their betters.

Let me quote two other foreign authors, if only to afford my English readers an additional proof of the high estimation in which the Royal lady was, and is, held by all Continental writers who have had an opportunity of studying her : "The Princess of Wales has never made herself talked about ; this, for a lady, and especially for one placed so high in the social scale, must not be understood except in the best sense of the word. She is a charming *ménagère*, a most conciliatory wife, knowing how to make herself obeyed by gentle means, treating with consideration the ladies of the Court and others who are attached to it, in order to render more attractive those posts which are not always easy to fill."

A piquant observer wrote in the "Figaro" in 1891 :

This year the Princess of Wales was absent from the birthday fête at Sandringham. That circumstance should not, however, prevent us from remarking that, by all the gifts of body and mind, the Princess is in reality the good fairy of the house. Her beautiful head, which has hardly changed since she reached her *quarantaine* ; her figure, always supple and slender ; the taste which she displays in setting the fashion in a country which prides itself on its refinements



in all that concerns dress, make the Princess of Wales the type of the accomplished woman of the world and of the vigilant mother.

“Will you come this way, please?”

Preceded by a giant in a scarlet coat and knee breeches I threaded the corridors of Buckingham Palace, endeavouring to remember the turnings in the probable event of having to find my way back without a guide. After a few seconds I abandoned this idea, and “followed on” without further mental effort. Just as I was beginning to wonder if our walk would ever come to an end the scarlet-coated one opened a door on the right of a corridor and said he would light the fire. I closed the door as gently as possible: who would dare to “slam” a door in a Royal Palace? It was a coal fire, and had evidently been very carefully laid, for it burnt up immediately.

“I will tell —— you are here,” said the giant.

I had gathered that —— had been in this room “just now,” but at the moment was “I believe with the Queen.” One of the pictures in this room, which “gives” on to the grounds, is (or was) a full-length portrait, more than life-size, of Queen Alexandra in her Coronation robes. It is a good likeness, but how different from the thousands of photographs and drawings of the widowed consort of Edward VII! She is fair-complexioned, and there are even now strands of pale gold in her hair. Another picture is of an Italian boy playing some musical instrument or other. On a spacious desk were Royal writing-paper and envelopes, Royal pens, and I suspect Royal ink; telegraph forms, paper weights, and a stamp moistener (rather interesting this, just now).

I had a rather long wait, and was “doing” the

pictures a second time, when the door opened. "I was with the Queen and was obliged to keep you waiting." I murmured that I was delighted to have been kept waiting in such a nice room with such a nice fire. "Ah! I am glad they lit the fire for you."

I listened respectfully while my amiable vis-à-vis did all the talking sans gêne. And it was all about Queen Alexandra: most interesting, naturally. I was privileged to get a glimpse of the most perfect portrait of her which has ever been or ever will be produced. Comparatively few even of her Majesty's friends have seen it; it never leaves her; it will never be published.

Immediately after King Edward's death "Une furtive silhouette de la Reine Alexandra," signed "Pierre Loti," appeared in the "Figaro," and, like so many other beautiful French things, passed unnoticed in England. M. Loti was seeing London for the first time (!) at the end of July, 1909; and at a ball at the French Embassy he observed that the dancers kept at a respectful distance from "a lady, svelte and juvenile in appearance," whose very plain black diaphanous robe was relieved at the lower edges of the skirt only by embroidery of a "pale fire" colour, resembling the flames of alcohol. When some one said, "It is the Queen!" he almost doubted it, she appeared so youthful.

He was presented to her Majesty, "who, with exquisite amiability, deigned to utter a few of those words which Sovereigns are able to find for the benefit of strangers." King Edward came in from an adjoining room, where he had been playing bridge. "'Ah!' said he, with a cheery smile, holding out his hand when the Ambassador had presented me, 'behold



the Anglophobe !. 'Sire,' I replied, 'I believe I am already much less of an Anglophobe than I was.' "

Her Majesty granted the author of the "Désenchantées" an audience at Buckingham Palace the next day at noon. A servant in scarlet livery conducted him into "a very modest parlour," where he was joined by "a most amiable lady, who said in French, without the least accent, 'Si vous voulez bien me suivre, je vais vous emmener chez sa Majesté.'" In a tiny lift, which she herself worked, this lady (we can guess her name) took him to a room on the first floor. "Remain here," she said, "and I will tell her Majesty."

Presently the Queen entered. "The brief interval of silence which ensued seemed to intensify the solitude of the Palace, empty and surrounded by space. . . . The Queen rose, and I followed her through the sumptuous building. First we passed a study, as simple as the salon. 'This is my study,' said the Queen. 'I cannot take you into it,' she added, smiling, 'because it is in disorder.' This, through the open door, I could see for myself." It was to arrange her letters that the Queen had delayed her departure for Windsor.

"The Queen opened a large door, and suddenly, having passed through the private apartments, we were in the magnificent galleries, with gilded ceilings, marble colonnades, and walls lined with pictures, masterpieces of inestimable value. There was no one about—not a solitary domestic. The Queen, with her delicate hand, opened the heavily gilded folding doors, and we passed through salon after salon, all deserted and silent. But the Palace, which was about to be vacated for a season, was in perfect order, and in the

immense grates were ranged, as if for an entertainment, clusters of blue hortensias, red azaleas, orchids and arum lilies. In different salons were large portraits of the Queen standing by the side of King Edward.

“ ‘Of my two portraits, which do you think the best?’ asked the Queen. ‘Unquestionably the second, Madam—this one.’ ‘Ah; is it not? It is much more my look.’ If in both pictures the artist had rendered the colour of the eyes—in sapphire blue—in one only I noticed that indefinable ‘*je ne sais quoi*’ which gives expression and charm.”

In the centre of a picture there is the portrait of a very little girl, naïve, fresh, and pretty. “ ‘You know who it is?’ asked her Majesty. One recognised the little girl who became Queen Victoria. In front of the portraits of her own sons and daughters the Queen stopped, and a look of infinite pathos and tenderness came into her face as she pointed out the Duke of Clarence. . . . Their Majesties were leaving for Windsor, and everything was covered up. ‘Ah!’ remarked her Majesty, ‘I am sorry everything is covered. But, as you know, we are leaving London.’ By her delicacy, her adorable simplicity, the lady who guided me over the Palace almost made me forget that she was not only the grande dame which she had the air of being, but was also Alexandra of Denmark, Queen of England, Empress of India. When her Majesty held out her hand, and I was about to take leave, we had reached a vestibule, looking down a monumental staircase. She disappeared while I was still bowing.”

King Edward’s jocose remark at the Embassy, “Behold the Anglophobe!” may well have momen-





*Photo]*

*[W. & D. Downey.*

QUEEN ALEXANDRA AT THE TIME OF KING EDWARD'S ACCESSION.





tarily disturbed M. Loti's equanimity ; and in his talk with Queen Alexandra he made open confession of his little international sins as thus : " When the Queen talked about travel and books I began to feel uncomfortable, to experience something like remorse at the recollection of my attacks upon England, and I got confused in making excuses for what I had written. ' Oh ! ' interrupted the Queen, in a tone of friendliness which touched me infinitely more than her reproaches could have done, ' that is all over now, is it not ? ' ' Yes, Madam, ' I replied, ' that is finished. ' At that moment I recalled with perturbation a certain article upon Rangoon which I had recently written, strongly criticising the English occupation of Burmah. The article was in type, but not yet published. Mon Dieu ! Would there be time to touch it up, to tone it down ? Oh ! the indulgence, the goodness, the uprightness, which revealed themselves from the outset, of this Queen, and in her look ! "

The month marking the celebration of Alexandra Day brought its tragedies. In April the Queen had reappeared in public after her two years' mourning : accompanied by Princess Victoria she attended a Symphony Concert at Queen's Hall, and in May she visited " Shakespeare's England " at Earl's Court and lunched there with Mrs. George Cornwallis West. She had discarded the peaked bonnet which she had worn since May, 1910, in favour of a hat with a black veil. On the 14th her Majesty, the Empress Marie

and Princess Victoria motored to Brighton and inspected the Danish Exhibition ; and early the next morning came news of her brother's sudden death at Hamburg.

How often has Queen Alexandra heard the dread summons of "Pale Death," who knocks alike at the Palace and the cottage door ! More frequently, assuredly, than most of those of her sex who have worn, or still wear, Royal crowns. Her baby-boy lived but a day. Previously the Tsarevitch Nicholas, to whom her sister Dagmar was affianced, had passed away. She has had to mourn the deaths of that sister's consort, Alexander III, the brother of Nicholas ; of both her parents ; her sisters-in-law, Princess Alice, the victim of a mother's love for her children, and the Empress Frederick ; her English brothers-in-law, Prince Leopold and the Duke of Edinburgh ; her eldest son, the Duke of Clarence, the idolised Prince "Eddie" ; her Royal mother-in-law, Queen Victoria ; her beloved consort, King Edward ; and, in her own words, her "dear son-in-law, the Duke of Fife." On the morrow of her reappearance, after two years' seclusion, her brother, King Frederick, dies in the street ; and next, her nephew, her sister Thyra's son, is the victim of an "auto" accident on the way to the King's funeral ! Of other relatives, connections by marriage, and friends in various stations in life, how many have disappeared ! On the long roll appear the names of the parents of her sister Thyra's consort, the King and Queen of Hanover ; her sister Dagmar's father-in-law, the Emperor Alexander II and his Empress, and her sister's son, the Grand Duke George, only brother of the present Tsar ; the



Duke and Duchess of Teck, and their son, Prince Francis; the Duchess of Cambridge and "the Duke."

If we turn to the list of private friends, we shall find it interminable. There may be cited the Prince Imperial, for whom our widowed Queen cherished the kindest feelings; Lord Sydney, Lord Granville, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Lord Beaconsfield, Sir Alexander Condie Stephen, one of King Edward's "Gentlemen"; Colonel Oliver Montagu, long an intimate of the Prince and Princess at Marlborough House; Etienne Musurus Pasha, Lord Dupplin, Lady Rosebery, Herr Kanné (the first Royal Courier), Mr. Christopher Sykes, Lord Glenesk, Lady Suffield (to see whom in her last illness in 1911 the Queen used to ascend to the top of the house in Manchester Square, where there was no lift); and many another notable figure long familiar to us. The names enumerated are merely those which come to mind at the moment—a fraction of the whole.

Queen Alexandra is endowed with deep religious feeling. With this sentiment she has imbued the minds of her children from their earliest years, and they have absorbed it in the manner desired by their mother. I venture to say that attention to their religious duties is the outstanding characteristic of the members of our Royal Family, as it was in the reign of Queen Victoria.

Queen Alexandra's devotional bent is reflected in all her acts, down to what some may perhaps consider mere trivialities, but which others regard very differently. The loftiness of this side of her nature is shown in so comparatively small a matter as her inscriptions upon her "in memoriam" wreaths. I will

recall only a very few instances of this trait. I read, in her own writing, on the card attached to the white cross laid on the coffin of my friend Sir Alexander Condie Stephen in May, 1908: "In deepest and most heartfelt regard and regret, from Edward and Alexandra. God's will be done." I remember, too, the words written by the Princess of Wales, in July, 1879, on the wreath which she placed on the coffin of the Prince Imperial. This tribute to the memory of the young Bayard ran: "In affectionate and sorrowful remembrance of him who lived a spotless life and died the death of a soldier fighting for our cause."

In Sandringham Church may be seen, among other memorials, a bust of Princess Alice, a medallion of Prince Leopold (Duke of Albany), and—most touching of all—an "ex-voto" recording the young wife's gratitude for the recovery of her husband, then thirty years old—

To the Glory of God.  
A thank-offering for His Mercy.  
December 11, 1871.  
Alexandra.

"When I was in trouble I called upon the Lord, and He heard me."

Some will remember what the Princess wrote to the Rector of Sandringham on December 16, 1871, after Sir William Gull had said to her: "Thank God, Madam, the Prince will recover. The great and final crisis is over." The overjoyed wife traced these simple lines: "As, thank God, my husband is a little better, I can leave him for a few moments to come to church. Can you not, at the beginning of the service, say a prayer on his behalf, so that I can



join in it with the congregation and return to him immediately afterwards?—ALEXANDRA.”

In the cemetery is the tomb of the groom who was attacked by typhoid fever at the same time as the Prince of Wales, and died at the age of twenty on December 21, 1871. The royal lady wrote the words carved on the stone: “The one shall be taken, and the other left.” These are examples of hundreds of other tributes in the characteristic handwriting of Queen Alexandra since she came among us as “the Rose of Denmark” half a century ago.

There are few of the devotional poets—Keble, Newman, Faber, Neale, and the other sweet singers of the Gospel of Hope—whose works she has not studied and profited by.

When we read, or hear read, the sentence in the Litany enjoining us to pray for “Our Most Religious and Gracious” King (or Queen) we may disabuse our minds of the idea that occasionally it may conceivably be a misnomer. We all remember Queen Victoria as rather a severe religionist, preferring the rigid formalism of the Kirk, and tolerating nothing savouring of “innovations” (dread word!) in the Church of England as by law established. Certain members of her family were known to incline to “High” Churchism, even to a diluted “Ritualism.”

It was Queen Alexandra who devised the arrangement of the Throne Room at Buckingham Palace as a mortuary chamber, and personally superintended the carrying out of the details down to the minutest point. The harmonious beauty of the whole was suggestive of a picture by some great “religious” painter. Nothing could have been more soothingly

devotional—nothing more grateful to the eye or more satisfying to the mind. The hand and brain of the “*Regina dolorosa*” were apparent throughout—in the pure white blossoms, the glowing altar lights, and the tapers at the corners of the catafalque. There was for Queen Alexandra, and for each member of the Royal Family, a *prie-dieu*. Most beautiful was the symbolism in the Throne Room, transformed under the loving guidance of the widow of the King, that “good Churchman,” into a *chapelle ardente* minus the faintest tinge of gloom. Those who were privileged to enter it felt that the “note” of all the symbolism was that of Hope. And this was further typified in the placid countenance of the bereaved Queen, recalling Arthur Hugh Clough’s inspired thought—

And not by eastern windows only,  
When daylight comes, comes in the light ;  
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,  
But westward, look, the land is bright.

She appeared to be incapable of remaining out of the death-chamber for more than a few minutes at a time, and watched intently nearly the whole of the process of taking a mask of the features of the King. At a particular moment in the operation she was mercifully absent. There comes a time when those engaged in such a work have to “prepare” the countenance (this I remember from what occurred in the old days at Chislehurst), and it is better left unwitnessed. Not a vestige of permanent harm is done to the lineaments, but for a brief space they undergo a change : it is not discoloration—I can hardly say in print precisely what it is, but there is a dread something. . . . All this was done when the Queen happily



chanced to be in her own room. She glided about with noiseless step, rarely speaking, but observing everything; anon approaching the couch and gently touching the head and the hands. Later I heard some one say: "He looked as if only asleep, tired out with the work of the day. The face was beautifully calm; on it the suggestion, the shade of the shadow of a smile. Tears filled the eyes of the strongest—even those who had seen battlefields strewn with dead and dying. Overwhelmed as she was by the suddenness of the blow, the Queen displayed the most wonderful calm. Her only wish was for silence. The kindest words seemed to jar upon her. It is always so with her in hours of tragedy." Her son (the King!) and two of her daughters (the Duchess of Fife and Princess Victoria)—the Princesses more particularly—were constantly by her side; so were one or two others.

It has been given to not a few to see her on many occasions; now in the centre of the picture in the historic castle, surrounded by a glittering group; now in the pleasant country home, in the midst of "the family"; then at the coverside; anon, in the streets. Not many among us can recall that day in March when our London made its first acquaintance with the Princess who was destined to share the throne of an Empire and to see a daughter and a son wear Crowns. Many thoughts pass swiftly through the mind when she passes. We cannot banish some painful ones, nor forget that "Sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things." There is a legend that "the Prince" fell in love with her portrait when it was shown him for the first time, and that he

then and there resolved upon winning her. Perhaps it was so ; there is a fascination about the story which we should not like to have dispelled—it is so homely, so human. There was a great Queen who, by her virtues, set an example to every English woman and girl ; there was, too, a Princess who did the like, and it is she who reigned as the consort of the First Statesman in Europe. Nearly fifty years of well-doing in our Island stand to her credit—it is a lifetime of good works.

'Tis hers to pluck the amaranthine flower  
Of faith, and round the sufferer's temples bind  
Wreaths that endure affliction's heaviest shower,  
And do not shrink from sorrow's keenest wind.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Lamartine ("L'Ange Femme").





*Photo]*

*[W. & D. Downey.*

KING EDWARD IN THE INSIGNIA OF THE ORDER OF THE STAR OF INDIA. EXECUTED  
BY ROYAL COMMAND FOR PRESENTATION TO THE INDIAN PRINCES.

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# THE PICTURE OF KING EDWARD IN THE INSIGNIA OF THE STAR OF INDIA

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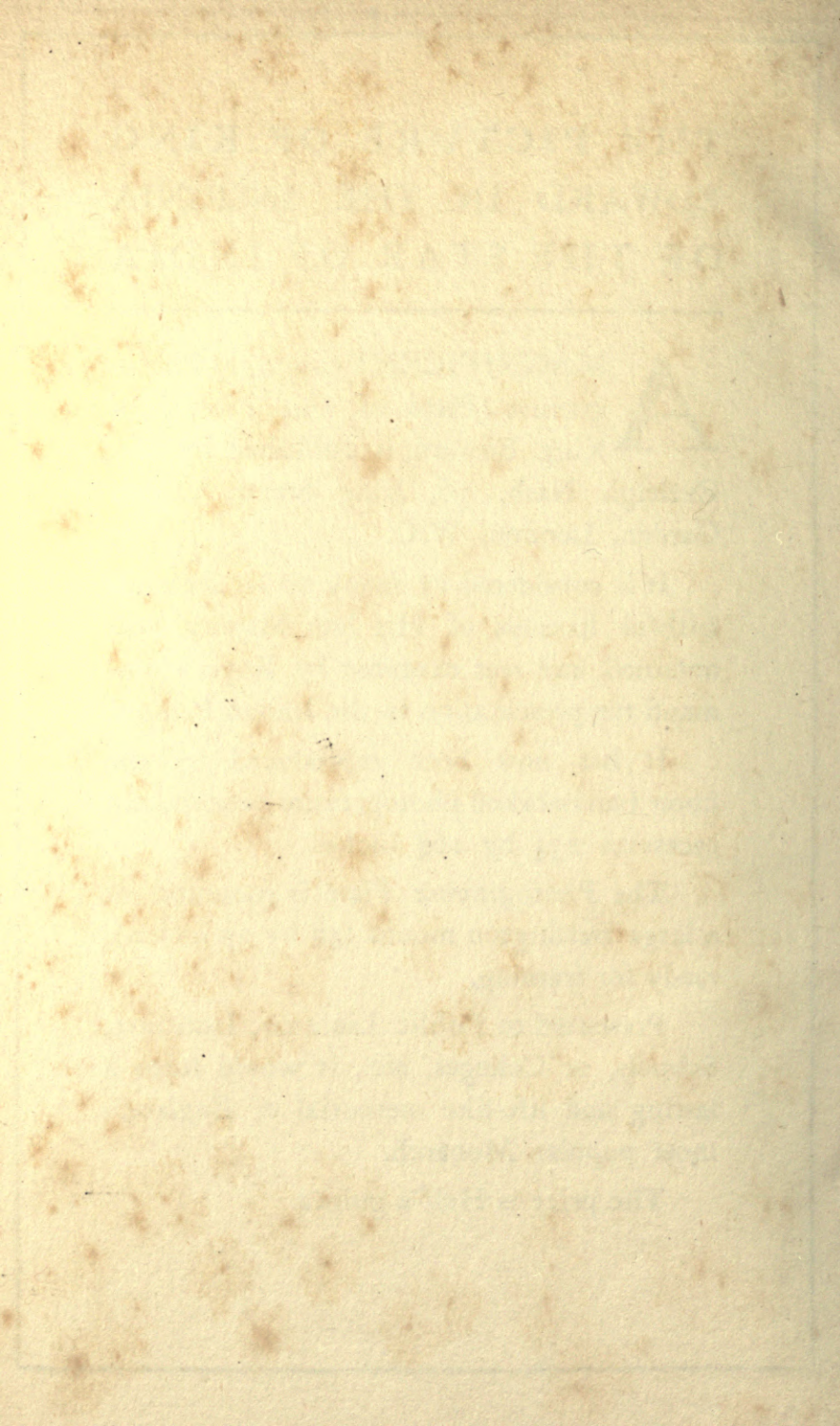
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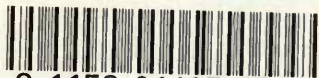
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